Outdoor America

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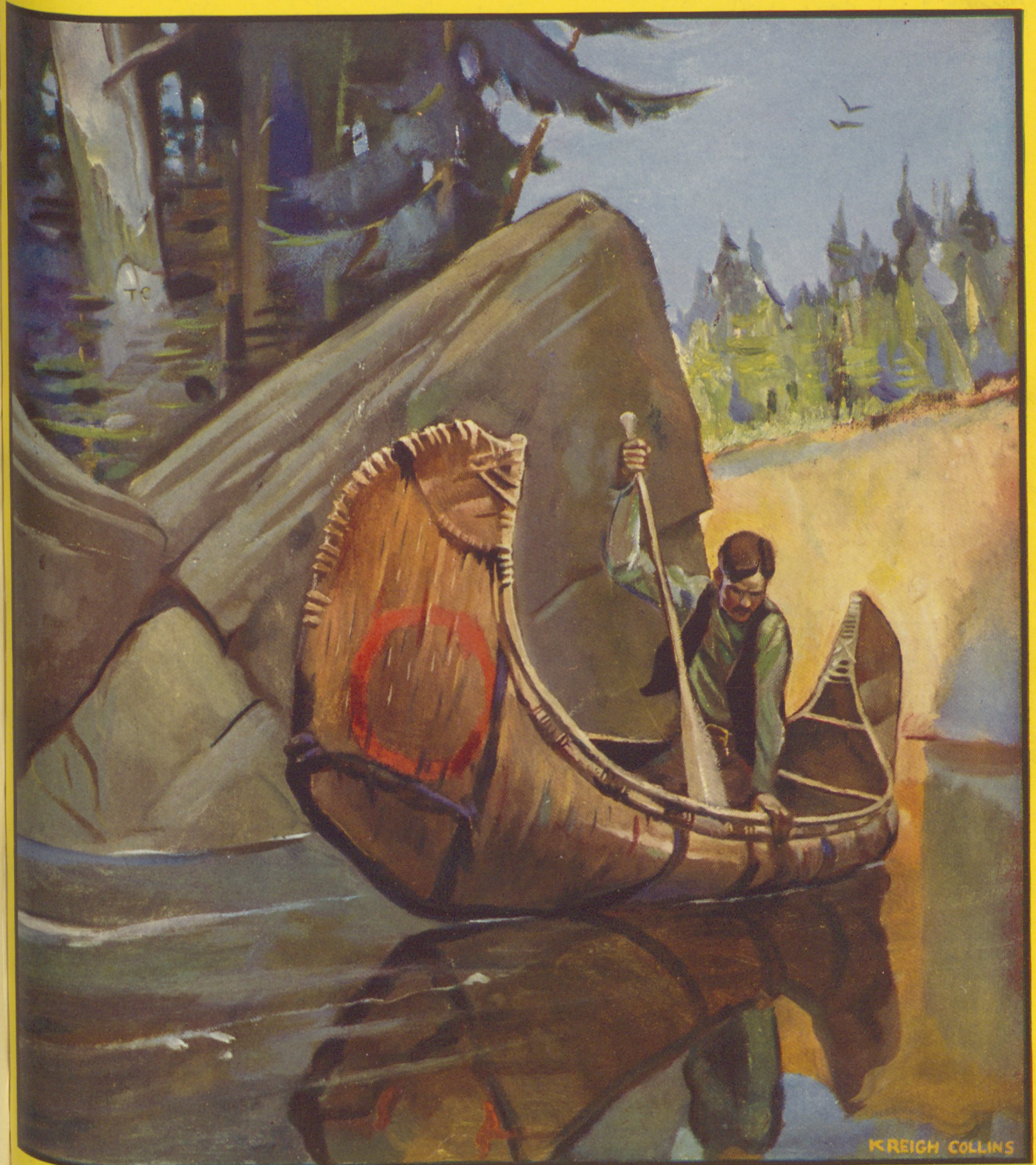

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN MACKINLAY KANTOR

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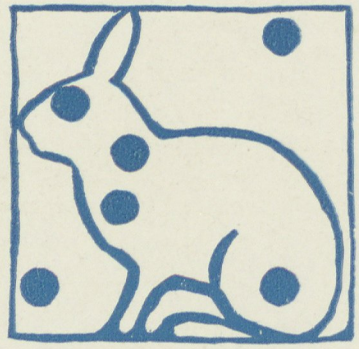
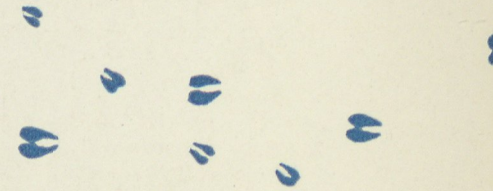
How Much Do You Know About Woodcraft?



How well do you see? Are your eyes really as strong and accurate as you think? Have you ever tried this interesting Rabbit-Test? It is only one among thousands of valuable helps to the woodsman, hunter and outdoor man —with which these books are crowded.

Scenes like these are the very essence of woodland fascination. This sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton himself shows a baby raccoon being spanked up a tree by his mother. It is one of over 1450 drawings and photographs contained in this set of books covering every phase of outdoor life.



Deer tracks!—another sketch from THE LIBRARY OF PIONEERING AND WOODCRAFT, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Do you know the thrill of coming upon these marks in the wilds? Of recognizing them? Of following them with gun or camera? Let this master woodsman tell you how to read the marks beasts leave behind them for you to trail.

All you need to know to make the out-of-doors your home is contained in these six books. Here are definite instructions for finding natural foods. Pictures to help you identify flowers, birds, trees and animal tracks. Games to be played in camp. Pastimes for the camp-fire circle. Lists of necessary equipment for long or short excursions into wild country. First aid treatment. What to do if you lose your way. A veritable college course in the school of nature!

HOW good a woodsman are YOU? Are you at home in big timber, in the mountains, in a frail canoe on lakes or streams? Can you light a fire without matches? Can you tie all kinds of knots? Can you make a sun dial—quickly, with materials at hand? Can you lay a good cooking fire? Identify the birds? Tell the difference between edible mushrooms and toadstools? Recognize poison ivy? Erect a tepee?

This marvelous set of books tells you how to do all of these things—and countless others. *Hiking and Canoeing* covers every phase of those two sports, from equipment and directions for achieving the utmost comfort on the trail or stream to the handling of small craft over rapids, etc., etc. *Animals and Birds* tells its own story. Tracking, taxidermy, hunting with both gun and camera. *Indiancraft* is full of the lore of the first and best of all woodsmen. Sign language, ceremonials, blazing trails, etc. *Woodcraft,* stories of adventure, instructions for erecting waterproof shelters, living on the land, *seeing* with both eyes everything that is before you. *Earth and Sky,* weather forecasting, romance of the flowers and shrubs and trees. How to find your way by natural signs, "compass-golden-rod," moss on trees, the stars at night. Contains maps of the heavens, etc., etc. *Wild Animals!*

Nature's Own University

No one knows more about outdoor life than Ernest Thompson Seton. No one has studied the lives of Indians and pioneers more carefully. No one has a greater or more sympathetic knowledge of the beauties and wonders of nature—flowers, trees, birds, small winged creatures, wild and domestic animals.

He wrested this knowledge from Nature herself, by living in the open and through years of intimate contact with the American Indians.

Everyone who loves the out-of-doors will find these the most fascinating and valuable of books. Master woodsman and master story teller, Ernest Thompson Seton always has something new and interesting to tell you. Here are over 1700 pages of interesting information and entertainment: Woodland lore, adventure tales, animal stories, Indian songs, dances, ceremonials, pioneer tales and specific instructions covering every phase of life in the open.

Examine These Books—FREE

Without cost or obligation on your part, we will gladly send the six volumes of The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft, beautifully bound in three-quarter leather and profusely illustrated with more than 1450 photographs and drawings by the author, for 5 days' inspection. Return them at our expense if you choose, or send only $1.50 first payment, then $2 a month till a total of $13.50 has been paid, an astonishingly low price for books of such charm and worth. No risk. A world of pleasure awaits you. Mail the coupon NOW.

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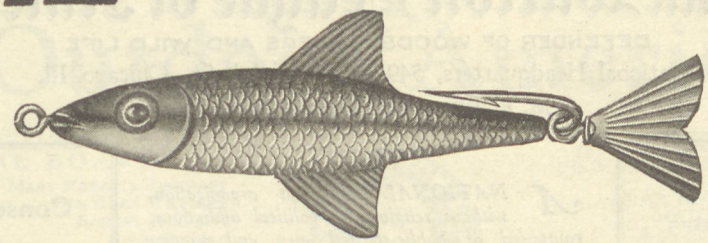
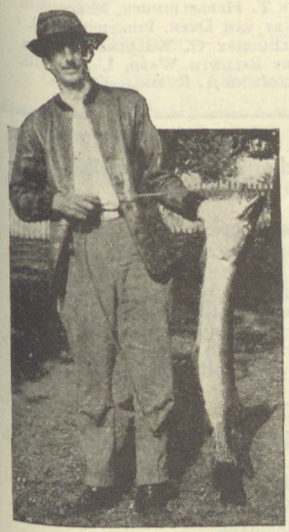


Three Sizes. Standard ⅝ oz. as above, $1.00. ½ oz. Baby Liz, $1.00. 1 oz. Big Liz, $1.10. (Also made weedless at the same price.)

Gets Pike, Bass, Musky!



Another TIN LIZ User

John Brynildsen writes from Chicago, *"Inclosed picture will show you that Tin Liz is, in my opinion, the best bait ever hooked to a leader.*

"This Great Northern Pike was caught at Fox Lake, Wis., last Labor Day. Weight 12 pounds, length 40 inches. It caused quite an excitement around the lake and was viewed by at least two hundred people."

BASS! Lou Gets Plenty

Lou Hurst, nationally known Florida angler says, *"Here is proof that your Tin Liz not only is the best casting bait I ever used, but will get plenty of big bass. Tho I must confess when I fish where they 'don't be', I can't get 'em on any bait."*

In shape, color, flash and struggling action the Tin Liz is a crippled minnow. More natural, more killing, than any other lure. Too much temptation for *bass*, pike, or musky!

DON'T BE FOOLED!

My baby is sold by all good, live dealers. When you ask yours for a Tin Liz and he tries to sell you something else instead, don't be fooled! He is either dumb or dishonest or both and you better get a new dealer.

"I Always Wanted to Catch a Big Musky"

writes John Field from Detroit.

"Tin Liz delivered after I had tried all kinds of baits and found them useless. The big boy weighed 35 lbs., was 54 inches long and took 30 minutes to land. Caught in the Cheboygan River, last May. This is the largest musky taken there for a long while.

"Tin Liz is now the only bait I use. I have all three sizes, using the Big Liz for Musky and the smaller sizes for bass."

FRED ARBOGAST

No. 3 Water St. · Akron, Ohio

Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. **Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.**
2. **More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.**
3. **Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.**
4. **Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.**
5. **Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.**
6. **Better protection for wild life and more refuges.**
7. **More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.**
8. **More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.**
9. **Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.**
10. **Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.**
11. **Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.**
12. **Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.**

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

*1. **Upper Mississippi Refuge:*** Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

*2. **Elk Refuge:*** Started campaign early in 1925 to save the Jackson Hole elk herd. Raised $40,000, purchased 2,000 acres of haylands, and focused public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

*3. **Bass Law:*** Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

*4. **Superior Forest:*** Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

*5. **Pollution Campaign:*** In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

*6. **Horicon Marsh:*** In 1924 started a campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

*7. **Western Ducks:*** Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes.

*8. **National Forests:*** Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

*9. **Royal Gorge:*** Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

*10. **National Refuge System:*** The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

*1. **International Playground:*** Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill pending in Congress.

*2. **Albemarle Lock:*** Waging campaign to rebuild Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk to stop flow of salt water and wastes into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, restoring 300 sq. mi. of waterfowl wintering grounds and bass breeding waters.

*3. **Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge:*** Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas.

*4. **Fisheries Program:*** Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

*5. **Forest Protection:*** Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

*6. **Bass Law Enforcement:*** Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes-Hudson Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

*7. **Scenic Assets:*** Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capitol and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

*8. **Pollution:*** Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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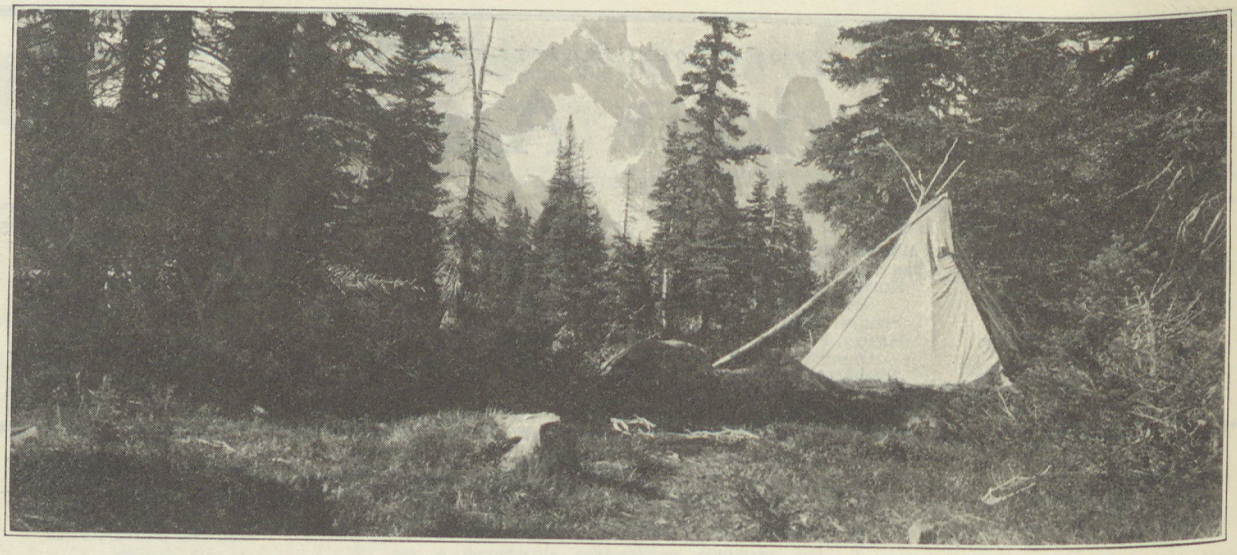


"One Man's Meat— Another Man's Poison"

By Lowell Otus Reese

WHEN Joe got back from his camping trip he was haggard and aging fast;
His body had shrunk till his trousers flapped whenever a breeze went past;
They gave him a bath and put him to bed and he sobbed with a tremulous sigh
Through quivering lips to his frightened wife (who sat with the soup near by—)

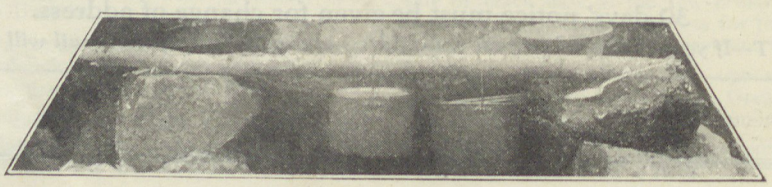
"I stubbed my toe on a million rocks; I fell in the river too;
I blistered both feet and I saw a snake; there were flies in the venison stew;
I was bitten by bugs; there were ants in the bed; I was burned by the mountain sun—
It's a hell of a life!" said Joe to his wife. "Not ever again—I'm done!

"No more of that stuff! One week was enough! And a fellow that likes it is crazy!
Another week more and I'd lie on my back with my nose in the roots of a daisy!"

WHEN Bill got back from his mountain trip he was crippled and halt and lame;
One eye swelled shut and the way the brush had mangled him was a shame;
But all of the time that his wife was busy with camphor and gauze and pad,
Bill ranted and raved like a ten-year-old of the wonderful time he'd had.

"I stubbed my toe on a million rocks; I fell in the river too;
I blistered both feet and I saw a snake; there were flies in the venison stew;
I was bitten by bugs; there were ants in the bed; I was burned by the mountain sun—
It's a whale of a life!" said Bill to his wife. "I never had so much fun!

"Next season," said Bill, "I will ask for a month; and I'll buy a slick outfit, and then
I'm going right back to that same little shack and I'll do it all over again!"



Galapagos Treasure

Found in one of the greatest "believe it or not" lands on earth today.

By *Howard Cleaves*

Photographs taken by the Author

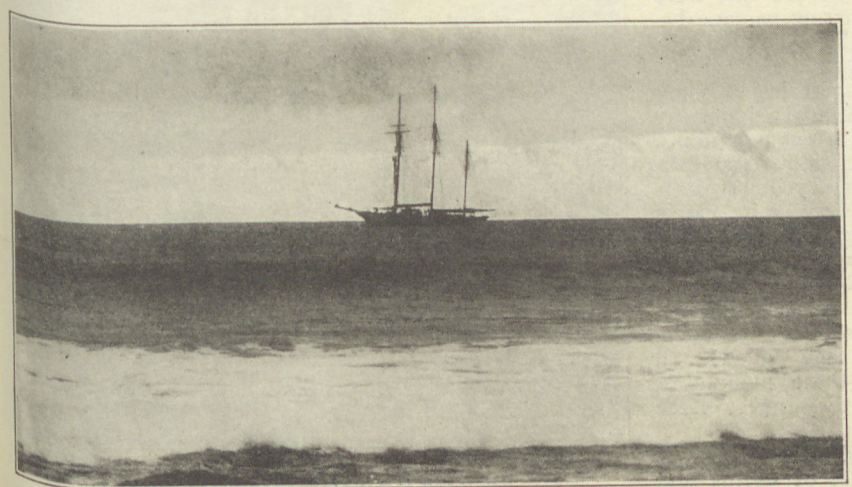
Some of those jutting, black lava rocks, Galapagos Islands. Mrs. Pinchot is interviewing a variegated booby.

BARELY two weeks before we were to set sail from New York for the South Seas in the "Mary Pinchot" the end of March, 1929, I sat in the home of a friend in the Bronx and listened to a harrowing tale over the radio of shipwreck in the Galapagos Islands. We were to visit those islands in the course of our voyage. For this reason I was doubly interested.

The story teller was Martin ("Red") Christiansen, recently given a measure of fame through the writings of my friend William Beebe. When the broadcast was finished a member of our group urged that I call the studio by telephone and if possible tell Christiansen of my forthcoming voyage to the desolate islands off the South American west coast, where he and his shipmates had survived for months by drinking turtle blood and shaping crude shoes from the hides of seals. This I did, and a few evenings later "Red" spent several hours in our apartment, regaling us all over again with his story of Galapagos hardships. As the visit drew toward an end our guest grew more confidential, finally making a little sketch map on a piece of yellow paper indicating, as he said, the location of the captain's money belt, stated to hold several thousand dollars in English gold coin.

"Above the beach in the cove," said "Red" as he made marks on the yellow paper, "there's a water hole in the black lava rocks. A little to the right is a low cliff. If you measure off two o' my lengths from the base o' the cliff on a line with the water hole and one length inland at right angles you oughta find a heavy wedge o' that lava rock jammed tight into the mouth of a small cave. In there's where I hid the captain's money belt in an old boot. If you find it we'll split, eh?"

That seemed fair enough. I might be accused of many things, but nobody could say I have ever been unreasonable about splitting my treasure. As "Red" prepared to depart I stood up beside him to make sure where one of his lengths came on me. I wanted to be certain of my measuring stick when I reached the cliff near the water hole.

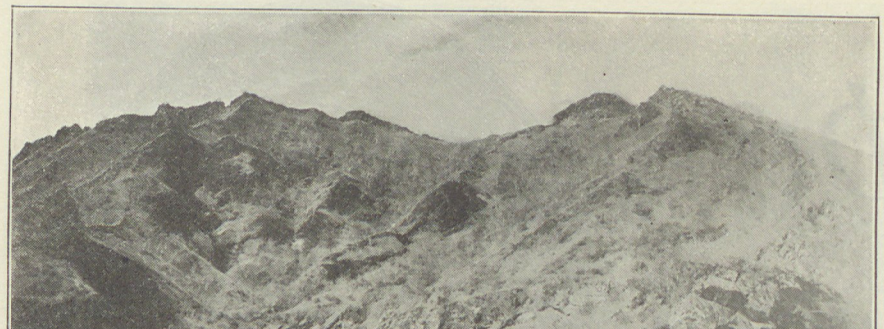


The Mary Pinchot at a famous Galapagos anchorage—Black Beach, Charles Island.

THREE months later, on June 17th, I wrote the following in my diary:

"A little before 7 a. m. I went on deck and beheld an enchanted scene. The sea was calm, the sky bright, though holding some clouds, and a golden early morning sunshine spread horizontally over Indefatigable, Daphne, Daphne Minor and other islands. We seemed surrounded by Galapagos islands. They at once struck me as resembling the desert mountains and islands of southern California and Lower California. Clouds hung over the upper slopes of Indefatigable, obscuring the high peaks: showers could be seen on the flanks. Wonderful clouds, seeming at first to be volcanic smoke, appeared over Albemarle to the south-west."

There was a great splash, then the clatter of the anchor chain, and the "Mary Pinchot" had come to rest in Seymour



Here the Mary Pinchot made her second anchorage off the shores of "Red" Christiansen's shipwreck island.

Anchorage just off the northern shore of Indefatigable Island, under the lee of Seymour Island, which lay to the east of us, Seymour being a wedge-shaped satellite of Indefatigable separated from the larger island by a narrow passage.

The ship's launch was soon ready and started toward a fine yellow sand beach on Indefatigable, loaded to the limit with eager humanity. As we pushed away from the ship's side one of our crew called out at the top of his lung power, "There goes Cleaves after the buried treasure." Immediately a deafening "Y-E-A!" went up from all throats in the launch. It was plainly up to me to make good. We were about to land on Indefatigable and Indefatigable, as all hands knew, was "Red" Christiansen's shipwreck island.

Seals thrust their heads above water and swam near the launch, inspecting us with mild, glassy eyes. Boobies—large birds of the gannet family—sat on lava rocks that jutted from the shore. Galapagos blue herons stood knee deep in quiet water beneath dense, gnarled mangroves. A brown pelican, sighting a school of fish, suddenly hurled his huge form into the bay, then floated about as lightly as a celluloid swan.

I NOTED these things as the launch neared the shore and I also cast about for landmarks. To the east were bold cliffs of black rock bordering the narrow passage between Seymour Island and Indefatigable. Toward the south the land of Indefatigable began with low shrub-grown flats near the beach and rose by a series of moderate terraces to a back-bone ridge which formed the sky line. Southwestward, miles inland, were mountains, smooth in outline and washed with a delicate green contrasting with the grays and browns and yellows dominating the low, intervening country where rain rarely falls.

It was those same high mountains with their green slopes and drifting rain clouds that "Red" Christiansen and his shipmates tried desperately to reach, thinking that there they could kill their thirst—could wet their swollen lips and parched throats. But they failed; and Beebe failed; and we failed to reach those mountains, of which Zane Grey has written that they never have been and never will be conquered.

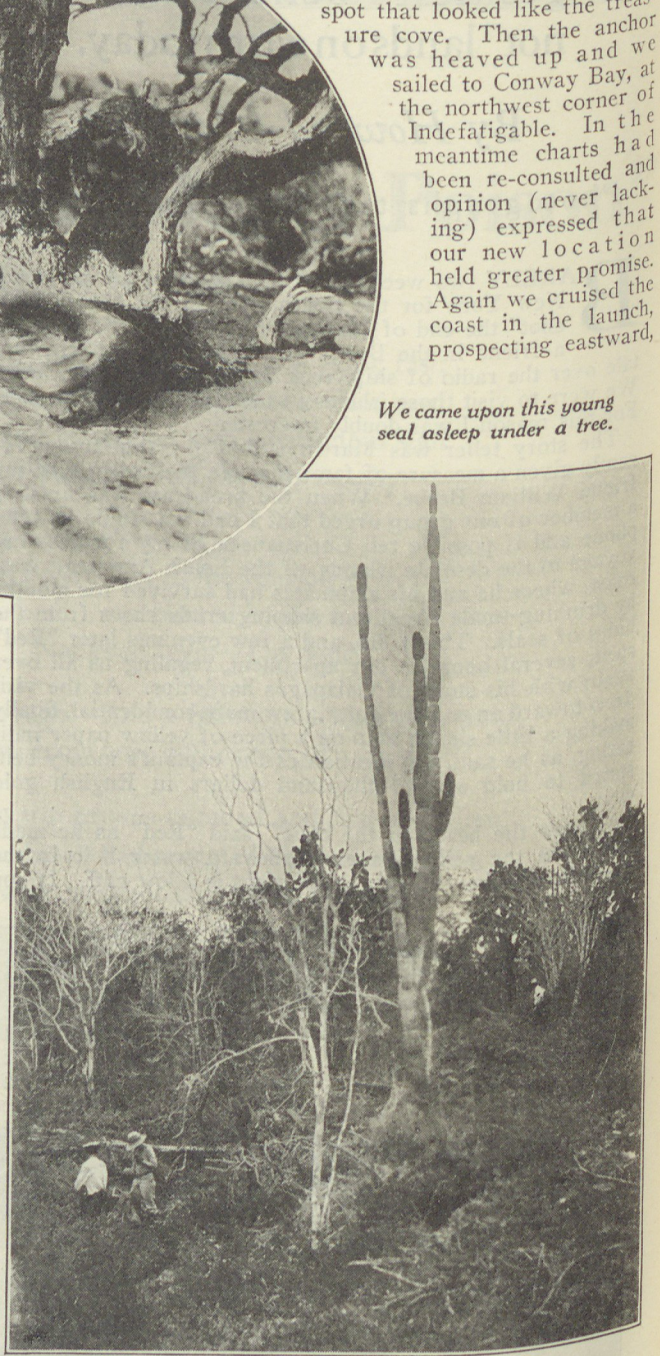
The miles that lie between them and the shore are an impassable barrier of rough lava rock, of cactus and spiny shrubs and weeds in dense stands, of ankle-snaring creepers and vines tough as baling wire—and broiling heat during the midday hours.

"If I could be dropped by parachute from an airplane onto those mountains," mused "Doc" Pilsbry, our snail expert, "I'd be willing to chance working my way out somehow."

But that was before he and Gifford Pinchot and Dr. J. B. Mathewson and the writer had struggled against the lowland barrier for the better part of two days with only five or six miles to our credit and far more than that still to go, and our canteens almost empty. At the conclusion of that experience we were agreed that any snail expert parachuted into those mountains would soon be a dead snail expert.

For six days we remained at Seymour Anchorage, but we saw no spot that looked like the treasure cove. Then the anchor was heaved up and we sailed to Conway Bay, at the northwest corner of Indefatigable. In the meantime charts had been re-consulted and opinion (never lacking) expressed that our new location held greater promise. Again we cruised the coast in the launch, prospecting eastward,

We came upon this young seal asleep under a tree.



"Bologna cactus" that grows to great heights on Indefatigable Island.

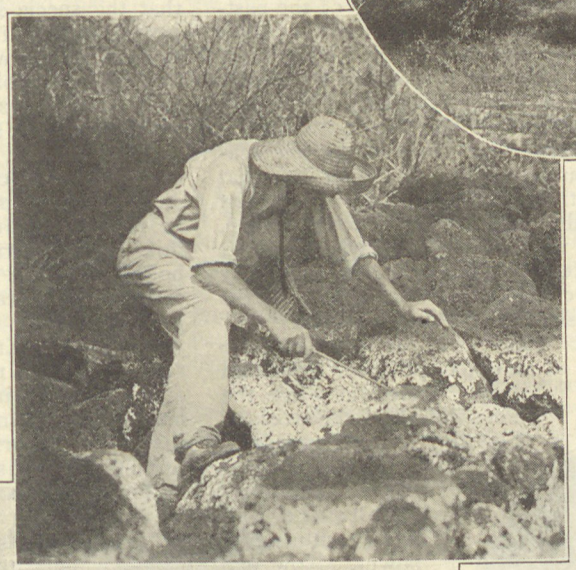
then west and southwest. In the meantime about every last mother's son of our ship's company of twenty-seven had filed some sort of claim to the treasure! Finally I figured I'd owe the crowd money. It may be just as well that, with all our searching, we never located the crescent beach with the dead tree at one end and the water hole among the lava rocks. I still have the slip of yellow paper and I herewith announce to the Galapagos-bound that it may be secured for a moderate consideration.

Less than half a dozen years ago a promotion-minded Scandinavian of few scruples made announcement among his countrymen that gold, silver, diamonds and other natural treasures abounded in the Galapagos Islands. He organized a group of Norwegian emigrants, each paying one thousand kroner (about $265.00) for the privilege of joining his band of colonists which presently started for the lonely Pacific islands.

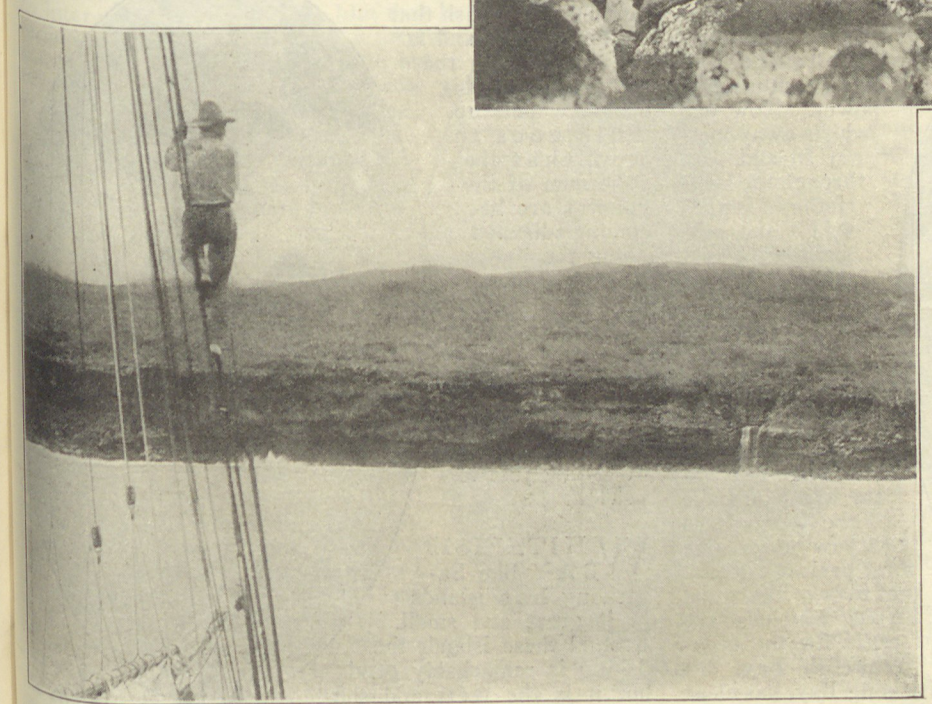
On reaching the Galapagos after the long sea voyage from Norway disillusion came quickly. The would-be settlers soon learned that of gold and diamonds there are none in these volcanic isles. A few of those misled Norse souls are still in the islands, the rest having straggled away, some helped out of their predicament through relief funds raised by countrymen residing in New York. The promoter of the scheme is said to be a fugitive from justice somewhere in the United States.

A tree shaped by the incessant southeast trade winds.

Gifford Pinchot looks for water on Indefatigable but finds only lava deposit.



NEVERTHELESS, there *is* treasure in the Galapagos Islands—vast treasure. It is the kind to be appraised and fully enjoyed, perhaps, only by the Waltonian mind. This treasure lives. It flashes through the dark, pregnant waters of the Humboldt Current as it surges among the islands; it walks on the land; it flies through the air; it even leaps aboard your ship at night. The treasures of Galapagos are the birds and the fishes and other wild life abounding there. Here is one of the greatest "believe it or not" lands to be found anywhere on earth today, saved thus far from ruination by its isolation (600 miles off the coast of Ecuador), by the fact that fresh water is at a high premium there, and for other reasons.



G. P. stares longingly at a thirty foot waterfall he cannot reach.

Take fish as an example. There are tuna, swordfish, grouper, Spanish mackerel, wahoo, dolphin, cavalla, bonito, et cetera, and another et cetera; fish in variety and numbers known only to heaven and an ichthyologist; fish that splash and dash, snap and tug and struggle in such profusion and splendor and with such vigor that the innocent spectator is transfixed in dizzy bewilderment.

These fish are not only numerous as gnats but they are voracious and likewise innocent. They rush the fisherman's offerings like ball fans battling a turnstile. One visitor to the islands reports that the fish, in their ignorance, mistook his outboard propeller for something which they rightly ought to have been interested in and acted accordingly. The esteemed leader of our own expedition, Gifford Pinchot (always referred to by us as the "Governor"), an angler of superior accomplishments, "pulled one" on these Galapagan finny members which was new to us and which might reasonably be expected to induce suicidal tendencies in any manufacturer of fancy and expensive trolling devices.

This was the "lamp-wick lure." Let the Governor himself describe how he did it:

". . . I took the conical lead

(Continued on page 46)

Bronze-backs and Moss-backs

A tale of fishes from five pound black bass to fifty pound muskies

By Robert Page Lincoln

OLE MOEN, northern guide and perfect compendium of knowledge in regard to fishing, especially as carried on in the Lake of the Woods district, had mapped out a trip that we were to put into effect. It was to be a trip productive of large results and should leave nothing to be asked for.

He traced with his finger a route that would take us through the innumerable windings of Sabaskong Bay eventually to land us at Turtle Portage. We would then cross to Whitefish Bay wherein we would stage a few angling ceremonies and would then move in and out, around and among the islands of that inimitable stretch of crystal-pure water to land us finally just under latitude 50° of the eastern Kenora district. There were bass up there on that North Shore of upper Whitefish, he told me. They were small mouth bass and they fought at the end of the leader like bull dogs. On the way up through Whitefish he would take me to some musky grounds that had not, to his knowledge, been fished to any extent. He knew where one seasoned finny warrior hung out somewhere in Snake Bay that would pull the marker on the scales down to fifty pounds.

And so we went. If I hadn't gone I would have lost sleep, would have been unable to think or act: and who wouldn't after listening to a man like Ole lay it on. And especially since you are dead positive he knows whereof he speaks and does not deal in suppositions. So that was that!

Generally you make these "hikes" over the water in these northern districts by means of an outboard motor lodged on the side of the canoe near its stern. Time was when the guides did all of the work of getting to and home from their various destinations by hand-operated paddle and sheer muscle power. Now one whirls away merrily in and out through the labyrinths of islands with the outboarder busily chirring its tune.

Ole not only catches them skillfully—

AT one time Whitefish Bay connected up with Sabaskong Bay at Turtle Portage; but the water on Lake of the Woods is now low and so one must perforce drag a boat over or carry the canoe, whichever is your craft for the occasion. Whitefish Bay, unlike Sabaskong Bay, has clear water to its credit. You may cup your hands and look down twenty to thirty feet anywhere in that liquid expanse. Sabaskong, on the other hand, has a greenish cast to it and in the course of the months of July and August is suffused with bloom.

In spite of this, however, larger muskies are caught in Sabaskong than in Whitefish, although it must be remembered that the latter has only within the last year or so been fished to any extent. Hence the possibility of future catches there that may crowd the former famous water into second place.

One reads about the vast number of muskellunge that are caught in this Lake of the Woods section and marvels that the specie is not all but wiped out. It can last only just so long you tell yourself and then the muskies of that favored region will be no more. But when it is considered that waters adjoining for hundreds upon hundreds of miles have possibilities in them without number and with Whitefish Bay as yet scarcely touched, it can be seen that hook and line fishing, as conducted by the angling element, will not necessarily contrive ruin in the numbers of this splendid northern game fish. Added to the above it should also be remembered that over half of the fishermen fishing in this region return their various catches to the water merely holding the fish for a picture and then letting it have its freedom. To catch and release your fish after a photograph is taken of it was inaugurated successfully some years ago by Ernie Calvert, a famous fisherman of this region who has now a very extensive following among the anglers who annually visit this section of Ontario. It is indeed the dawn of a new day when a fisherman will release a large fish that he has caught and is content with the fight that the big fellow puts up. This goes to prove that the fishermen of the country are becoming educated along the lines of true sportsmanship and moderation and have come to appreciate in its full sense the statement that it is indeed not all of fishing just to fish!

—he also cooks them with superlative skill.

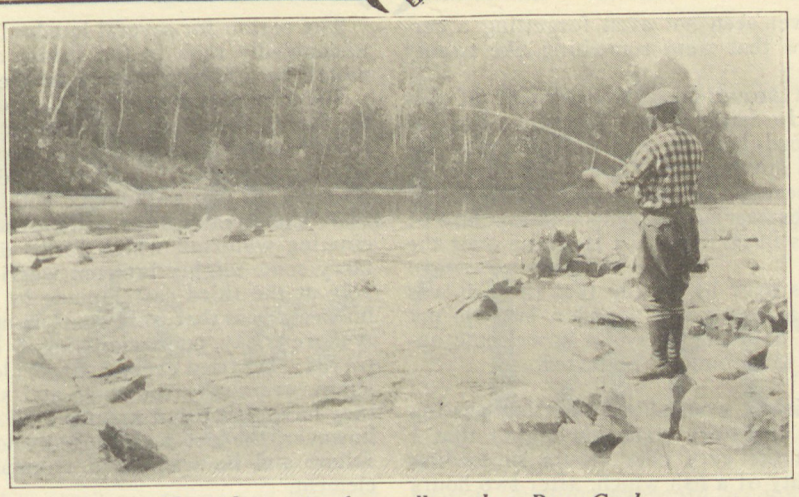
WHITEFISH BAY like Sabaskong has islands in it great and small. Around these islands the fishing is remarkably good but it is the reefs and submerged rocks here and there that are the tempting places. Often

a flat rock, acres in extent, will be covered by but two or three feet of water. On these locations the muskies make their appearance seeking for one of their favorite foods, bullheads, strange as this may seem to many people but true nevertheless.

It has always been a mystery to me how the fish is able to manage these barbed creatures when swallowing them. One would think that *maguinongy* were possessed of a leather throat indeed and a galvanized interior for it is well known that when attacked the bullhead will automatically throw its spines into a locked position. But regardless how the fish contrives the deed it is certain that he is successful in "taking nourishment"; he knows the sweet flavor of bullheads and therefore haunts the places where they keep themselves, *i. e.*, the reefs and flat-rock shallows.

I had fished Whitefish Bay before but never had I made any extensive expeditions within its confines. This time, however, I meant to see more of it and I hoped that ere long I would snag that mighty fish we had been discussing.

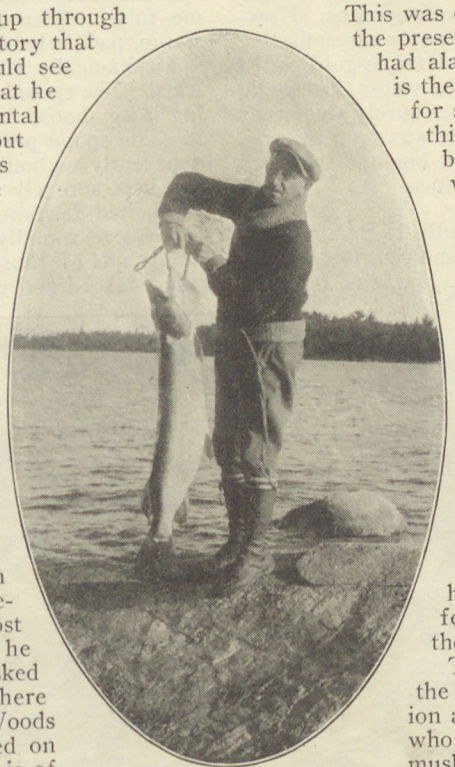
But although we fished here and there and in the most splendid of places we were not successful in raising so much as even a short musky. It was my spoken belief that August was a poor time for muskies (it being early August then) and that accounted for the failure of the big fellows to be up and doing. But Ole thought not. The muskies in Whitefish were caught as well in August as in any other month. In Sabaskong, he said, the bloom in the water had some effect in making their mouths and gills sore: he thought that the particles or seeds in the water got into the gill fringes of the fish and caused irritation. The waters of Whitefish, on the other hand, being free of such bloom and particles, kept the fish as healthy as ever.



The author casting for small mouth on Berry Creek.

ADVANCING after several days up through Whitefish we finally arrived in territory that Ole apparently knew little about. I could see by the interest scenes aroused in him that he was drinking it all in and making a mental picture of what he saw, saying little but remembering much. Once, twice (was it) he had been through there and one night by the glow of the campfire he showed me on the map the entrance to Snake Bay which connects up with Whitefish. He had been there before he said; and there it was that the musky he had told me about made his home; and there, too, was located a reef that beat anything he had ever laid his eyes on.

This sounded interesting enough to say the least for Ole knew a real large musky when he saw one, in fact he has helped land more and larger muskies than any guide in that section of Ontario. And to know where a musky hung out that was larger than anything he had performed on was, therefore, something that merited the utmost of serious consideration. But how did he know that musky was still there, I asked him. He wasn't sure, of course, but there seems to be a system on Lake of the Woods whereby guides are able to keep posted on all large fish that are caught, and what is of more importance, they make it a point to find out where they are, or were, caught.



One of those big ones that anglers can't forget.

Ole was certain this smashing big musky was still there. I slept that night peacefully enough—after I had spent two hours thinking about that self-same fish that bore the prize-contest poundage.

One day after much cruising around among islands great and small (a picture that still lingers vivid as ever in the mind) we finally located the place in Snake Bay we were looking for. There is something about the beauty and picturesqueness of this northern scenery that stamps its picture indelibly on the mind. The combination of massive rock islands with the harmonizing clear water has a most pleasing effect upon the fancy, its very unusual and distinct make-up captivating one's sense of the artistic.

It was among such scenes that Ole located the place he was in quest of. He had been silent for more than an hour pausing only now and then to arm his fancy with a contemplative pinch of snuff. Finally, however, he shut off the motor and noting a splendid appearing reef just off to the side I asked—"that it?" Ole nodded. I can assure you that I was well keyed up with excitement what with a new, unfished location before our very eyes and musky grounds of the gold medal stamp ready for our many and numerous experiments. It is that fascinating feeling of discovery: that sense of feeling that something, anything may happen.

WE found the reef we were aiming at possessed of a fish population that was fairly teeming in numbers. Every cast it seemed brought a strike from a great northern pike, some of the brutes reaching to fifteen or more pounds in weight. For a while we stood this, but taking off pike from the hooks and returning them unhurt to the waters palled on us and Ole was for giving up when suddenly these fish seemed to vanish.

This was of rather ominous portent for it told of the presence in the water of some creature that had alarmed them and driven them away. It is the same as when at home you are fishing for sunfish and croppies and they are biting thick and fast down there in the depths below. Suddenly the fish will seem to vanish and you wonder where they have gone. It is none but a large pike that has arrived on the scene, driving the common fish to right and left as he aims to see what all the excitement is about. In the present instant I was sure that a musky had arrived on the scene and told Ole as much. He nodded. I continued my casting now here, now there when suddenly—

Suddenly something hit my spoonhook and in a twinkling I had set the hook. Out of the water came that fish, the full length of him, churning the water into foam and spray and in almost less time than it takes to pound this down on the immaculate paper he had tossed the spoonhook fully fifteen feet from him and had dropped back into the water like a projectile.

There are those who will contend that the musky will not break water in this fashion and who will find fault with those artists who create cover paintings showing the musky full out of water shaking his head like a terrier worrying a rag. But here was the most splendid piece of top-water action

for a fish that I had ever seen not even forgetting a certain tarpon I once knew that went something like twenty times out of water.

The loss of this fish proved as a thunder-bolt of discouragement to Ole. He fairly wrung his hands and sat in dejected fashion, head bent saying things under his breath. It struck me as mirth provoking and I would have laughed outright, thus seeing Ole, had I not known that it was probably courting disaster and a compound fracture of our friendship. Ole was in no mood for laughing over the loss of a fish like that.

I tried to salve things over by stating that the fish was probably no more than a twenty-five pounder, but Ole put up his hands as though sheering away an unwelcome apparition—"forty pounds if an ounce," he stated.

NOW having lost a fish it would have been but passing fair (and to make the story come out right) that I should have caught (in the very near future succeeding this event) the very beauty of a fish which, after two hours of dramatic fighting I would deliberately and cold-bloodedly bring into captivity. That would be if the story went according to the proverbial Hoyle. But we caught no further fish of consequence that day. We returned to camp and made an early supper, then hit it again for the reef.

Arrived there I started casting, one, two, three times. No result. My fourth cast I placed entirely at random for our surroundings were by that time so steeped in murk as to leave all objects around us indistinct. I had hardly started reeling when something seized my spoon. I set the hook with a jerk that should have been stout enough to drive the barb through boiler plate. And of course I did get the hook fast enough, but what happened was that most exasperating thing of all, a broken line. Ole went through some more mental tortures and wavings of limbs and then picking up his rod started in casting here and there in the endeavor to stop the fish in his flight. After a while he laid down his rod in despair and we got under way. One fish lost may be forgiven, but in Ole's directory the second failure is not properly catalogued.

The next morning we loaded up and got under way, not so much as stopping at the reef for one experimental chance cast. As we slipped by it I looked the other way and Ole kept his eyes studiously fixed in the far distance ahead of us lining up his course. We were heading for Berry Creek and we were out to locate small mouth bass. Probably, I told myself, these fish would turn out to be missing when we got up there and nothing but ill luck would wait upon us. However, I swung to a cheerful view of the matter remembering that I had some never-failing bass flies and triple-gold-plated spinners with me that threw a gleam in the water that would get the eye of a bass and small mouth bass surely since they take so well on these glittering lures. Ole was soon restored to his old self although mention of the big one that had gotten away invariably caused him to wince.

IT was when we entered the wide mouth of Berry Creek that we made a discovery that was somewhat interesting. There, floating on the water, was a fish. Imagine our surprise to find it to be a small mouth bass about four pounds in weight. To all appearances it had been killed by some large fish for there were gashes and teeth-marks on it where it had been lacerated. I am of the belief now as I was then that there are some tremendous specimens of the muskellunge specie that keep themselves around the mouth of this creek although we did not fish for them. We were too engrossed in small mouth bass.

The region for several hundred miles around Kenora will undoubtedly rank in the future as one of the finest small mouth bass fishing waters on the continent.

We located our camp on the rocky point that juts out at the Berry Creek entrance and in the several days that followed caught some excellent small mouth bass several of which attained to over four pounds in weight. It remained, however, to cap the climax with a trip up to Berry Falls. Here the stream drops down over the rocks in a most fascinating waterfall which forms deep pools below in which tarry some mighty bronzen warriors indeed. It was probably at the third cast I made to one of these pools that I hooked a bass that went four pounds and one-half in weight. A more frisky, pugnacious fellow of the specie I have never played. He tried every artifice, clearing the water time and again, eventually sounding and snubbing the line, a trick they have that often assures a clean get-away. Eventually, however, the net was slipped under the glistening, barred fellow and he was lifted triumphantly out of his native element.

Not a little elated by our luck with the bronze-backs, we reluctantly turned the bow of our canoe southward to hit it out for Sabaskong—by way of a certain reef!

In the next few days I hooked and landed several muskies, the largest of which weighed thirty-six pounds.

This success had brought Ole around to an equable frame of mind that breathed of good will and abundant good fellowship. To Ole a trip is not complete without fish to show.

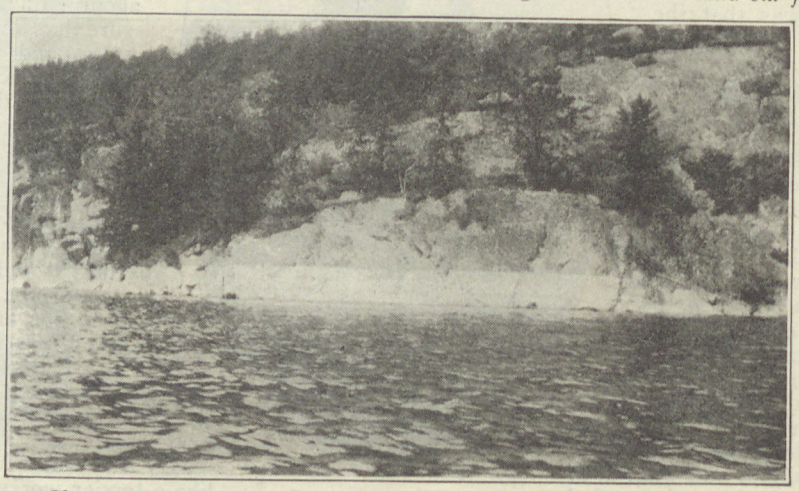
Then we decided to try *the* reef again. I started casting at a rocky point that thrust itself out into the lake just below the reef. We meant to cover the ground thoroughly and leave no nook untouched. I do not know if I expected a musky to slam-bang into my lure but I did expect to begin to unload bristling "jackfish" from the hook, for around this particular reef they held out in numerous delegations. Not a pike, however, did I catch; and I was electrified by the thought that again a big fish was in the neighborhood and told Ole as much. He nodded and transferred the greater portion of a box of snuff to his mouth. It helped him to concentrate he said.

AS we neared the reef I noticed something that very nearly took my breath away for there, perfectly outlined in the water, alongside of the reef, cruising along with back-fin half out of water was a muskellunge that looked closer to six feet in length than anything I had ever laid eyes on in my life. At first I thought my eyes were playing me false. Then I looked at Ole. He was sitting like a statue, paddle held in air as though turned to stone.

Mechanically I threw the rod back and sent the lure forward. The spoonhook fell right in front of the fish. Catching it up almost the instant it hit water I started retrieving it. The spoon passed alongside of his honorable snout, but apparently without the slightest tickling of his fancy. The fish kept serenely and meditatively on his way. I told Ole in excited fashion that the fish was both blind and dumb. Ole swore roundly in medieval Norwegian and said absolutely no!!! those big mossbacks of muskies "get that way." Aged and wise! *And six feet long!*

As this story comes to an end Ole and the writer are busily plying certain vari-colored and dazzling baits with commendable industry. Once I swung a wobbler into action and as it passed by the snout of the fish he changed his course and followed the lure curiously for a few feet, then turned and moved away on his passage to the depths.

Ole sat with head bowed in sorrow in one braced hand and with a Copenhagen snuff box dangling limply in the other!



Showing the alarming lowering in the level of water in Lake of the Woods due to commercial interests—more than two feet in two years.

The Doctor Looks at Tarpon

And finds it all that he had heard and anticipated—and *then some!*

By Dr. O. E. Van Alyea

HAD I been asked to catalogue sports and pastimes in the order of their importance in my life, that of fishing would no doubt have been listed near the bottom along with mountain climbing and marathon running, with the latter two having perhaps a shade the better of it. I meticulously avoided fishing trips of all descriptions, and had at times taken an extreme dislike to people who talked of fishing. But that was before I went tarpon fishing in Florida.

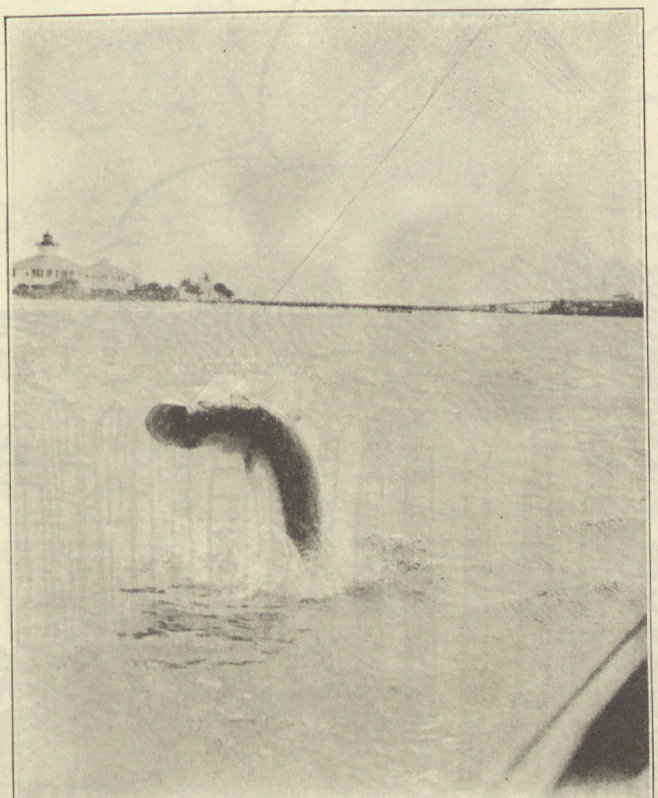
On the train down I was surrounded by fishing tackle and by friends who talked of nothing but deep sea fishing. The extent of my ignorance on such matters soon became manifest to those seasoned anglers. I inadvertently referred to the rod as a pole and called the line a thread. They exchanged glances with one another and doubtless wondered why I had come along. I felt they were thinking, "this bird will be a great help."

THE first afternoon after our arrival was spent in assembling the guides and preparing fishing tackle. During this ritual I, the novice, was gently but firmly pushed aside. My friends suggested that I try to get some pointers from the old stagers about, whom they pointed out with pride. Especially did they suggest my consulting a certain veteran strutting about decorated with a diamond button won for landing a tarpon over one hundred and fifty pounds.

This man's opinion was sought on all matters, from the stock market forecast to the foreign relations policy of the United States Government. A non-fishing stranger with just a Congressional Medal of Honor from the late war or a chap like Lindbergh passes by entirely unnoticed at a fishing camp.

I realized all this as I was being schooled for my first tryout. This great event occurred at 10:00 P. M. and the night was very dark. My boat hurried down to Boca Grande to catch an ebb or flow of the tide and, with several other boats, mine drifted through the pass. By flashlight the guide baited my hook and in a great tense moment I slipped the crab overboard and played out the line to the proper depth while I sat waiting for something to happen, secretly hoping that nothing would.

Nothing did, so after twenty minutes I reeled in, the motor was started and my boat chugged back to the starting point to catch another drift. In a half hour or so this operation was repeated. Nothing happened but my courage was kept up by my boatmate who was all eager and expectant. After three or four hours some one in the party wanted to call it a day. He hadn't the slightest trouble in convincing the remainder of us that the prospect seemed hopeless, and that a little sleep would make more sense.



"There he was, a great silver mass, shaking and writhing in the sun—"

WE were up and at 'em again early in the morning. Then it was pleasanter. I watched the occupants of the other boats around and even saw some of those elusive tarpon in the flesh. They rolled. Little ones cavorted about the surface. A large one almost flitted his tail in my face on his way out to sea. A beautiful king fish hurtled out of the water, sweeping an arc twenty feet high. A huge turtle floated along, put out his ugly head, heaved a deep sigh and took aboard some fresh air before passing from view. The sun was getting in one of his best work-outs, my pipe was lighted and I was enjoying life to the utmost. I put out and reeled in and ate lunch and then fished again. This procedure went on for days.

Then one day something happened. I heard "there's a strike." A motor started up in the crowd and made for a clearing. There was great excitement aboard. One man was reeling in, another was hanging onto his rod for dear life. A great fish leaped out of the water, six feet in the air, shaking and twisting. You sensed his power. He was hooked but might break loose. The bent rod was being pumped slowly up and down as the angler attempted to conquer his prey. I watched the battle with held breath, and didn't quite know with which contestant I was most in sympathy. After two or three jumps Mr. Tarpon tore himself loose and the old routine settled in the pass again.

Each day the same old chatter floated around about the prospects for the succeeding day. Each day the veterans and the guides went into a huddle and decided that no matter what the trouble had been to date, the signs of the Zodiac all pointed to tarpon aplenty for the immediate future.

THEN came a great day in my life. I had been drifting along rather listlessly thinking that perhaps the whole thing was a racket, that my friends were all ballyhoo artists and that perhaps the fish rolling and jumping around us were toy fish which were wound up every night by the guides.

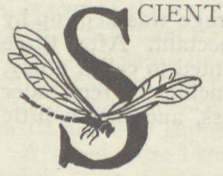
(Continued on page 41)

One FLEW EAST

In which a Dragon Fly hovering over a garden is the hero

By MacKinlay Kantor

Drawings by Uldene Trippe



SCIENTISTS tell us that *Libellula Basalis* may be seen hovering through the breezes over gardens during the warmer months.

And Grandma Sockerdall was out in her suburban garden, and Teddy Sockerdall was many hundreds of miles east, discussing pistons with three grimy mechanics. And nobody would believe—

However, these are unrelated facts.

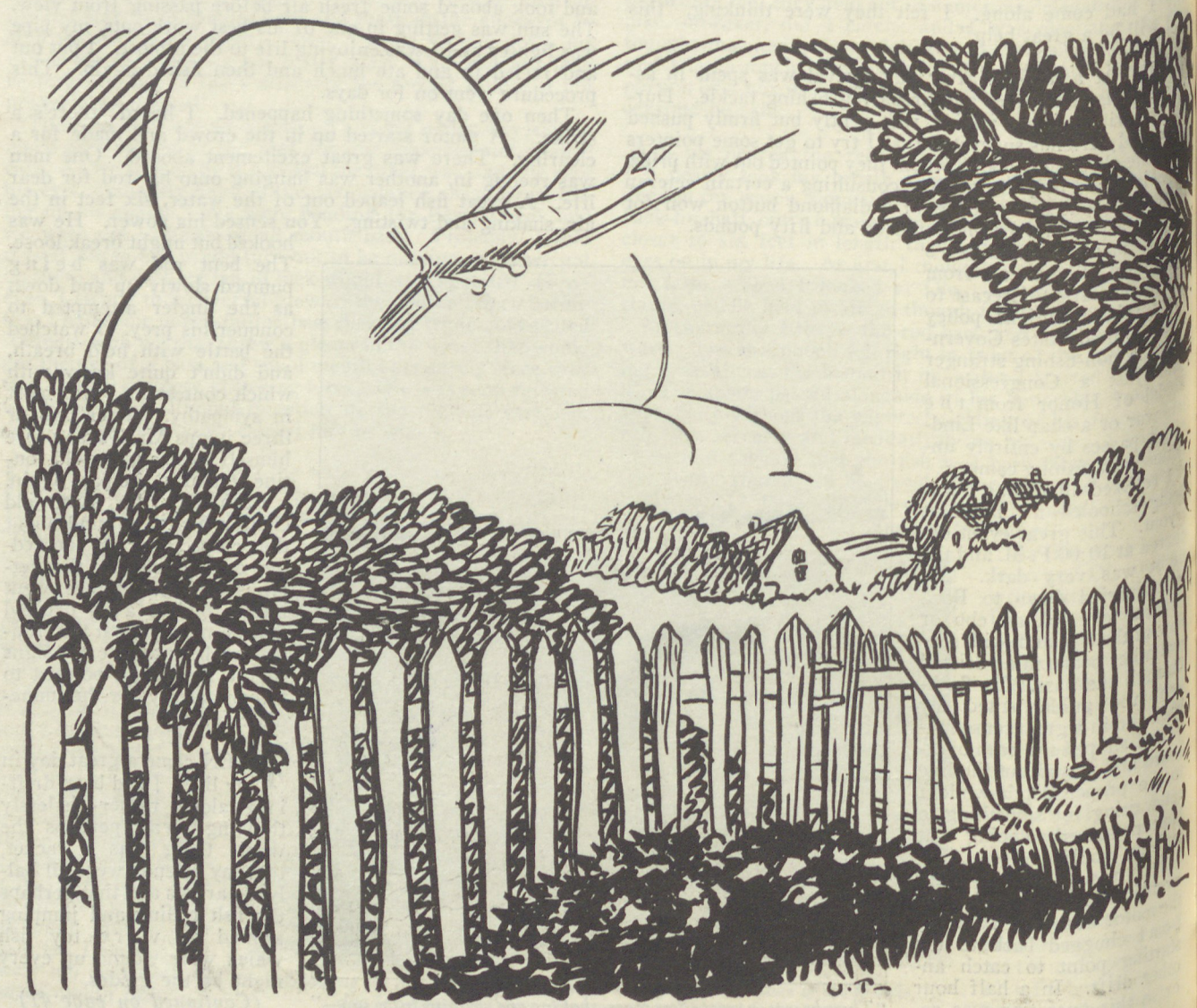
AT the age of eleven, Theodore Sockerdall mounted his first flying machine. It was all machine and did no flying whatever. He built it out of boxes and umbrellas and dog-chains, and sat on the seat of an old bicycle.

"Gram*ma!*" howled Theodore, "Gram*ma!* Come out an' see my flyin' machine!"

Mrs. Mary Sockerdall was canning tomatoes. It was hot in the steamy kitchen, and the tomatoes were just ready to take off the fire, but she came out and admired Teddy and his machine. "Well!" she marveled. "Well! Ain't that a fine one, though!" And she limped back to her bubbling kettles, for Teddy would consume much tomato soup during the next winter.

He consumed home-made tomato soup and home-made bread and home-made pickles, in that low-ceilinged house of his grandmother, for the next five years. And then he went away to college.

And then the war came along and Theodore left college when he was a junior, sporting about his native village for



two days in a crisp uniform that made all the girls shiver deliciously. He was in the aviation, and if the war lasted long enough he might be an officer with wings on his chest. . . . .

When the war ended he was still in Texas and had been flying some. Commercial aviation was the thing, he prophesied, and he guessed he'd play around with it a little after he was discharged. So he went to California instead of coming home to Border Plain, and was so busy participating in aeronautical experiments that he didn't have time to write many letters.

ONCE in a while he sent Grandma some snapshots of himself waving from the cockpit or smoking a cigarette (Grandma didn't like the idea of cigarettes, but they must be all right if Theodore smoked them) at the door of a hangar. Always there were pretty girls in the pictures with him. . . . . Once there was a newspaper clipping: "Los Angeles Pilot Unhurt After Air Crash" and a photograph of Theodore (Gracious, he had a mustache!) grinning beside the wreckage of his plane.

Mrs. Sockerdall had never seen a plane actually flying. There wasn't anything in the village of Border Plain to bring them, though twenty miles away the air was resonant with their motors. Once a cross-country flyer was forced down near the highway east of town, and the Muldoons took Grandma out in their car to see the plane.

"My, so awful greasy!" she chirped. "I do hope Theodore don't ever get in with his Sunday suit on!"

They didn't stay to see the ship fly, as it was such a hot day, and Grandma was old, and Mrs. Muldoon had high blood pressure.

"What do they look like, flyin'?" queried Mary Sockerdall.

"Like a snake-feeder. You know—a dragon fly. And they make a lot of noise. Just a roar."

Grandma had become quite deaf in those years, and didn't go out much at all. Worked in her garden, transplanting morning glories, or rocked on the little porch—rocking very slowly and fanning herself.

"Grandma Sockerdall is ageing quite a bit," folks used to remark. And still she had never seen a plane, flying. One zoomed over Border Plain on a Sunday morning, and the Muldoons rushed for Grandma to see it; but the sun was in her eyes and anyway her eyes weren't as good as they had been. . . . .

Teddy Sockerdall had married. A wealthy girl, he told Grandma in one of his infrequent letters.

"Her father is interested in Mexican oil and we plan to go down there next month. We're sending a little Christmas present in this letter."

It was a check for one hundred dollars. . . . . The Muldoons seemed appropriately awed when Grandma showed it to them. But Theodore had sent other checks, before. He seemed to make lots of money, flying. Grandma didn't exactly need the checks, as her living expenses weren't very high. . . . . Theodore forgot to send a picture of his bride, though he said "she was awfully pretty."

WHEN Theodore's father-in-law planned to back him in a flight to Europe, the Chicago newspapers were full of it. "I bet it's all over the country," Mr. Muldoon assured Grandma. "Yes sir, everywhere in the whole United States they'll be reading this—"

("Huge monoplane . . . . golden-brown fuselage and silver wings . . . . plan a 4,500 mile hop to Rome . . . . awaiting favorable weather.")

Everybody in Border Plain *(Continued on page 59)*

Tremendous interest is shown in the removal of trout fingerlings from one of Uncle Sam's cooperative rearing ponds.

FISH Are Where

THERE is an old saying that "gold is where you find it." In the much lamented past it could probably be said with equal truth that "fish are where you catch them." This is no longer a statement of fact, and for reasons which are known to every man who drives a car and who has days to fish where he formerly had only hours, the modern condition can best be expressed by the statement, "fish are where you put them."

The Bureau of Fisheries and the angler are engaging in a little game of "put and take." We put them out and you take them home. I do not know how many anglers there are. Being desirous of getting a little light on this point, I asked one of the Bureau's statisticians if he could tell me how many sport fishermen there are in the country and, in the usual statistical manner, how far they would extend if laid end to end.

Imagine my surprise when a full-fledged graduate statistician informed me that he did not know the answer to the first inquiry. With regard to the second, however, he was of the opinion that it would not be difficult to ascertain the lineal extent of all the fishermen in the country, since he had observed that there was no difficulty in getting a fisherman to lie!

Neither do we know how many fish there actually are in the country, but the Bureau of Fisheries knows to a close degree of accuracy how many fish it has provided for the unknown quantity of fishermen.

MY discussion of this subject arises from a very perplexing situation. The Bureau of Fisheries is roundly criticized by many sportsmen for devoting its facilities, funds, time and intelligence to the benefit of the commercial fisheries and fishermen. On the other hand, the commercial fishermen very frequently issue statements which are almost identical, except that the terms are reversed. This allegation states that all our efforts are for the benefit of the sportsmen.

As it appears to me, either one or the other of these groups is somewhat in error or else the Bureau is really accomplishing nothing in the way of propagating fish. I hope to show to the anglers in this short article that we are not entirely ignoring them.

During the past fiscal year we distributed 67 million individual fish of varieties which are unquestionably purely game varieties, and which are, in fact, with very few exceptions, barred by law from commercialization. These are the trouts, basses, sunfish, etc.

I hesitate here in bold print to classify the yellow perch, the pike perch, the Atlantic salmon, or the lake trout as either a game fish or a commercial fish, knowing that possibly years later the results of this rash statement may still be descending upon my silvered head. However, it is incontestably true that hook and line fishermen in many sections of the country go after these species with avidity, and other weird fantastic baits, and claim them as game fish. Consequently, for the purpose of this discussion we bring them into the game fish category. Our output, therefore, of species which are potential trophies for the sportsman, was over 340 million.

MANY of these were fry and small fingerlings, but as many as possible of them, particularly the bass and trout, had long since passed their callow infancy and were distributed perilously close to the size when they may be legally caught. The Bureau of Fisheries will never distribute wholesale allotments of legal sized game fish, but it will endeavor to plant increasing numbers which will only have to pass a very few months in the streams before they have reached legal age.

Let us consider the utilization of the facilities which Congress has provided us for making two fish flourish where only one thrived before. Last year we operated 77 stations and substations. In 44 of these no commercial fish darkened the threshold, and the entire population comprised aristocrats for the angler's aim. Three additional stations handled fish of both classes, utilizing the hatching facilities for the benefit of the sportsmen during that part of the year when commercial varieties are not propagated.

It is evident, therefore, that about 66⅔ per cent of our fish-cultural plant is geared to the production of sportsmen's species. The percentage of personnel devoted to the same purpose is slightly less, due to the fact that game fish hatcheries do not require battalions of spawntakers and squads of engineers and mechanics.

Sen. Jones of Washington, strong supporter of the fisheries program.

By
Henry O'Malley

Telling of the efforts of the Bureau of Fisheries in behalf of the angler

You *PUT* Them

The piscatorial Pullmans, our five distribution cars, are likewise for the benefit of the sportsmen. There is never a report of space sold out when trout and bass are scheduled for a week end trip. The cars traveled over 75,000 miles last year, and on fully four-fifths of this distribution the passenger list comprised game fish only.

Hatchery fish, like everything else under the sun, have their price per unit cost of production. They have overhead, depreciation, and all other features that make income tax blanks such nightmares.

The disposal of the funds allotted to us by Congress for fish propagation does not show any discrimination against the sportsmen. The Division of Fish Culture last year expended about $1,014,300, which was 48 per cent of the total appropriations of the Bureau. I feel that the appropriation for protecting the Alaska seal and salmon may be rightfully excluded from consideration in this respect, since the Alaska seal herd returns to the treasury moneys which practically cancel the appropriation. Excluding this item, the Division of Fish Culture expended 59 per cent of our total appropriations.

FISH-CULTURAL funds are broken up within the Division and approximately 66⅔% goes for exclusively game fish matters. This 66⅔% of fish-cultural funds therefore represents about 40% of the Bureau's total appropriations, excluding Alaskan work.

I consider that this allotment is relatively fair to the sportsmen of the country, particularly in view of the fact that the money is derived from general taxation, and that all their license fees go to the State conservation funds, with a result that anglers are making practically no direct contribution for the propagation of federally trade-marked fish.

Seining fingerling trout from rearing pond of LaCrosse, Wis., Izaak Walton Chapter.

It appears timely to point out, also, that to a large extent the appropriations for the benefit of the fishing industry have been received as a direct result of the industry itself making concrete requests to Congress. In other words, they have decided what they wanted and placed their wants before the body which provides the funds for meeting their desires.

Certainly, prior to the development of the Izaak Walton League there were very few instances of the sportsmen of the country making organized demand for the appropriation of Federal funds for the propagation of game fish. The Izaak Walton League has been more active along these lines, but at the same time resolutions and demands brought up in chapter meetings have little weight unless they are brought to the attention of the authorities in Congress who will ultimately determine the extent to which the Bureau of Fisheries will develop and expand.

I have briefly outlined that the Division of Fish Culture is the most important unit in the Bureau of Fisheries at the present time as regards physical equipment, funds expended, and personnel employed. I have also attempted to show that the majority stock in the Division of Fish Culture is voted for the benefit of sportsmen and anglers.

PRACTICALLY the only question omitted in the 1930 census is the inquiry whether or not the specimen being interviewed is a fisherman. I am violating no confidence in stating that the census will prove that there have been born during the ten years since the last census many children. In the very nature of things some of these children will grow up to be fishermen, which means that more fish must be provided for them, since parental love reaches no such sublime heights that father will give up his favorite fishing hole to permit son to take home the prize catch.

This condition is a prerequisite for the propagation of increased numbers of game fish by the Bureau of Fisheries, and our plans are laid with this feature in mind. We have underway, or in the blueprint stage, developments which will add some 300 acres of pond space to our facilities now available for the production of bass, sunfish, and other warm-water varieties. The significance of this can be more easily realized when it is stated that it represents practically a 150 per cent increase over our present equipment.

There is no immediate prospect other than the White Bill now pending before Congress for the creation of additional trout hatcheries. It is possible, however, to speed up the trout hatcheries to produce more fish by intensive utilization of every drop of water and every square foot of land which now constitutes the various stations. Probably the most effective means of sweating the trout hatcheries to a bigger output is by the development of cooperative nurseries, an undertaking in which the Izaak Walton League has a large stake.

Starting from scratch in 1925, the Bureau has enjoyed the cooperation of 114 sportsmen's organizations last year to whom we furnished over half a million eggs and fry, chiefly trout.

Varying degrees of success have attended these efforts, but in general the sponsors have expressed full satisfaction with the result of their activities, and in one case an

(Continued on page 32)

Drawings by Frank Hoban

The Vanished People

By

Edison Marshall

Those among our readers who have not made a study of anthropology will be interested to know that the tribes of men and animals appearing in this serial truly existed at one time upon the earth. Many facts are known about them; the author's imagination has supplied the unknown. —EDITOR.

IX

ADAM stood firm. The guards about the seaplane were not removed. He told Dian of the danger threatening the village, and coached her what to do if for any reason he himself were removed from the scene. He explained that any contact with the outside world would hurl her people to perdition, and there could be no escape. Until the Dark One, Belgrade, agreed to certain terms which Adam had offered, he must not be permitted to escape from the village.

No second warning was necessary. Dian took her own measures. How thorough these were Adam did not know: he had not yet delved into the semi-underground administration of tribal law.

To all outward appearances, affairs at the village kept their ancient trend. Belgrade had his own irons in the fire, and since he slept and lived in Jim-Hull's igloo, Adam saw little of him. The American hunted, fished, and explored, but most of his waking hours he spent with Dian. And these hours were the most fleet and happy his life had known.

He learned much Cro-Magnon lore. When he was discussing smoke signals with Dian, the talk led to what she called the First Fire, leaping from the tripod in the temple. Even Dian did not know how long ago this flame was struck. The oldest legends of her people, passed down by word of mouth for uncounted generations, or told in symbols painted on dressed hides, mentioned the First Fire. Over and over again the temple walls that sheltered it had mouldered and fallen to the ground, only to be restored. The stone lamp itself had no doubt burned out from time to time through the centuries, and had been replaced; the ivory tusks that formed the tripod had been polished into thin reeds not once but many times. The flame was never allowed to go out. If it ever did so, the Ice would rise and cover the villages.

At every change in the tide the lamp was refilled with whale oil, and when the bowl had to be cleaned, the flame was passed to a smaller lamp that lighted the temple in its stead. To be chosen the Keeper of the Fire—to guard it in peace and war, famine and plenty, summer and winter—was one of the highest honors the tribe could bestow. At present Sea-Hawk, the son of Strong Spear, held the post.

ADAM quickly perceived that the custom was founded on good sense. This is usually the case with primitive rites and beliefs, no matter how strange and weird. In this cold South, fire was the first necessity of life. It was not always easy to make with the wooden fire-sticks in use by the people, and the unfailing flame had no doubt saved many lives. At all hours in the day women could be seen carrying fire from the temple to their dwellings. If this lamp should go out, in some winter hour of disaster, it might be true that the Ice of death and extinction would rise and cover the village.

Dian explained the idea of the tripod the best she could. In the first place, the Universe of the Cro-Magnons contained three elements—water, land, and sky. There were three kinds of living creatures—beasts (including all the lower animate things) men, and gods. There were three castes in the tribe—the artists, the hunters, and *Ug Paddrin*. Indeed, each individual was himself a trinity—his physical self, who died after certain years, his shadow-self who moved with him in the sunlight and revealed itself in bright pools of water, and who ultimately went to dwell in the land of the blessed, and his love-self who lived after him in the person of his descendants.

She told him many folk-stories accounting for the stars, the ice, and the creatures that dwelt on the ice. Besides, these, the tribe passed down by word of mouth various ballads and heroic poems. One poem seemed to be a sort of Cro-Magnon *Beowulf*.

It began by describing the marriage between the Sun and the Moon, at the First of Things. The Sun made the world as a love-gift to his bride, and gave it to her to rule. She bore him a daughter—"Her hair was the hue of her father's hair, but her flesh was white as her dam's"—and she was the first Dian, who wedded the first of the Men.

The first earthly Dian bore two daughters, according to the legend, named Rondalin and Rindalin. They were twins, but Rondalin was the stronger, and

"In the first moon of her birth,
She raised her mouth from the snow-white breast, and cried,
"I am Dian."

But Rindalin was jealous, and in time Rondalin took up her flint ax "as sharp as shell, as the white shell of the sea, and heft in her hand like Zweitag's tusks," and killed her sister. It was Dian Rondalin who was mother of the race, and founder of the royal line. Adam found the story absorbing on its own account, and also because it suggested the old Roman tale of Romulus and Remus.

AFTER Rondalin came a succession of Dians, down to "Dian Larone," with whom the narrative was largely concerned. The last Dian, Morrison's daughter, translated a fragment of the poem into English:

"Dian Larone, O People, dwelt at
the edge of the Ice,
"Of the Ancient Ice that ebbs and
flows, and roars and cracks and
cries;
"In a goodly land beyond the land
where the pointed green trees
grow;
"In a goodly land below the Stars
that form the Drinking Cup

The Story So Far

Dr. Adam Weismann and Karl Belgrade, renowned scientist, find in the heart of the Antarctic a tribe of white people, recognized by them to be the last of the noble race of Cro-Magnons.

Loving Dian, queen of the tribe and admiring and prizing the splendid qualities of her people, Adam determines to save them from the exploitation and ruination certain to follow their discovery by civilization.

Belgrade, eager to return to Europe with news of this great race supposed to be extinct, urges Adam to remove the guards around their seaplane that they may leave at once. Adam refuses demanding a promise that the existence of the tribe be kept secret. Belgrade argues and threatens to no avail and decides to use any measures fair or foul to gain his end.

Adam felt himself being dragged to the light and soon all three lay on the beach safe from the invisible peril of the cavern.

"Where of the thirsty gods drink deep, after the hot day's strife;
"A goodly land, O People, where the Herds of Many Horns,
"Of Many Horns with many forks, like tops of broken trees,
"Pass by all day like drifting sand, like blown gray snow they pass,
"And no man knows their number."

The poem went on to describe a bloody war between the Cro-Magnons and a tribe of invaders whom they called the Hairy Ax-Men. These latter were bent of knee; they could not hold their heads erect, but thrust them forward; their brows stood out in heavy ridges; the worst of all, they seemed to have no language, but communicated with each other by means of short guttural cries and gestures. The first wave of Hairy Men were finally conquered, and put to death. Even their women were not carried off alive to the homes of the warriors as is usually the case when one savage tribe conquers another, but their skulls were crushed and they were buried in the same grave with their men. Their hairy skins, pronounced brow-ridges and jaws made them abhorrent to the beauty-loving Cro-Magnons.

ADAM was deeply stirred; he believed that this was the oldest poem in existence. Moreover, he knew that it was not merely a legend but a more or less authentic account of one of the first and most important wars in man's unwritten history. The Hairy Men were members of what scientists now call the Neanderthal Race. Their description in the poem fitted exactly the low-browed, bent-kneed, ape-jawed men whose skeletons are found in Mausterian gravels. There is no doubt that they were contemporaneous with the early Cro-Magnons. In the age-long wars that they fought beside the Ice, under the Drinking Cup—the Big Dipper—in what is now Central Europe, and on the feeding ground of the wild reindeer passing in enormous herds, the Neanderthals were finally conquered and apparently exterminated. At least there was no trace of them, other than their heavy bones and their broken flints, in Europe today.

IT was a curious and exciting fact that the Hairy Men were called the Og-Ree. This was their race-name in the Cro-Magnon tongue. Was this the origin of the English word *ogre,* which has come down from time immemorial? It might well be. The horror aroused by the hairy, gorilla-like brute-men in the minds of the naked skinned beautifully-formed Cro-Magnons might echo yet, in the nursery-tales of modern times.

"Some day the Og-Ree will come again," Dian told Adam. "Their numbers are increasing—they are biding their time. Then there will be a great war, and blood will flow, and tears fall in the temple, as in the days of Dian Larone."

"But the Og-Ree are all dead, Dian. Our wise men have found their bones."

"But your wise men thought that *we* were dead, too. You told me so. But here we are, and beyond the rivers are the Og-Ree. Your wise men do not know the Moss Country."

Adam was startled, but incredulous. "Have any of your people ever seen them?"

"Not since my mother's time. They have kept to themselves, breeding fast, waiting for the day that they are strong enough to overwhelm us. The Og-Ree look like beasts, but there is much cunning behind their wolves' eyes. They know they cannot fight us man to man, but must pour down upon us in herds like the wild buffalo."

"But you really believe in them, Dian? How could they have followed you from Europe, half way across the world?"

"The Og-Ree were here when we came. So the stories say. Wherever you find Zwei-Tag, the mammoth, you find the Og-Ree. We fought them, and took from them some of their hunting-ground, but we could not kill them all, as we killed them under the Drinking Cup. They still dwell beyond the great river that you crossed in the flying ship. The last time they came down upon us was in the days of *Dian Lilth* and *Tal Eika,* and only half of them returned to their camps alive. Since then there has been peace."

"But no one alive now has ever seen the Og-Ree with his own eyes."

"Some of the hunters say they have seen them, at a great distance. Some day we shall all see them face to face, through the hail of stones. They are not dead, Tall One—never believe that they are dead—but only waiting. And from the movements of the wild herds, the hunters say that now, today, they may be on the march."

But Adam remained skeptical. While her story was perfectly possible—the Neanderthals were a cold-country people, the same as the Cro-Magnons—he thought it was probably no more than a legend, carried here from the tribe's old home in Europe. He dismissed it for the present, and devoted his attention to more pressing matters.

EIGHT days had passed since he and Belgrade had hopped off into the Unknown. In two days more, their time limit would expire, and the Penguin would sail home. Lars was already broadcasting frantic messages into the silent air. He feared the ice and gales; he could stay no longer than the ten days agreed upon. The flyers must return soon, if they were to return at all.

Still Belgrade did not yield. He went about his scientific investigations with a composure that dumbfounded Adam. The latter tried in vain to imitate him, but he could not keep from counting the hours between him and utter exile.

As he delved into the lives of the people, he kept encountering one mystery which he seemed unable to solve. What and where was *Maun ig Mere?* He knew in general that it was a cave, the execution chamber of the tribe, but Dian had never told him exactly what occurred in its sinister depths, nor did she point out its location. In their long talks, she mentioned it as little as possible. Adam decided that to speak of it was forbidden by some ancient taboo.

This cavern was destined to have great bearing on the outcome of his adventure. As he walked with Dian on the beach, on the ninth day, one of the hunters came hastening after them. It proved to be Gort-Chil, the chief. His usual calm face was sternly set, and the shadow of some great wrath still lingered in his eyes.

Grave events had been occurring in the village. When Gort-Chil began to speak, his voice shook. As Dian listened, all color swept from her face.

At once the girl whirled on Adam. "This concerns you, Tall One," she told him breathlessly. "Great trouble has come upon us. The Dark One (Belgrade) spoke words that are forbidden. He urged *Ug Paddrin* to rise against me, Dian, and put some other in my place—the tale got back to the chiefs. The men said his voice must be silenced."

"You mean—they wanted to kill him?"

"They were afraid that the Ice would rise and cover the land, if he were let go free."

Adam started violently, and seized the girl's arm. "Dian, you speak as if it has already happened—not just in danger of happening." Then, in horrified tones: "Is Belgrade dead?"

"I do not know. How is the tide?"

"What in devil's name has the tide to do with it?" But at once he perceived that there must be some grim reason for her question, and he glanced down at the lapping waters. "It's high flood."

"Then it is too late. He was put in *Maun ig Mere* at half-flood. Not even Dian may enter there at high flood, and live."

"BUT it may not be too late." Adam, conquering his first panic, spoke rapidly and clearly. "The tide isn't quite high. Dian, tell the chief to take me to the cave at once. Tell him that you have pardoned Belgrade, provided I can save him. Tell him he is to help me."

The girl seemed to writhe. "But you will never come back. You will throw away a life that is mine—"

"Tell him, anyway. Quick, Dian."

Impelled by his will—a will disciplined and strengthened in the hard school of intellectual achievement—she whirled to Gort-Chil, and spoke briefly in her own tongue. For all her fear and trouble, her tones had their old imperious ring. Gort-Chil bowed his head in acknowledgment, and gesturing to Adam, started running down the beach.

It is wholly possible that the early Cro-Magnons were the swiftest of foot of any people that ever lived. Gort-Chil was built to run down a reindeer on the steeps of the Ancient Seine—great muscular thighs and long legs. Although he took now what he considered an easy gait, his companion did not try to hasten him. The pace was already too fast, provided Adam wanted to hold his breath and strength. If he arrived at *Maun ig Mere* spent and winded, his cause was lost at the start.

Adam's mind raced too, and he believed he knew what to expect. Apparently *Maun ig Mere* was filled with water at high tide, and any one imprisoned there died of drowning. Was this Dian's idea of a merciful execution? She had told him that the victims "went to sleep," but the minutes must seem long, as the water lapped higher and higher, before they slept. If this were the true explanation, *Maun ig Mere* was a chamber of horror.

GORT-CHIL led him to a narrow beach between the surf and towering cliffs, pausing before a round boulder fitted like a door in the cliff wall. Without a doubt, this was the entrance to *Maun ig Mere*. And now his dread of the Known—a deep though rational fear of drowning in the sea—gave way to a creepy terror of the Unknown. Because he had guessed wrong. The death that dwelt in this cavern at high tide was not that of rising waters. The cave was separated from the surf by twenty feet of hard sloping beach.

Gort-Chil seized the boulder, and tried to roll it away. Adam, who was spellbound by the mystery, shook off his stupor of bewilderment and sprang to help him. His strength seemed unimpaired. He had what athletes call

The tribesmen began to gather, sensing that events of tremendous import were pending—

second wind—that strange muscular stimulation which nature provides in a crisis, and which, in a calmer moment, Doctor Weismann could have discussed in physiological terms—and with Gort-Chil's mighty shoulders heaving beside his own, the stone moved—rolled—fell out of the way—and the cavern mouth was disclosed.

GORT-CHIL sprang back gasping, ten feet from the opening. *"Lo mere, lo mere,"* he cried, shaking his head. With wild gestures he tried to warn Adam not to enter. The American did not ken the Cro-Magnon words, but his mind half-guessed, half-reasoned the meaning of this frantic cry. "It is death, it is death!"

And Adam was inclined to heed his companion's warning. He came as near breaking as any time in his life; the cold sweat beaded his face and a chill wind blew again and again across his scalp. He had no love for Belgrade to actuate bravery. His motive in attempting the rescue was primitive to start with—simply life-saving, in the abstract. And all that was primal in his make-up shuddered and quailed at this unseen peril in the cavern.

Yet something forced him on. It was not bravery, in the usual sense of the word; quite possibly it was pride. Men of Teutonic stock are incorrigibly romantic. Unlike some of the darker peoples, who emphasize intellect rather than character, they will throw away dear life for abstract things no man can hold in his hands. Also they are extremely self-conscious: the fear of showing fear often makes them brave. Adam knew he could never live happily with himself hereafter if he did not conquer his terror and make a thorough-going effort to save Belgrade's life.

He stepped close to the entrance—swayed from some mysterious weakness—called loudly. "Belgrade!"

From the depth and darkness of the cavern came a thick voice, as when one struggles with deep sleep. "Weismann."

"Where are you? I'm coming in to get you."

"Stay out, you fool." The failing voice gathered strength, then died away. "It's too late—"

Adam steeled himself, and stooping, crept into the cave. Even now, this early in the battle, he could not move fast. He seemed to be carrying an enormous weight. His legs began to wilt under him. There was something worse than tide-water filling this chamber, no less lethal because it was invisible. Yet Adam felt not the slightest pain.

The dim light reflecting through the opening showed a dark shape on the cavern floor. Adam reeled toward it,

(Continued on page 57)

The messenger reeled and almost fell, while several of the villagers supported him as he gasped and sobbed for breath.

JUST OUTDOORS

By Everett E. Lowry

BETTER 'N FOUR POUNDS 'S MY GUESS!
HE'D BETTER NOT CATCH NO FISH OFF'N MY PROP'TY!
GRO
WHERE DID HE CATCH IT?
I CAN REMEMBER WHEN—
HOW MUCH DOES SHE WEIGH, DOC?
HE DIDN'T CATCH IT OFF 'N YOUR PROP'TY. HE SAID HE CATCHED IT OUTA TH' CRICK!
YOU KNOW ME, ELMER!
TEE-HEE!
CALL THAT A FISH?
IT WON'T BITE YOU, FREDDIE!
WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT IMPUDENT, FRECKLE-FACED BOY WHO INVARIABLY MADE THE SEASON'S SENSATIONAL CATCH — BACK THERE WHEN LUCK WAS THE ONLY GAME LAW WE KNEW.
LOWRY

PETE

By El Capitan

The story of a man of action and of fiction strongly resembling the famed Paul Bunyon.

"PETE, you're a doggone liar," I heard Dad Johnson shout good naturedly, as I observed Pete shuffling off into the timber away from the crowd, his shoulders shaking with mirth. I then knew that Pete had been in the height of his glory and up to his old tricks.

"'Smatter, Dad?" I asked innocently.

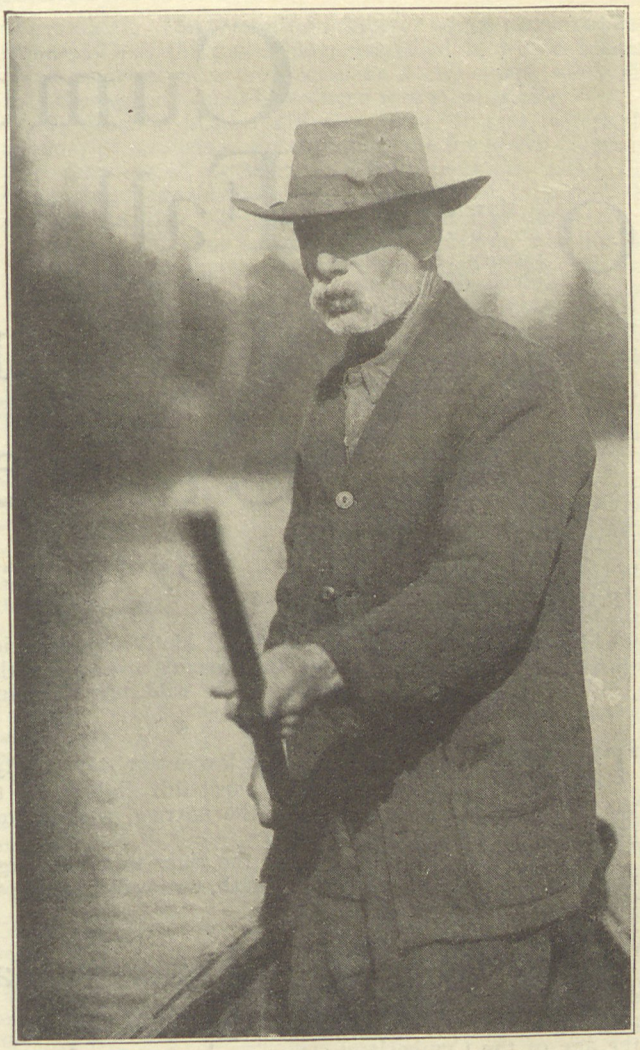
"Oh, nothin' much," Dad answered as he looked around at the dozen or more tourists in the congregation, "nothin' only Pete has gone too far with them tales o' his'n. For years I never disputed him when he told of guiding George Washington and Abe Lincoln the year they were up here fishin', but I had to call him when he was just now tellin' these folks that he guided Uncle Sam the year he was up. He did no such thing, he's a doggone liar, because I remember well that year and Pete was still crawling around on the kitchen floor."

Such was the tenseness of the situation. The two champions of legitimate prevarication were at loggerheads and when that happened a little of the truth percolated through for a few moments, until at least the two re-established cordial working relations.

UP on the Manitowish River, in Wisconsin, Pete has held sway for many years as a character in a class by himself. Originally he was in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. He is hale and hearty, over eighty years of age; and how much over, no one knows. His only ailments are seasonal attacks of "roomatics" which come at the most opportune times, especially when he needs a good excuse for escaping work; but at that he is, and has been a hard worker. He has lived on the Manitowish waters for so long that no one remains who can remember when he did not live there. His long established claim, that he was there the year the lakes were dug, has never been successfully disputed. His face is marked with deep furrows from years of exposure to the elements. His hair is white, a venerable white, his shoulders a little stooped from age, but his clear blue eyes always reflect the spirit of good will and cheer and his happy smile is always at play.

Pete has been my neighbor for a number of years and he has been a comfort, a solace and a help to me all this time. There is nothing that Pete does not know. For a sick cow or a horse with the colic just call on Pete, he has a ready remedy. Even for the sudden ailments of man he has speedy reliefs taught him by the Indians. I have never planted my potato crop in the spring until Pete has said "go" and I have never lost my crop through late frost. Pete having spent so many of his years among the Indians in the woods and on the waters, has made himself a man without a peer for those who have his favor, and can get his services, as he is the best guide that I have ever known. All the adverse signs and conditions make no difference to Pete, he just goes out and brings in the limit.

Pete lives alone in a modest little home situated on a high bluff overlooking the waters where they widen out below the Dam at Rest Lake and on down the Manitowish River. Pete never locks his door, his home is always open for friends to enter. The coffee pot is always on the stove; hospitality rules when Pete is there and if he is not there one is expected to make himself at home and at ease.



How many men over 80 years of age—or over 20—can pole a boat up the rapids as can Pete?

With all the virtues to Pete's credit he has one fault and even that may be a virtue. Pete handles the truth most carelessly and most unmercifully. He juggles it around with a nonchalance that is dramatic. Do not get the idea that my dear friend would misuse the truth to injure any one; this would be the last thought in his good head. He confines his rampages into the land of illusion to deeds of himself, the things he has done and seen. He keeps within the bounds of prevarication that every fisherman acknowledges as his birthright.

FOR many years I had stood before him in awe as he unfolded his tales of adventure and conduct, absorbing them all like a trusting boy.

I had listened in wonder as he told me of the days when they dug all those lakes and how hard he worked digging the channels to connect them. I looked upon him with great respect when he told of planting the weed beds so the muskies would have coverage. What a marvelous man I thought him when he told of putting in the sand bars where the pike might play. I considered him the original conservationist when he showed me the big floating bogs he had put in the lakes so the bass would have shelter. I never questioned his veracity when he pointed to the big virgin pines that he said he had planted when a boy. When he explained the forest fire ashes in the air as a volcanic ash from a Pacific coast volcano that belched forth only once every hundred years, his father having seen the last blow off, I just concluded that Pete was a scientist and knew his ashes.

(Continued on page 61)

Cumberland Falls *Becomes* a Kentucky State Park

By Herbert W. Cornell

ON March 10, 1930, an outstanding victory for the ideals of Waltonianism was won, when the Kentucky Legislature passed, over the veto of Governor Sampson, a bill to make the long fought for Cumberland Falls State Park possible.

Cumberland Falls is the largest waterfall in the South, and is the largest in the United States east of the Mississippi River with the single exception of Niagara. It is situated on the boundary between Whitley and McCreary Counties in southeastern Kentucky less than twenty miles from the Tennessee line. The surroundings are wild, primitive and beautiful.

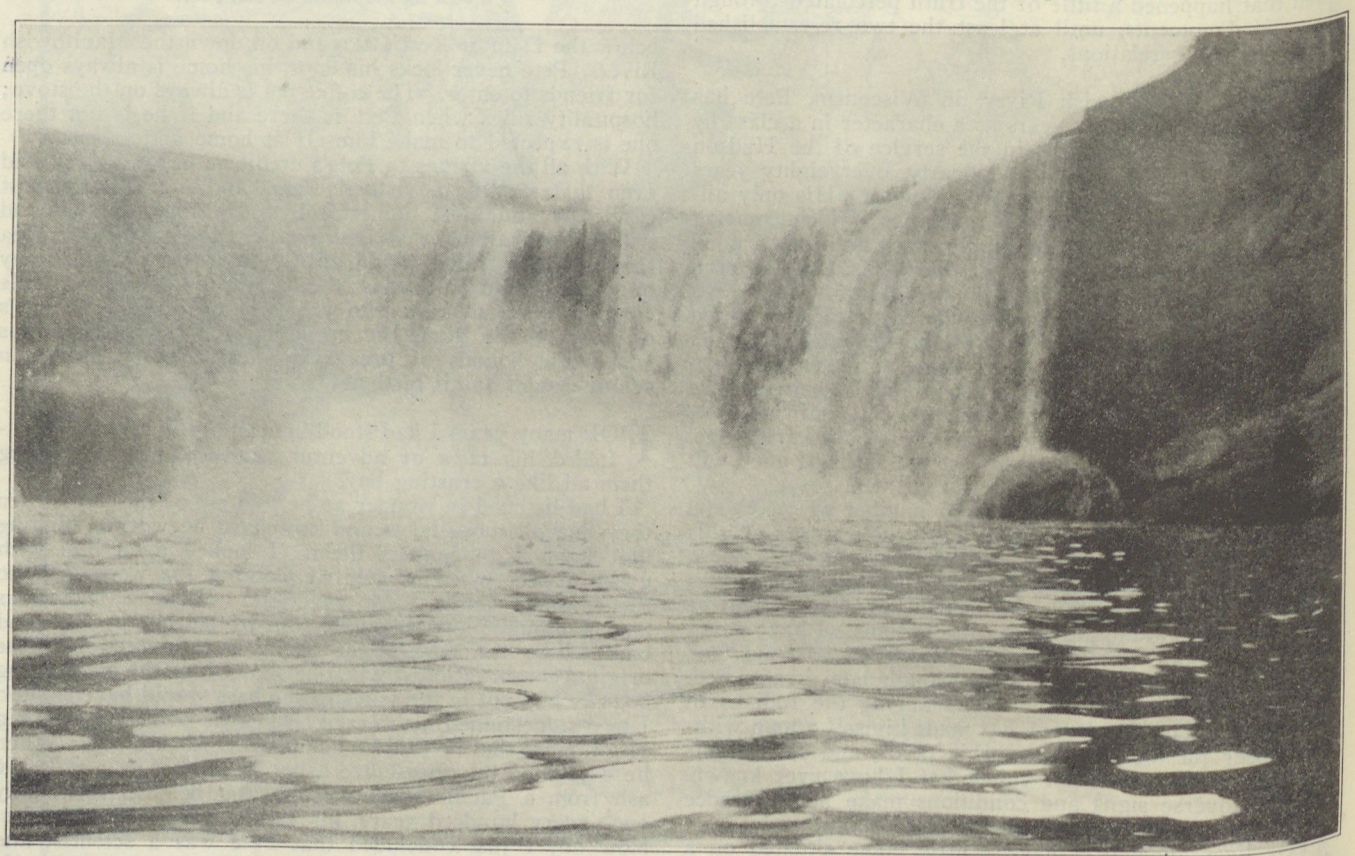
THE height of the cataract is, at low water stage, sixty-eight feet. High water stage lessens this slightly, due to the heaping up of the waters in the narrow, rock-choked gorge below the falls.

The rock formation has caused the river to cut a gorge much like that of Niagara. Its length, curiously enough, is the same as the length of the Niagara gorge, namely, seven miles. Since the rate of recession of the fall is very much slower at Cumberland Falls than at Niagara Falls it follows that the age of the Cumberland cataract is much greater.

Describing an heroic struggle and a magnificent victory for outdoor beauty

Down the gorge the river rushes in a tumultuous course. And rocks and river are not the only attractions. For many miles in every direction the forest is almost primeval. Many years ago some lumbering was done, but the scars have healed, and the few mountain roads that exist wind about between splendid oaks, hickories, beeches and yellow poplars. Pines are to be found on the ridges, hemlocks in the gorges, while in many places are openings between the taller trees where laurel, rhododendron and trailing arbutus abound, and in the spring their flowers give the forest a rich beauty. Birds found in few and rapidly decreasing regions here have their home.

AS though all this were not enough to make the Cumberland Falls region a naturalist's paradise, Nature reserved until quite recently a last crowning gift. Perhaps other state parks may boast cataracts, gorges, trees and birds, but surely not meteorites! On April 9, 1919, a meteorite fell from the sky, striking the top of the rocky gorge a short distance below the falls, and breaking into many pieces from the impact. Arthur M. Miller, Professor of Geology in the University of Kentucky, hurried to the falls and succeeded in recovering forty-five fragments, with a combined



Cumberland Falls' 65 foot cataract of shimmering beauty.

weight of nearly thirty pounds. Undoubtedly many other pieces are still to be found. So the nature-lover who rambles through the woods with the roar of the falls in his ears and watches for rare birds may, if he keeps an eye on the ground, be rewarded with one of those rare geological specimens, a meteoritic fragment.

The unspoiled charm of Cumberland Falls is due to the fact that the falls are difficult to reach. A satisfactory view can be had only from the eastern side of the river. Road maps show roads leading from Corbin, twenty miles to the northeast, and from Williamsburg, eighteen miles from the southeast, but both these roads are so rough as to be practicable only for saddle-horses. A better road, though not passable at all seasons of the year, leads in from Parker's Lake, thirteen miles to the west, located on Federal Highway 27. The visitor coming this way must get across the river to get a real view. About an eighth of a mile above the falls is a ford with a solid rock bottom, easily passable at low water. At high water a rowboat or cableway must be depended upon.

DESPITE all these obstacles, enough persevering nature-lovers visit the falls to support a small hotel on each side of the river. However, it is said that the majority of the inhabitants of the two counties in which the falls are situated had never seen them, and there was little excitement or resentment when, about five years ago, the Insull power interests made a preliminary survey, bought the land immediately surrounding the falls, and applied to the Federal Power Commission for a permit.

Their plan was to construct an 87 foot dam about a mile above the falls around a bend in the river; cut a tunnel to a point in the gorge below the falls, and thus secure a drop of 155 feet. The dam would back up the water for a distance of approximately thirty miles destroying the magnificent forest border along the river. As to the falls themselves, the Insull interests offered to allow ten thousand gallons a minute to flow over the ledge. Their claim that this quantity would be sufficient to preserve the beauty of the falls was the height of absurdity. The Cumberland is a big river; its normal flow in the first three months of the year is five million gallons per minute, in the second three months of the year a million gallons per minute, in July, August and September, the months when practically all visitors would see the cataract, five hundred thousand gallons per minute, and in the last three months of the year, three hundred thousand gallons per minute. The Insull interests proposed, therefore, to take ninety-eight per cent of the normal summer flow, leaving two per cent for the nature lovers!

To secure the needed water for a 40,000 kilowatt power station such as was proposed, it would be necessary to impound the very heavy floods of January, February and March. By the middle of summer the need for additional water to the normal flow would result in leaving bare mud-flats along the upper river for mile after mile—bare, that is, except for the stumps of the trees killed by the impounding of the water. The "beautiful lake over which pleasure boats could sail" as the power men described it, would become about as much of a civic asset as a city dump, while the falls themselves would be reduced to a mere trickle.

The situation is quite different from Niagara, where the quantity of water is so great that despite the heavy diversion three-quarters of the water still flows over the falls. The Cumberland cannot have the beauty of the falls and the power plant too. There isn't enough water in the river.

A sharp difference of opinion next arose on whether the Federal Power Commission had jurisdiction in the case, and whether, granting that jurisdiction over the falls is vested in the Federal Power Commission on the constitutional theory that navigation in the river further down stream is affected, the Federal Power Commission may consider scenic values in making its decision or whether it is confined to questions of navigation. The Commission was awaiting an opinion from the Attorney General of the United States on these points when the action of the Kentucky Legislature settled the question as far as Cumberland Falls is concerned. The Attorney General's opinion will be of great importance because of its applicability to other hydro electric projects in various parts of the country, but will be of academic interest only as applied to Cumberland Falls.

AT this juncture a generous offer was made by T. Coleman DuPont, former United States Senator from Delaware and a native of Kentucky. He proposed to donate $230,000 for the purpose of purchasing approximately 2200 acres of land for a state park providing the Legislature would pass an act accepting the gift and creating the park, and authorizing necessary condemnation proceedings.

While some members of the Legislature pretended to see ulterior motives in the offer, and predicted that DuPont would simply be acquiring the falls for his own commercial purposes, those in the best position to judge agree that the offer is a generous one, made by a successful son of Kentucky who wishes to do something for his native state. Indeed, the terms of the gift are such that it is difficult to imagine any way in which DuPont could personally profit by it. His attorney gave out a statement that the Senator did not wish to have his name attached to the park, but preferred that it be known simply as "Cumberland Falls State Park."

An attempt to have the DuPont offer accepted by the Legislature in 1928 failed. Meetings dragged on before the Federal Power Commission. So few persons had seen Cumberland Falls that it was with some difficulty that any great sentiment in favor of saving them could be stimulated. Citizens who wrote to the Federal Power Commission on the subject sometimes received replies asking if they had been there themselves, and whether they were in a position to speak of the scenic value of the cataract from any personal acquaintance. Usually they would not be in a position to give an affirmative reply.

Many leading citizens in that part

(Continued on page 60)

ODE TO CUMBERLAND FALLS

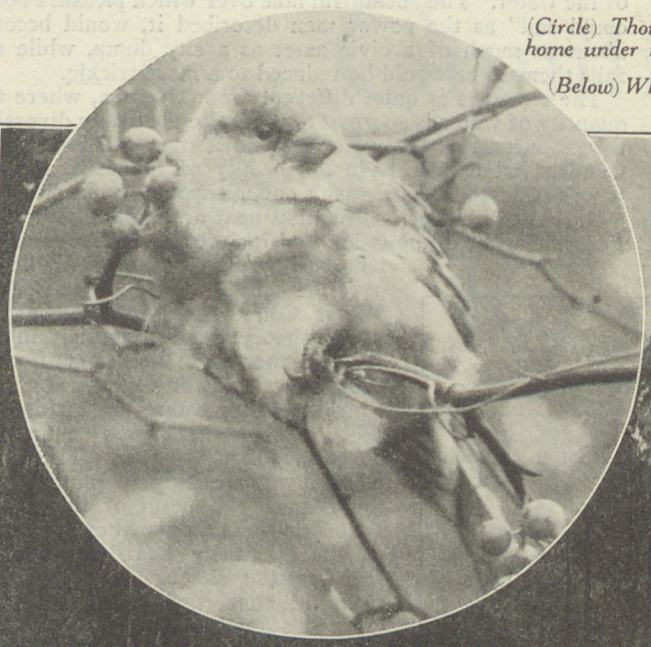
Inscribed to Tom Wallace and T. Coleman DuPont

A Walton Appreciation

By SHERMAN BROWN

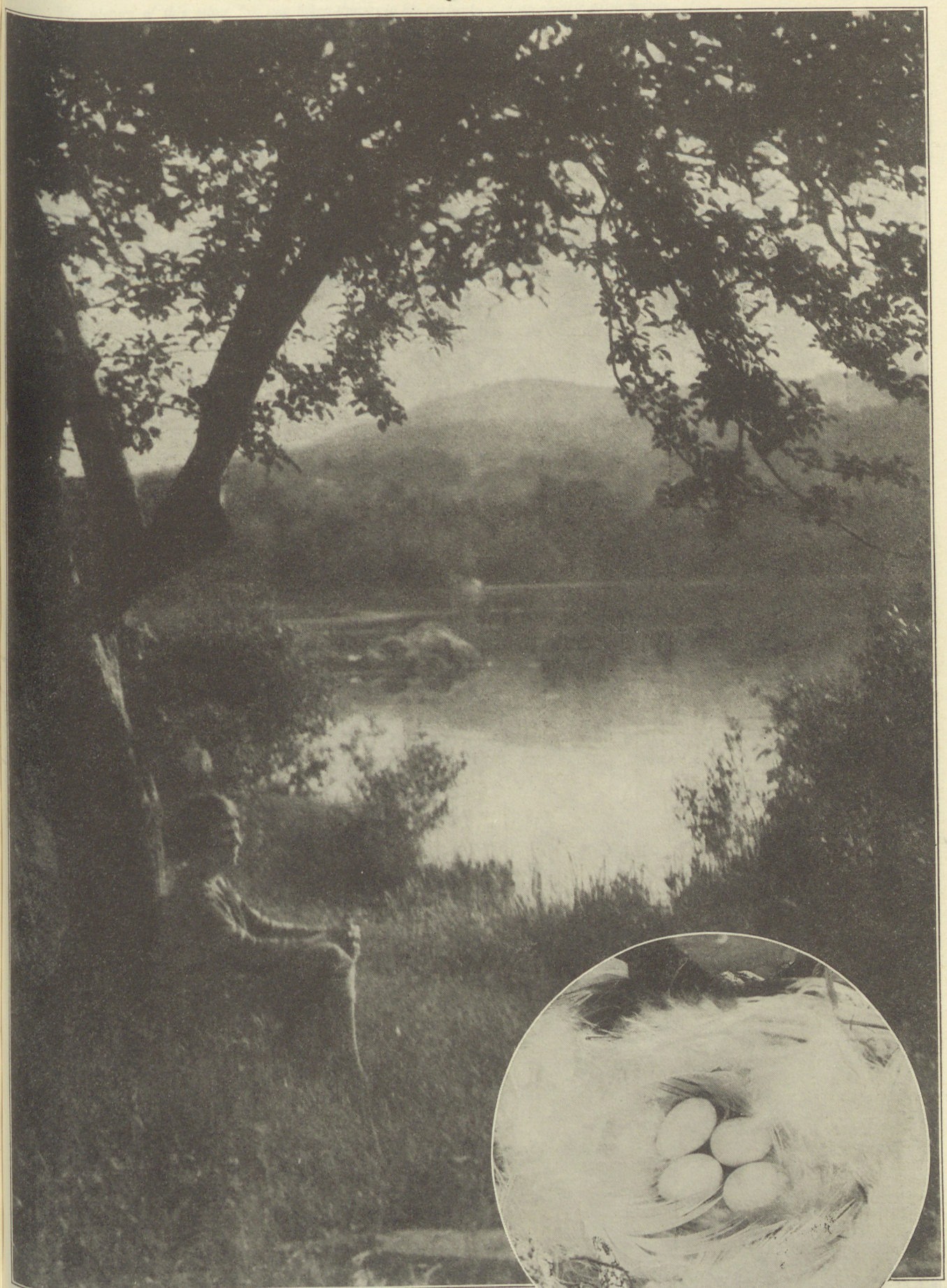
HAIL thee, endless liquid shaft,
Flung from Kentucky's granite bow,
By nature's mighty arm:
Cleaving the timeless tower'ng rocks
A pathway, for the hill-born waters
Of the Cumberland.
I sing to thee, oh liquid shaft,
That cut thy legends on the rocks:
To babes of old tradition,
Curl'd within the moss:
To the moon of waters,
That ancient rode his silver ship
Across the Falls of Cumberland.
To thee, oh joyous crashing falls—
That cut with crystal lance
The hill and sedgy-fen:
Transfusing the turgid Cumberland,
In placid wayward winding:
Thy boundaries marked with bluets fair;
Thy seal of jasmine on the hills.
To altitudes of old romance;
Running to beauty with open arms,
Whilst light and shadows, pry and search,
Thy liquid aisle and palisades.
To softest sky's unfurling scroll,
That tempts the sibyl to enroll,
Some fragment of thy mystery:
Thrush-like Mozart! moon-lit Schubert,
Listen! 'tis Apollo's misty fingers,
On glistening strings—singing
In the Falls of Cumberland!

BEHOLD, among the craigs
Where eaglets scream;
Thy shrines and temples; sanctified,
With incense from magnolia bloom:
Where lyric oak and minstrel pine
Sing the mountain melody—
And sleepy moon-beams glide
Along thy star-calm waters quiet flow.
Behold the shaggy sides inlaid
With laurel bloom, feeding
The hours of night ambrosial mist:
Whilst beauty dreams secure,
Beneath her nets of blue—
And moon'd in drenching love,
Yet glances at the stars.
Didst thou know fair Cumberland,
What chains were forged for thee:
What prayers, were massed upon thy hills
In mute appeal:
Thy crucifixion ordained:
Thy tomb designed—
Thy doom by bondman signed?
Henceforth, shalt thou chant
Thy thund'rous song,
To the wheels of the gods slow turning:
Bravely—as the upcurl'd leaf in last desire
Sails the silken stream
In wonder, to the sea:
Thus, Kentucky's soul shall interlace,
Should book or sonnet ere efface
The names of Wallace and DuPont.



(Circle) Thorns, berries and a hardy English sparrow who seems at home under most conditions. Photograph by Lynwood M. Chace.

(Below) White Water Rapids in Boulder River, Montana. Photograph by B. L. Brown.



(*Above*) *A vista in the beautiful Palisades Interstate Park, New York. Photograph by Richard K. Wood.*

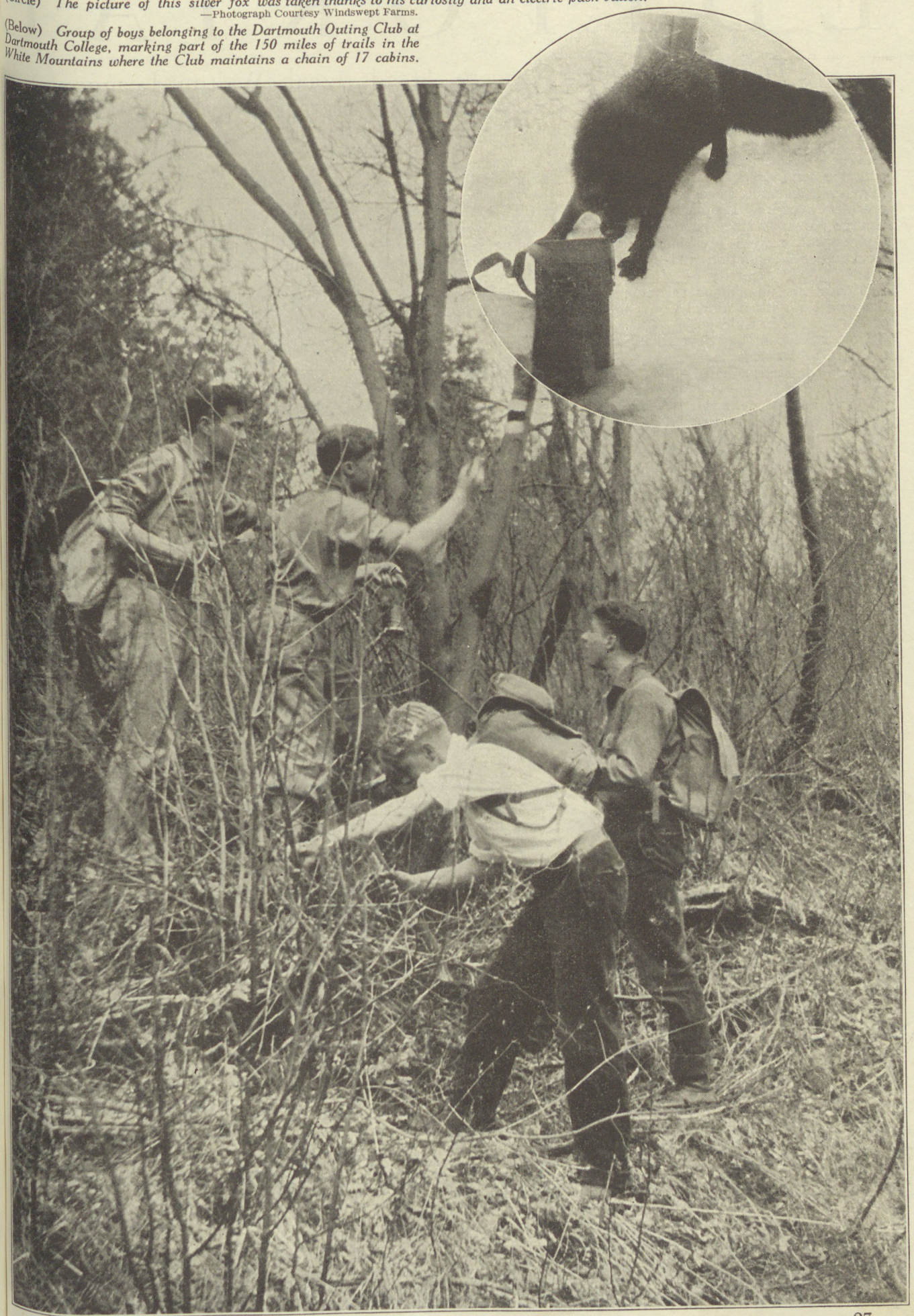
(*Circle*) *Tree swallow's nest and eggs. Photograph by Lynwood M. Chace.*

(Circle) Manatee, or sea cow, practically extinct. This one was captured alive, photographed and released with no ill effects. Photograph by Joseph E. Otis, Jr.

(Below) A difficult portage in the Superior National Forest. Photograph by Richard K. Wood.

(Circle) *The picture of this silver fox was taken thanks to his curiosity and an electric push button.*
—Photograph Courtesy Windswept Farms.

(Below) *Group of boys belonging to the Dartmouth Outing Club at Dartmouth College, marking part of the 150 miles of trails in the White Mountains where the Club maintains a chain of 17 cabins.*



EDITORIAL

Dr. George Edgar Vincent Heads Izaak Walton League

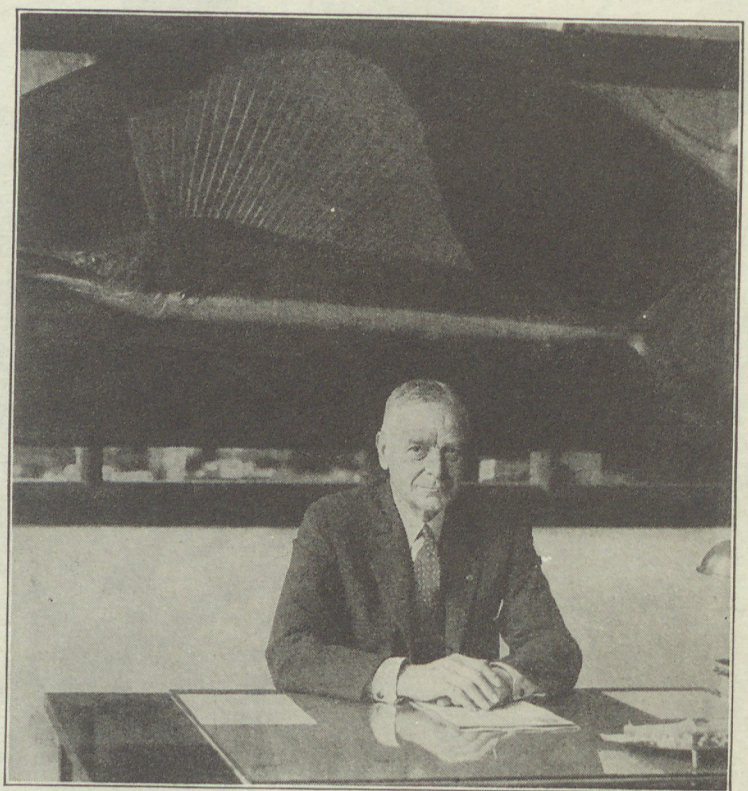
ONE of the greatest honors ever bestowed upon the Izaak Walton League of America, and the cause of conservation in general, was the immediate and unqualified acceptance of the presidency of the League by Doctor George Edgar Vincent, Greenwich, Connecticut, retired president of the Rockefeller Foundation and formerly head of the University of Minnesota, following his unanimous selection by the recent Eighth National Convention of the League in Chicago.

Doctor Vincent has devoted his entire life to services for public good. He is a man of pronounced individuality and of defined opinion, and brings to the administration of the Izaak Walton League of America the highest type of national leadership. He is internationally known and respected as an educator and as a man who has been keenly interested in sociological and biological research. Doctor Vincent's services have been in constant demand for the highest positions of educational and humanitarian responsibility.

DOCTOR VINCENT'S valuable time, broad experience and unlimited energy will be exerted, as a volunteer, in behalf of the League and its extensive program of conservation. A few years past the age of sixty, Dr. Vincent has arrived at the place where he desires to perform a crowning mission of a distinguished career. It is his will to dedicate his time and energies to the work of aiding in the protection and preservation of America's natural resources.

Every national character possesses a hobby—Dr. Vincent loves the woodland trails, the picturesque mountains and the murmur of the brook. He has traveled thousands of miles in various sections of the universe in quest of outdoor recreation. His favorite saddle horse is a constant companion on many of his trips, and long journeys into the deep wilderness for intimate contact with nature are frequently taken. It is not difficult to visualize the value and prestige which Dr. Vincent brings to the Izaak Walton League of America. His name assures entree to every educational and scientific institution in America. His broad knowledge of national and international affairs is unquestioned, and his ardent outdoor enthusiasm stamps him as a man's man, who stands squarely and honestly before the world as one of the great leaders of public thought.

DOCTOR VINCENT'S life history teems with interesting facts and outstanding accomplishments. *Who's Who in America* devotes a prominent space to his distinguished career. He was born in Rockford, Illinois, March 21, 1864. Among his many honors and accomplishments are listed the following:



Dr. George Edgar Vincent, elected to the presidency of the Izaak Walton League of America Saturday April 26, at his desk at National Headquarters Monday morning April 28, ready for work.

A.B., Yale, 1885; Ph.D., University of Chicago, 1896; L.L.D., 1911, Yale, 1911; University of Michigan, 1913; editorial work, 1885-86; in Europe and Orient, 1886-87; literary editor Chautauqua Press, 1886; vice-principal Chautauqua System since 1888; principal of Instruction, 1898; president Chautauqua Institution, 1907-15, and honorary president since 1915. Fellow in Sociology, 1892-94; assistant, 1894-95; instructor, 1895-96; assistant professor, 1896-1900; associate professor, 1900-04; professor, 1904-11; dean Junior Colleges, 1900-07; dean Faculties of Arts, Literature and Science, 1907-11, University of Chicago; president, University of Minnesota, 1911-17; President Rockefeller Foundation, New York, since May 15, 1917-29. Member General Education Board, American-Scandinavian Foundation, Commissioner for Relief in Belgium, Educational Foundation. Ex-president American Sociological Society. Author: Social Mind and Education, 1896; an Introduction to the Study of Society (with Albion Woodbury Small), 1895.

IT is unnecessary to comment further on the ability and accomplishments of Dr. Vincent, except to remind our public that under his leadership perhaps the greatest effort for the education of the plain people had its flowering. We refer to the Chautauqua movement. The Izaak Walton League of America will benefit in proportion as it responds to its opportunity in his counsel and guidance. The future of the League has been given a powerful forward impetus by his election as President, and that he will be earnestly supported is very evident by his unanimous choice as the League's titular head.

Every member of the League is proud to acclaim Dr. Vincent as its new president. Conservation organizations throughout America rejoice in his active entrance into a field which means so much for the future welfare of this great country and for the boys and girls of tomorrow, and in the kindred fields of health and education there is newly awakened interest and expectation.

THE words of President Herbert Hoover, Honorary President of the League: "The Izaak Walton League has become the greatest force in the country for the protection and development of opportunities for outdoor life. As our people increase in numbers and in leisure we must have stimulation to health and above all the moral value that comes from association with nature. Every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for this vital thing in the nation," are fittingly recognized by the leadership of the League in the person of a man whose record of non-political public service is perhaps the greatest in the country.

The Giant Rainbow Trout

By Col. Harry Vanderbilt Würdemann

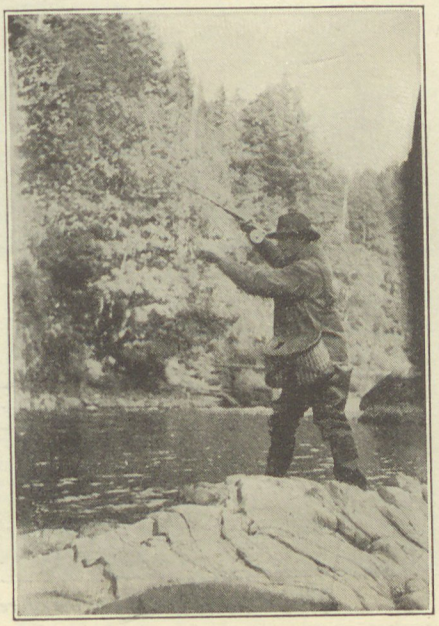
Treating in detail of the big rainbow trout, or so called steelhead of the Pacific Coast.

ON the first day of January the writer was fishing in a rushing mountain river, of the State of Washington, fifty miles from the sea, with bare hands and lightly clad and took a 19½ pound, 32½ inches long trout!

Can you believe this statement—you easterners—shivering in the howling blasts of winter, such as we never see in this charmed land of Western Washington?

And this was not the only big steelhead caught in the stream on that day. The writer landed two others of about twelve pounds each; and there were a dozen or more anglers in the water, most of them achieving their ambition of taking a trout in the opening day of the season; which for steelhead is January 1st to February 15th, then again June 1st to December 1st.

The Cast.



Maybe my readers will react to these statements as did the inebriated guest at a Philadelphia club, who gazed a long time at a mounted tarpon on the wall and exclaimed to his friend and host, "The man that caught that fish is a —— liar!"

Well, anyway I have killed such fish many a time at this time of year and I have the documents to prove it!

The so-called steelhead is a seagoing rainbow trout, returning annually for many years with the urge for propagation of posterity, remaining in fresh water for months and finally dropping back with the current to the salt chuck. He, unlike the Pacific Salmon, whose life is but four years, lives as long, perhaps, as the Salmo Salar of the Atlantic and is as readily adapted to his habit of becoming land-locked in certain lakes and known by various names, as the Beardsley trout of Lake Crescent in the Olympics and under other names in other lakes. He feeds all the time, both in fresh and salt water, and is caught in both. Gill netters have largely depleted the supply going to some streams, and "There ought to be a law agin it." There is, and we anglers will sometime see it properly enforced and save this most royal sport and the fish from utter extinction.

NONE should be sold for filthy lucre, there are enough salmon running to support the market fishermen.

The income to the State from licenses, to the sporting stores for supplies, and what the sportsmen spend among the local inhabitants on their expenditures far exceeds the amounts the fish are worth in the market.

This fish was first described as a salmon; no one could imagine a trout of this size, particularly a seagoing trout. Then the ichthyologists gave him a rating as a trout

The hooking of a twelve pounder on a fly.

and named him "gairdneri." But certain piscologists and most sportsmen now favor its inclusion in the rainbow or "irideus" series. The writer agrees with the latter, for his dissections, counting of the scales and their character, the gill rays and the vomerine teeth show no difference between the more highly colored but smaller rainbow and the silvery steelhead caught in the same pool, with the same lures and with the same actions of the fish when hooked. They take the fly in summer as well as do the larger sized rainbow.

The parrs show the same markings in waters known as steelhead or rainbow streams. The smolts going to the sea in the lower reaches become quite silvery, and the immature grilse, if one can apply that name to a true trout, which follow up the adult fish, after being in fresh water for a while take on the coloring and markings of a rainbow. Very large steelhead which have been in the stream for a while become quite highly colored.

The successful landing of the aforesaid twelve pounder.

THE rainbow is a fresh water steelhead or the steelhead is a seagoing rainbow. Take it as you wish!

There are a number of medium sized rivers on the Pacific Slope, famous as steelhead streams. The Rogue River of Oregon is perhaps the most exploited in song and story, and is the most visited by notable sportsmen. Here the fish run from 6 to 10 pounds and are angled for mostly with the artificial fly. But there are others and better ones, those of Puget Sound in Washington, the Skokomish, the Skagit, the Skyomish and the Stillaguamish. There are those of British Columbia emptying into the Frazer and the Gulf of Georgia and further north. But these Northern fish rarely take the fly except those which stay in the streams in midsummer. They are caught with the revolving spoon or with gobs of salmon eggs.

I have tried all kinds of lures and baits but usually descend to "goof." It depends upon what the fish is feeding, for the giant rainbow is just as capricious in his diet and is not always voracious, disdaining at times even the choicest tidbits of salmon roe cast against his nose. Thus while many fish may be seen in the clear waters of the stream various lures must be tried before the take.

Of all the streams I prefer the Stillaguamish, about 50 miles north of Seattle and at about 30 miles from its mouth, where the snow-topped mountains steeply incline to the narrow valley, where the stream is fifty or more feet wide, fordable in the shallows; a rushing torrent of cascades with occasional deep pools wherein lie the steelhead.

It is chilly in the early January mornings but warm in the middle of the day, when the sun shines against the encompassing cliffs and rocks; for it does not rain every day during our alleged winter, as supposed by easterners.

Sometimes in this valley of the hills there may be a flurry of snow, but this does not last long. Anyhow January is the time of the spring run of the steelhead and at sunrise the fisherman should be in the water up to his knees and already have had a fish on.

THE tackle should comprise a 6 to 8 ounce rod of good quality, 9½ to 10½ feet long, for these are big fish that pull what seems to be a horse power to the pound, and they live in wild water, and they make for the wildest when hooked.

A good single action reel and a full gut line is recommended, for the casts must in many cases be of 50 to 100 feet, and only a well wet silk worm gut line slips through the guides for this distance without snarling.

The water is wonderfully clear and the fish are wild, so the fisherman must be well out of sight. Experts use a wire basket into which the coils of line are stripped and properly laid. Casting from the reel cannot well be done with a long rod, which is necessary to guide the lure over the mass of boulders over which the stream flows, in which the hook, the sinker or the spoon is easily caught with consequent acquirement of much grief. A ½ ounce weight is pinched on the end left below the loop at the upper part of the leader, so it strips off if caught between the rocks without the loss of the hook and leader.

(Continued on page 51)

On a Dollar and Cents Basis

By E. A. Pflueger

Dealing with the practical values of conservation.

ANY plea for our natural resources and wild life is usually actuated by the instinctive love that Americans have for their great out-of-doors. The health and happiness of outdoor sports can't be measured in dollars and cents—but the benefits are there.

The lure of the rod, the feel of the gun, the call of the wild have, for countless generations, served to maintain in our make-up that essential balance between the artificial and natural. To remove that balance would be to proceed far in the direction of the Robot civilization which is endangering the human race.

You cannot place a monetary value on the part the great out-of-doors plays in physical development. But the results of *no* contact with nature are vividly seen in the four million men found unfit for service in 1917—in the prevalence of tuberculosis and other structural diseases in our young people.

The "sturdy Yankee stock," whose achievements astounded the world, is seemingly deteriorating. And the reason is not hard to find. Any physiologist will tell you about the weakening effects of sedentary city life through only three generations.

There can be no out-of-door life without an out-of-doors. No hunting or fishing without game. The scarcity of game and the destruction of our woodlands are removing the incentive for natural recreation.

The preservation of race spirit and physique is surely more than a matter of idle sentiment. Yet if that consideration is not enough to move the "practical mind" of the American public into action, we must show how valuable our natural resources are *in themselves*. This, I believe, is the basis for our greatest success in the fight for conservation. We must show first: that forest and game preserves pay their way; second: that destruction, without replacement of woodlands, game and fish remove our greatest natural sources of food and shelter.

IT seems a paradox that the nation with the greatest and most varied natural resources in the world should be the most careless, wantonly destructive of them. American enterprise is killing the goose for the golden eggs. Lumber is cut in huge quantities for paper pulp—and is seldom replanted for replacement. Our lumber supply, consequently, is reckoned only in years. Indirectly the destruction is even greater. With the more open country have come droughts in summer, winters so open as to freeze the wheat and prematurely force the fruit, cyclonic windstorms that do millions of dollars of damage annually, and floods that take their toll of life.

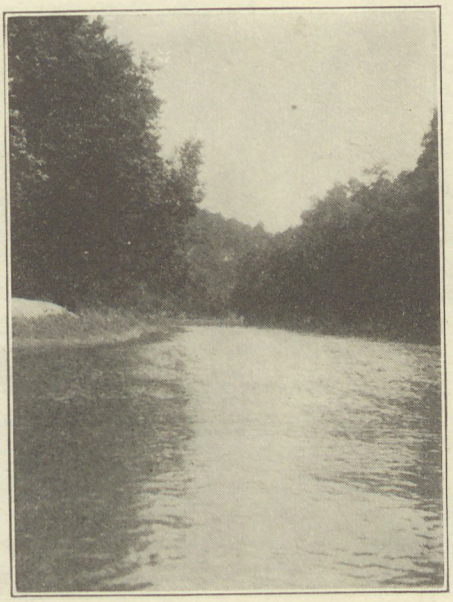
Lack of forests, and the inroads of small-game hunters, have likewise so diminished the number of our birds that it is becoming a serious problem in many communities to raise fruit. Growers and nurserymen must now wage the war against worm, slug and aphis which formerly the birds waged for them.

A most significant report on the relation of floods and forests recently came from the Committee on Flood Control of the House of Representatives. Re-forestation of Mississippi Watershed areas would have prevented, to a large degree, the havoc wrought by the recent floods.

Were all the forests in the Mississippi drainage area protected and managed in accordance with established forestry principles, it is declared, a reduction in flood crests of 55 inches would be possible. This restraining effect would be equivalent to the storage capacity of some 4.6 reservoirs, each of a 10,000,000 acre-feet capacity.

Another vital fact brought out in the report was that properly managed forests can be made to produce continuous crops of forest products to such a degree as to pay their own way.

This is no theory. For countless generations, the magnificent forests of Germany and France have paid for their keep. Land-hungry Japan has, of necessity, paid careful attention to her forestation program to prevent loss of land through erosion—spending thirteen times as much for tree planting as the whole United States!



"There can be no out-of-door life without an out-of-doors."

EQUALLY clear is the way to restoration of our game and fish supply. No longer can there be any doubt about the ability of game preserves, havens, preserves, and hatcheries to pay for themselves under efficient management. The forces of restoration have brought back many good fishing spots in Missouri Valley states.

State after state is falling into line. Arkansas, for instance, is now building what will be the world's largest hatchery, at Lonoke. Two hundred-forty acres under water will be used exclusively for the rearing of native fish from the spawned egg to fingerling size.

Illinois has submitted to her voters for approval a $14,000,000 bond issue for the purchase of lands and waters for wild life refuges. Minnesota has authorized a $2,500,000 bond issue for the restoration of unwisely drained lands, and the establishment of refuge area of 1,600,000 acres. Oklahoma, California, Connecticut, Florida and Colorado are other notable examples of wise legislative enactments. Many of the "resort" states have found that fish and game protection and propagation is a paying business, a means of attracting more tourists. New Jersey's restocking program—so extensive that it was once doomed to fail—is now actually self-sustaining.

With the increased interest in Conservation, our conception of fish-rearing principles has radically changed. Many states, in the past, abandoned hatchery programs not only because of the high cost, but because the artificially-reared fish were not so sturdy as their natural brothers. Thanks to some very interesting experiments now being conducted, it is possible to cut the cost per fish as much as one thousand percent.

The Lake St. John experiment, conducted under the auspices of the Louisiana Conservation Department is nothing short of amazing. It establishes a new idea in feeding methods, and certainly hangs up the record for low cost. In a 12 acre pond over 2,500,000 sunfish, black and white bass were reared from egg to adult size in a little over nine months! And the cost was only 10 cents a hundred fish!

SUCH gratifying results have created a new idea of fish culture. Attention now is paid toward restoring nature's own fish hatcheries instead of increasing the number of artificial ones. Improvement of natural environments not only brings better results, but at far less cost.

In every state of the union there are areas of swamp land—low areas inundated part of the year or back washes of rivers. Localities that at very little cost could be made into great breeding and rearing ponds.

And there is no doubt about the feasibility and *practicality* of similar restoration methods applied to game. The protection of Government sanctuaries saved the vanishing egrets of the south, and is building

(Continued on page 60)

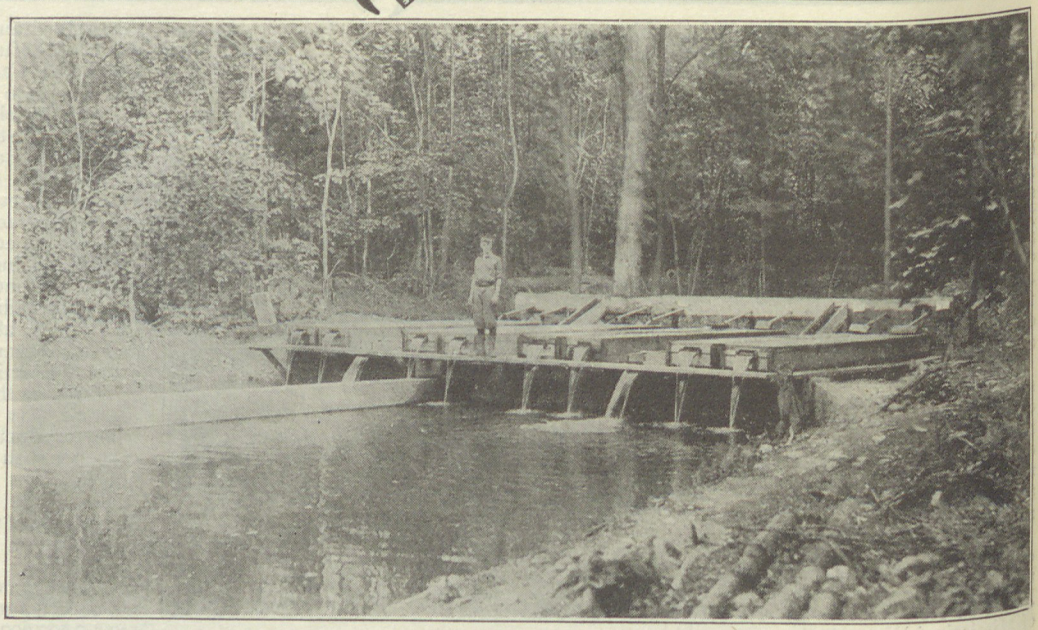
"The health and happiness of outdoor sports can't be measured in dollars and cents—but the benefits are there."

Fish Are Where You Put Them

(Continued from page 15)

organization was so successful that it reported the distribution of a larger number of fingerling fish than we had furnished in fry. Judging by the requests now being received, the number of nursery units by the close of this year will be close to 150.

The real significance of this situation is that the fingerlings resulting from those 500,000 eggs and fry represent the capacity of two average sized hatcheries, and furthermore represent dozens of carloads of fish which would have cost real money to distribute from our hatcheries.



The space that was vacated in our hatcheries by the unceremonious transfer of the youngsters to other nurseries was filled by surplus stock which was reared for direct distribution from the hatchery. Each hatchery can hatch many more fish than it can rear, and it is confronted with the alternative of distributing the bulk of its output at a very early and tender age, or else restricting its hatching to the point where actual incubation is only 35 to 50 per cent of the potential capacity.

In addition to this retail channel of outlet, the hatcheries themselves have carried on a rearing of fingerlings along mass-production lines. Last year our production of fingerlings of all species was over 136 million. There were in this number sufficient fish to make up close to 60 per cent of the total 67 million strictly game fish mentioned above. Just as we have to educate our sons nowadays until they are old enough to vote and wear a coonskin coat, we likewise have to educate our trout until they are old enough to appreciate the subtle differences between a Brown Hackle and a Black Gnat. Over one-half of our output of game fish has reached this age of discretion, and the proportion is being constantly increased toward the 100 per cent point.

I am told that financiers whose business ethics are somewhat murky, consider a list of responsible citizens, particularly of citizens having strong financial backing and limited financial judgment, to be an asset of inestimable value and term it a sucker list. We have a voluminous list of representative Americans included in the twelve to fifteen thousand fish applications which are submitted annually. It is not a sucker list, however. There is a bass list, trout list, catfish list, and so on, but if any fisherman has developed an uncontrollable yearning for the modest sucker he has depended upon the bounties of nature for his satisfaction and has not called upon a beneficent government to fill the void.

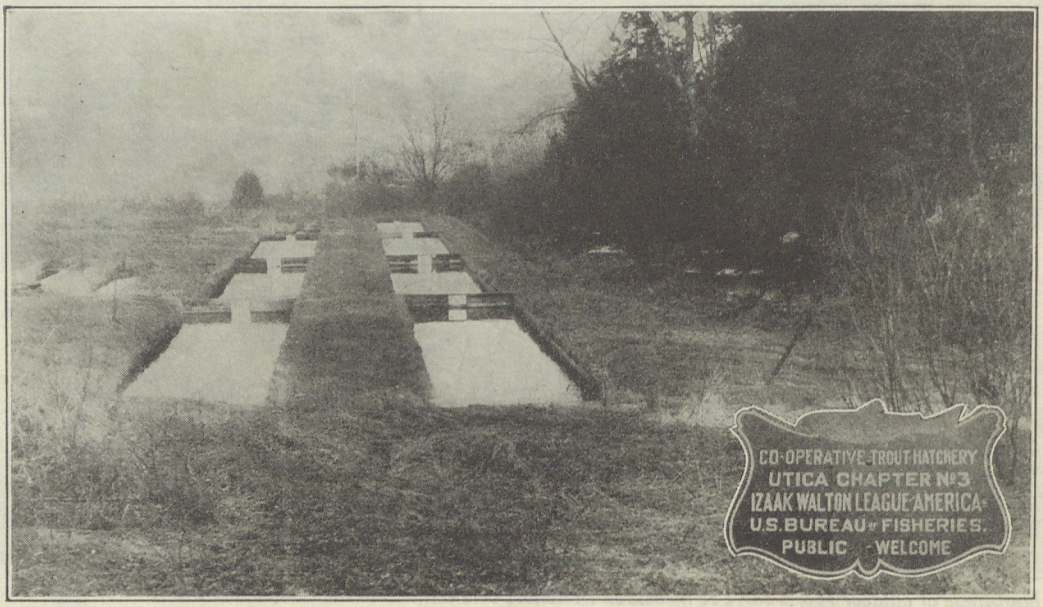
I do not point with particular pride to the fact that the Bureau of Fisheries frequently attempts to satisfy members of this list with shipments of two cans of baby trout or 75 to 100 three or four-inch bass. I can appreciate the fact that the man who has delegated to himself the duty of perpetuating the fishing in his country or section of the State will not be convinced that such a shipment is thoroughly adequate to the requirements.

I take little satisfaction in the Bureau's services to the individual angler, but I do take honest pride in the Bureau's aggregate contribution to the welfare of anglers as an inclusive fraternity. I indulge in a little self-congratulation on the basis of an annual distribution of over one-quarter of a billion of young fish of species which can be, and are, a source of sport as well as an article of diet.

The individual ballots which go to make a straw vote on prohibition are insignificant, but the result of the aggregate is something to talk about and, as far as I can determine, something which is being talked about. Likewise, the individual allotments of fish do not look very impressive, but when they are considered as an aggregate, in their relationship to the country as a whole, the result is of real importance.

The Bureau of Fisheries hatches fish in 35 States and distributes them in 48. It may be deduced from this that some of the Bureau's hatcheries have to distribute their output over several States. It may be truthfully said that the Bureau of Fisheries is spreading itself rather thin in attempting to act as guarantor of sport for anglers. I do not feel that it can be justifiably asserted, however, that the Bureau has been delinquent in utilizing its available facilities for this purpose.

I take pride in the fact that we can offer real assistance to the commercial fishing industry, a food-producing agency of tremendous importance, and I take even greater pride in the fact that in addition to this we are able to contribute to the intangible values of recreation, health and sportsmanship which are born to the communion of man and fish.



(Above) A cooperative trout rearing plant at Ligonier, Pa., in the establishment of which Dr. C. D. Ambrose, an active Waltonian, took a leading part.

(Opposite) Part of the Utica, N. Y., Chapter's cooperative trout hatchery which produces 500,000 trout annually. This plant costs the chapter $2,000 annually, the government furnishing the superintendent and feed for the fish.

What's Happening in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon
Conservation Director Izaak Walton League of America

A Monthly Resume of the Outstanding Conservation Events Throughout America

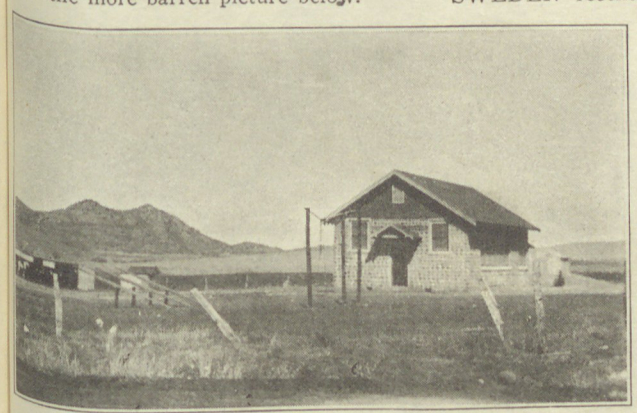
Roadside Beauty

LAST month OUTDOOR AMERICA published a special article by John W. Keller on roadside beautification, a new conservation activity which is making rapid strides. Congress has recognized the need for highway beautification by authorizing expenditures of federal funds for roadside tree planting in cooperation with the states.

The limit of federal highway aid has been $15,000 per mile, but most roads of federal standard cost from $30,000 to $50,000 per mile. The result was that the planting provision meant but little. This session of Congress has increased this limit of cooperation to $25,000 per mile, which will make it possible to include tree planting in the specifications. *Frequently there is more need for saving beautiful trees than there is for planting new ones.*

In addition to the beautification of highways, the little red schoolhouse is fast coming into its own as a roadside beauty spot. The Lake Andes (South Dakota) Chapter of the Izaak Walton League this past spring offered twenty-five Chinese elm trees to the first ten schools of South Dakota which entered the contest if the school district agreed to plant and care for them as well as plant such other trees, shrubbery and flowers as might be necessary to complete the job. The chapter plans to award suitable prizes next September to the three schools showing the most marked improvement, and announced that similar offers will be made during March 1931 and 1932.

There are here reproduced photos of two rural schools in Oklahoma. It is safe to predict that the beautiful surroundings at the Babbs Memorial School in the center of the page will inspire higher ideals and a greater appreciation of the outdoors than the more barren picture below.

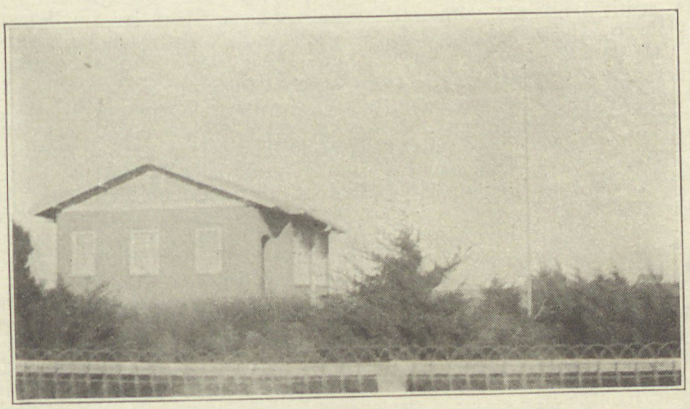


Trees would beautify this school property.

Forest Surveys

ONE of the biggest enterprises ever undertaken in conservation, a nationwide forest survey, was officially launched this spring by the United States Forest Service under authority of the McSweeney-McNary Act of 1928, an act which the Izaak Walton League strongly supported.

This will be America's first comprehensive appraisal of existing forest supplies and conditions, growth and requirements, and present and future trends, all of which when properly coordinated will constitute a fundamental and economically sound basis for determining federal, state and industrial forest policies and programs.



Beautiful surroundings inspire children.

Congress authorized a federal contribution of $3,000,000 to this national program, a small initial appropriation of $40,000 being available for the current year. Mr. C. M. Granger, a graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College, who entered the Forest Service in 1907, recently District Forester of the Pacific Northwest District, has been appointed Chief Forest Economist in charge of this survey.

Sweden Finishes Seven-Year Survey

SWEDEN recently completed a national forest survey, concluding a study inaugurated seven years ago, at a cost of about $400,000. Sweden is a country of 175,105 square miles (a little larger than Washington and Oregon combined) with a population of something over six million people.

The Swedish Forestry College had charge of that country's survey, its experts covering the woodlands from the extreme south to the Lapland Mountains north of the Arctic Circle.

The preliminary figures of the Swedish Survey show that the annual growth amounts to approximately one and one-half billion cubic feet, the entire standing supply of timber being about 53 billion cubic feet. Most significant of all is the fact that at the present rate of cutting Sweden's timber supply is permanent, even though her export of lumber and other forest products is more than half of all other exports combined.

World Exposition

THE first International Fur and Hunting Exposition will open at Leipzig on May 31 and continue through to the end of September. Scientific and educational exhibits from more than thirty countries have been assembled. Live fur-bearing animals from remote parts of the world will be on display.

The exposition is held under the auspices of the German Ministry of Economics. For the first time in history, sportsmen, professional hunters, trappers, and members of the fur industry are furthering such a joint world exposition to promote the conservation idea. The last large international gathering of sportsmen was held at Vienna in 1911.

Among the displays will be an exhibit by the United States Government. This display will call special attention to the increase in the Pacific seal herd since the treaty with Japan, England and Russia, under which the United States controls the sealing activities and distributes the proceeds among the nations concerned. Other parts of this exhibit will show the methods of protecting and taking wild game in this country.

Virginia Advances

CONSERVATION progress seems depressingly slow at times, but organized educational effort pointed directly to specific programs always wins if pursued consistently. Virginia is a typical example of what can be done.

In 1926 the Virginia Legislature enacted a new plan of game and fish administration, and the results obtained since that time fully justify the aims of those who sponsored the movement.

The 1928 Legislature further strengthened the law and gave the Commission broader powers. The 1930 session, which adjourned in March, by an almost unanimous vote passed an entirely new modernized game and fish code.

The recent session also gave Virginia's

(Continued on page 45)

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH, *Angling Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

PRELIMINARY CAST
"WILD ROSES"

It is altogether right that June should be called the month of roses, for every angler knows some stream hard pressed upon either bank with blossoms running the full gamut of every shade o'red. Only true sportsmen should fish such water.

Small Mouth and Fuzzie Wuzzies

UNTIL you have fished smallmouth with artificial flies you do not know the meaning of piscatorial thrills insofar as this bronze-back warrior is concerned. I grant at once that there is sport, rare sport, in fishing with the sentient casting rod and lures, even as there is wonderful enjoyment in still fishing with live-bait; but for real, simon pure action and amazing leaps, forever commend me to the counterfeit presentments and light tackle. A well conditioned smallmouth will do more stunts when connected up with a flyrod, more unusual stunts, than was ever dreamed of in your ichthyic experience.

Having said all this I want to say something not quite so eulogistic. I doubt if as much skill is required to take a smallmouth on flies as is necessary to succeed with trout. When smallmouth are feeding on the surface they take with a sureness and promptness never displayed by any species of true trouts. A brook trout, which is not a trout but a char, is much more certain in his take than is a rainbow or cutthroat. Of all the uncertain, flirtatious fish I know, silver-sides takes the cake. But smallmouth when in a fly-mood, and there is little use using the fuzzie wuzzies when they are not, take promptly and determinedly. Give them a taut line and tense rod and they will do the rest. Do not take me to mean that no skill is required on the part of the fisherman, for such is far from the truth, only that the fish is more takeable, more willing to do his part, than are our western trouts.

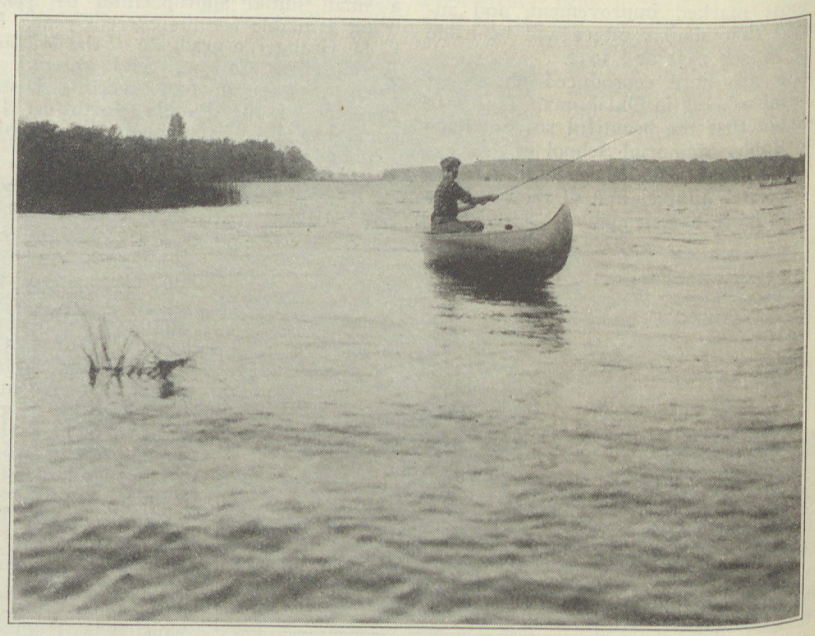
UNDERSTAND, pray, that we are talking of simon pure fly-fishing, the employment of artificial flies, and not bass-bugs, feather-minnows, small spinners or anything of the sort. Understand, too, I am not throwing stones at this class of fly-rod lures, for I use them and love them; simply, I am talking of real honest-to-gosh fly-fishing, which is no more difficult, once you get your hand in, than is using the other lures. I have been guilty of saying that one could more quickly arrive at successful fly-fishing, questing smallmouth, than he could when following the trout trail. Understand, there is just one way to learn to take bass on flies and that is by fishing with them. Lay aside your short rod and winsome lures, lock up other fly-rod lures and throw away the key, then lay siege to the smallmouth and discover how simple it is.

Much is said about the respective merits of smallmouth fishing in rivers and in lakes, as well as to the takeability of the fish in the different environments. I used to think that a smallmouth of the river was the easier fish, but today I am not so certain. (By the way, I am not so certain about many ichthyic matters today as I was yesterday.) All depends I suspect upon the food situation and water condition, that is, other than the angler's understanding and skill, for obviously that enters in largely. Sometimes I find myself believing that the northern lake smallmouth is more takeable, more active than is the small fish in rapid water. Granted that the stream fish has all the advantages of the current, knows that to throw himself into the rapid water is to lend him great advantage; but that is not activity as I am now conceiving of it, throwing himself bodily into the air, and stunts of the kind. The fish dwelling in swift waters just don't have to do it, though he leaps. The smallmouth of more placid rivers is fairly comparable to the lake fish.

THERE are two classes of rivers, as appears above, sluggish, slow-moving ones, and those with swift currents, many rocks and various obstructions. There is great sport in fishing the latter, great sport, for the action of a smallmouth in rapid water, is about as uncertain and unexpected as anything with which man has to do. Certainly such a fish will test tackle to the limit, and a man's skill and patience to the breaking point; but there is something against the rapid streams, and that is that the angler can seldom see the battle, there are few if any aerial ventures and none of those amazing "tail-dancings" which places placid streams and lake fishing in a class by itself.

Just now I am not saying which I enjoy the most, though I am thinking favorably of lakes and sluggish streams. Of course, mounting against the current, water snarling around one's legs, the music of the flood sounding in one's ears, is in and of itself highly enjoyable even if no bass are taken. There are streams, too, so swift and heavy that the angler must needs march with the current. Upon the other hand, the sluggish stream, if wadeable, and many are, has an attraction all its own. The water makes no "noise," the angler can hear the songs of the birds and the calling of the snipe; then too, he can see the fish as it comes to his lure, and witness the amazing aerial venture, three and four times repeated. The same can be said of lake fishing, stealing along in the gloaming just within casting distance of the shore or weed-beds where the smallmouth are on the feed, placing the fly in the proper spot and striking at the "psychological instant," then the body-shaking, water-raining leap for freedom. I do not know which is the most pleasurable, that is all. I honestly think the lake and placid stream smallmouth is more easily hooked than his white water cousin, though concerning that there may be some argument.

ALWAYS enters the question of time, morning or evening. Here my findings are somewhat curious, withal not impossible of revisement. (Herein is the attractivity of all fly-fishing, something may happen any day, continue to happen, knocking all preconceived notions and theories into a cocked hat.) I have found all lake fishing far and away better at even-tide than in the morning, though why, unless because the particular surface life the smallmouth desires is more prevalent in the evening, I am unable to decide. I know this too, in my experience, on rivers, both placid and rapid, the morning fishing has been the poorest. There are streams where the evening fishing is much resorted to, but diligent inquiry on my part has not elicited the information that anyone



A bass will always be found lurking around a fringe of weeds.

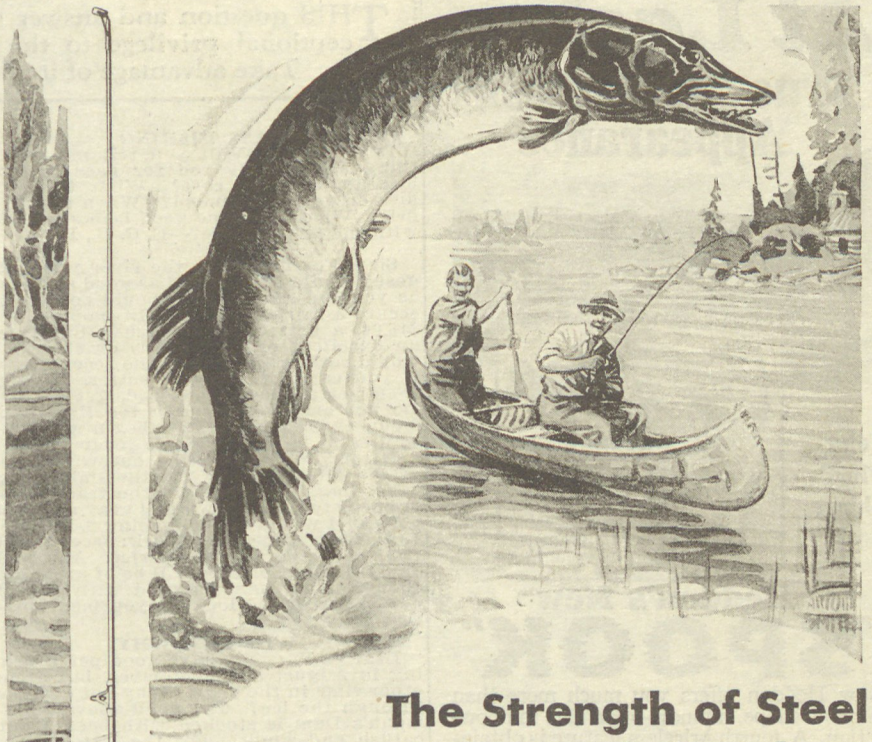
has followed the morning sport to any great extent. Perhaps the reason for the popularity of evening fishing lies in the fact that office and working men can leave home after hours and have considerable time at their disposal without cutting short their sleep. It takes a sort of courage to get up in the morning while yet the silent winged owls are hunting, and find the marge of the lake or stream before the first rays of light begin to filter in from the east. No, I am quite satisfied that morning bass fishing has not been as thoroughly "investigated" as has evening fishing. If I were shut up to one time, morning or evening, I'd take the latter.

There lies one of innumerable letters before me as I write, the question being, "Why must one fish for bass with flies either in the morning or at evening? Do not bass feed during the day?" Fish feed all day long, but upon the surface usually when there is half light or no light. Perhaps they can see the food better, maybe the food is more prevalent morning and evening; but what angler has not seen bass leap in the middle of the day, whole body perhaps above the surface of the water? Insofar as the fisherman is concerned, the semi darkness of early morning and late evening renders his fraud less visible to his prey, therefore hooking is easier. Remember always, unless the bass are feeding on the surface or at least *near* the surface, there is no use throwing a fly, for fish are not there. I have found gray, mizzling days good, even at high noon, but they come but seldom. My findings are that by and large, evening fishing is the best.

As to tackle, little can be said in the space remaining to me this month. It is never the part of wisdom to select a light rod for bass fishing, better err on the side of too much weight than risk a smash by employing too frail a one. The 6 ounce is not too heavy for average fishing, and to my way o'thinking, anything under 5½ is too light. Not much marge, did you say? Well, then make it 6½ or even 7 ounces. The constant throwing of the rather weighty bass cast puts quite a strain on a rod, and a "set" rod can never be corrected. As to length, I would suggest anywhere from 8½ to 10 ft., with a preference for the nine-footer. As to material, oh well, satisfy yourself and I will be satisfied.

Comes the matter of reel, line and leader, which must be dismissed with a single paragraph. I like the double tapered line, the more I fish the more in love with it am I. As to the leader, I want a good "double strength" gut, of not over six feet in length. I know others advise "light leaders 9 feet long," and they maybe are all right for some, though not for me. I do not want my leader to break. I do not want to know that a doughty smallmouth is trailing a length of gut which will tangle him in a snag somewhere.

In conclusion, just a word or two about flies. No, I am not going to recommend any today, for it is early in the season to do that, and I am not envious of the martyr's fate. It may be a bit heretical, but pattern is not so mightily important so long as the counterfeit presentment shows up well in the water. Lately a brown bodied caterpillar-like fly, with a red tag at the posterior end, wings of black, has been proving very successful with me. The fact is, your smallmouth likes flies he can see. A brown, a red or a white, or two colors in combination, is apt to prove winning. Some other month I may enter into a full discussion of the muted question, preferably in midwinter when I have more time to answer letters. You get the angles of that, I hope?



The Strength of Steel Plus the Action of Bamboo

THIS Winchester Solid Steel Bait Casting Rod will handle the heavy ¾ oz. lures to perfection and yet is not too stiff to provide "bamboo rod" action with the lighter ½ oz. baits. It combines, with its strength, all the suppleness and action of genuine bamboo. These qualities are the result of using chrome vanadium alloy steel heat treated with the master skill gained during over 60 years in the making of Winchester Guns.

The offset handle places the reel in the longitudinal axis of the rod and so does away with the unbalanced feeling experienced when using a rod of standard type.

Made in two styles—the 5244 Series (with imitation agate guides and tip) and the 5289 Series (with genuine agate).

	5244 Series	*5289 Series*
2½ and 3 ft.	$7.50	$8.50
3½ ft. to 5 ft.	$8.00	$9.00

The Winchester level winding reel No. 4345 is nicely suited to these rods.

Ask your dealer to show you the full range of Winchester Bamboo, Solid Steel and Tubular Steel Rods—angling equipment that will win your affection as completely as a Winchester Gun. If he cannot furnish you the numbers that you wish, send us his name and address, with price, and we will see you are promptly supplied.

Dept. O. A.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
U.S.A.

FREE—Write for booklets describing fishing tackle, flashlights, guns and all other products made by Winchester.

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

At Last—
True "Fish-Flesh" Appearance

Color 9109P Shiner Scale

Heddon's New "SPOOK"

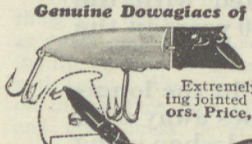
Now Heddon offers you much more than minnow-shape, minnow-color and minnow-action. A fourth priceless feature is obtainable—true "fish-flesh" appearance. Here is the greatest improvement in artificial baits since the first Heddon Dowagiac was invented 25 years ago. The "Spook" is a sinking bait with two flashing spoons. It can be sent deep to tempt the lazy big ones. Is absolutely irresistible, also indestructible. Made of Heddy-lin (like Pyralin), the jaws of the most powerful and sharpest toothed game fish can't break, crack or mar it. A new one free if it fails.

Comes in six handsome finishes. **Price, $1.50.** Guaranteed to outlast a dozen wooden baits.

If your dealer does not have the new Heddon "Spook" in stock, it will be sent to you postpaid upon receipt of price.

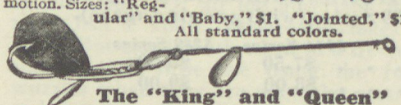
Heddon's "Old Reliables"

Genuine Dowagiacs of Wood and Metal

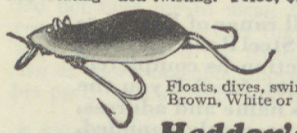


Zig-Wag
Extremely erratic and lively-acting jointed bait. **All standard colors. Price, $1.25.**

Vamp
Famous everywhere. Floats, dives, swims with rolling motion. Sizes: **"Regular" and "Baby," $1. "Jointed," $1.25. All standard colors.**



The "King" and "Queen"
Flashing metal baits—Spinner, Spoon and Fly combined. Gold, Copper, Nickel, and Scale finishes. Semi-weedless—non-rotating—non-twisting. **Price, $1.**



Meadow Mouse
A mouse that IS a mouse. Flexible tail and ears. Floats, dives, swims. Three colors—Brown, White or Gray. **Price, $1.**

Heddon's New Bait Chart FREE

Revised and improved for 1930. Just the thing for your tackle box. Folds to vest pocket size. Tells what bait to use under all fishing conditions, and the best bait to choose for any kind of fish. Chart is sent free, together with Heddon's complete 1930 Fishing Tackle Catalog. Write or use coupon today. (58)

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. A61 DOWAGIAC, MICH.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dept. A61, Dowagiac, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me your complete 1930 Catalog and the new Heddon Bait Chart and Fishing Guide. I am especially interested in

☐ "Spook" Baits ☐ Bait Casting Rods ☐ Reels
☐ Other Baits ☐ Fly Rods ☐ Tackle Boxes

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH.

BASS FISHING

Dear O. W.: Will you tell me something about a fly rod for bass in this locality, and the cost? What types of flies do you recommend? When should I fish? What are some good books dealing with the fishing here?—E. C. B., Ill.

Sir: For fishing in the river you suggest I would recommend as good a fly-rod as you can afford: you should be able to secure a fairish rod, in split-bamboo, for $15.00, a better one for $20.00 or $25.00, an excellent one for $30.00 or $35.00. I would recommend one of the second class if you can not afford a better. Rather than get a cheap wood rod, get a steel. Do not err and secure a too light rod; 6 ounces is about right to begin with. As to flies, it is impossible to recommend in a letter. Why not start out with some of the more modern "feather-minnows," "bass-bugs" or whatever the trade name happens to be? Brown and gray are good colors. I would select evening fishing for bass, from sundown to dark; second best, from early morning to sunrise. Any book on fly-fishing for bass will be of great aid, though I am unacquainted with a book dealing with the locality you mention.—O. W.

WHY AND WHY

Dear O. W.: We have good perch fishing in August and September, but at no other time in the year. Why not early or through the ice? The pond above Kaufmann's Dam is stocked with bass, trout, catfish and sunfish, but the latter never grow over 2 or 3 inches long, why? I put in tadpole and catfish, but when the pond was drained recently we found none. Where were they? Will various fish cross—sunfishes, pike, perch, etc? Are lizards, apple bugs and skating bugs inclined to eat fish-fry?—J. P., Penn.

Sir: To answer all your questions is impossible in so small a compass as a letter, and I am selecting only a few. I would not hazard a guess as to why you are unable to take perch through the ice and in the early spring, though probably the latter is because the fish are spawning late. I have never had very good luck in my latitude before June. Thank your good fortune in not being able to take them through the ice. You say that the pond above Kaufmann's Dam is stocked with "tadpoles and catfish," and express surprise that when you drained the pond none of either were found. If by tadpoles you meant tadpoles, they undoubtedly had become frogs, and the catfish would bury themselves in the mud probably. Perhaps there is a dearth of suitable food for sunfish. Maybe you have one of the smaller species. It is exceedingly doubtful that different species cross in nature. Of course I am not sure about your "lizards, apple-bugs and skating bugs," common names are so often misapplied. Unless your "lizards" are unusually numerous, I doubt that they are harmful. I would not worry about the bugs.—O. W.

LINE AND BAIT

Young Lady (on first visit to Western ranch): "For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?"

Cowpuncher: "That line, you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses."

Young Lady: "Oh, indeed! Now may I ask, what do you use for bait?"

AMBITIOUS TO TAKE BULLHEADS AND PERCH ON FLIES

Dear O. W.: Will bullheads and perch take flies, and what tackle do you recommend?—W. D., Okla.

Sir: Be advised that once in a while some one takes a bullhead, more often a channel cat, on an artificial fly, but truth to tell it is an accident. We know of no one making a practice of fishing for members of the bullhead and catfish families with artificial flies. I am afraid a bit of 'igh beef or a dead minnow is a better bet. As to yellow perch, they can be taken on flies when feeding near enough to the surface to notice the lures. It is a good plan to coax them to the surface with live bait. You know they feed in schools and when one comes along, a bright colored fly will attract them. It is great sport, and the fish a great fish. I am recommending light fly tackle, rod of 3½ ounces, enameled line, leader and single fly. You will need patience and some skill to win out.—O. W.

WALL-EYES TAKE ONLY SPOONS

Dear O. W.: Our lake is full of wall-eyes and an abundant supply of food, crabs and perch. The average depth is from 35 to 40 feet. I have never seen any casting done in this lake, as there are few weeds. Most catches are made trolling. We experienced an earthquake last August, the center of which was only 25 miles from the lake. Within 24 hours after the quake the lake was a sight to behold. It seemed that all the slime and fungus was shaken loose from the bottom, and the water resembled a sort of soup. It was impossible to see through it at all. Needless to say, scarcely a fish was caught last season after the shake-up. I wish I could get some information on how to catch those fish.—J. M. H., N. Y.

Sir: To hazard a guess as to why fish do so or so, or don't, would be presumin'. I have always found wall-eyes good live-bait fish when lakers. All one usually finds it necessary to do is to go down after them with rather large live minnows. Of course you know the wall-eye is a night feeder, biting well all night long. Like all perch he is a bit moody, sensitive to the direction of the wind apparently; it may be a south wind he likes in one water, a west in another. I suspect, however, it all has to do with the minnows upon which he feeds, and minnows are driven out or in by wind. Where trolling is successful, still fishing should also bring results, once you discover the feeding grounds. Like all perch the wall-eye is a group, or school fish. Seldom do you find one alone. My best advice is, hunt for their feeding grounds, and try night fishing. What you say about the earthquake disturbing the bottom of your lake is most interesting, and I never heard of anything exactly like it before. I shall be glad to learn how you progress in your study of this water. I am very doubtful if casting would be successful at that depth, though some of the deep-water lures trolled might be availing. Try some of the 1930 underwater lures, trolling, not casting. One must get down where the fish are.—O. W.

A NEW ONE ON ME!

Dear O. W.: Can you tell me how to soften crab's shells? I know it is done, but how?—J. F. R., Penna.

Sir: Softening hard shell crabs is a new one on me. I can not just see the necessity for doing so, inasmuch as the crab moults quite often, laying aside his old shell for a new one, and then he is "soft." Of course you know the so-called shell is nothing more or less than the cray-fish's back-bone, which he wears on the outside. You say "crab" but I take it you mean the fresh water beast, which is a crayfish. Your letter will be published in due course, and maybe someone will know what to do to "soften" the crayfish's shell. I know that anglers remove the pincers, and get along well enough so.—O. W.

EMBRYO SCIENTIST

Willie: "Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would it give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

Mother: "Good gracious, no! They'd kill him!"

Willie: "Well, he ain't dead yet."

EASILY SATISFIED

Dear O. W.: I am one of those who enjoy fly fishing for trout and like it for the sport and exercise regardless of whether I get my creel full or nothing but a few 8-inchers. In fact, just so I get enough to keep my appetite whetted, I am satisfied. Oh, I like a few in the pan, but believe an angler should keep well within the limit. We expect to have some good fishing this summer, as the season is late here, on Salt Creek, which is a tributary of the Willamette River. We are located about 180 miles from Portland, 2,070 feet above sea level, so the water is cold and swift, giving us hard but interesting fishing.—J. A. H., Wash.

Sir: You are a man after my own heart in the matter of catches. I am perfectly satisfied if I secure only enough fish to give me a taste by the stream. Big catches no longer appeal. It is my conviction that a man should be ashamed of taking the limit if able to do so. I

have had some of my best times when I have caught no fish.—O. W.

FISH CULTURE

Dear O. W.: We have about 500 inches of water on some marsh land and want to plant bass. The water is from springs and is carried away in ditches. What sized ponds and how deep? How many fish could we expect to raise on 10 acres? How long does it take to raise a bass 12 inches long, one that will weigh a pound? Can you mention any books on the subject?—W. C. C., Calif.

Sir: It would seem to me altogether advisable to get an expert to look over your prospect before you make your ponds or begin active planning. Growth of fish depends upon environment and food supply, all of which the trained ichthyologist could enlighten you upon. If I were in your place I would get in touch with my state fish commissioner. There are a number of good books, old and new, upon the question, though Federal and State bulletins are always fresh. Bureau of Fisheries Document No. 1056, "Propagation of Pond Fishes," is very good, Washington, D. C., 10 cents. Recently my attention has been called to "Fish Pond Construction and Fish Culture," State Game and Fish Commission, Oklahoma City, Okla. "The Cultivation of Fishes in Natural and Artificial Ponds," by Townsend, New York Zoological Society, 101 Park Ave., N. Y. "Ponds, Pond Fish, and Pond Fish Culture," Dyche, Department of Fish and Game, Topeka, Kansas. The latter is bound. A wonderfully complete work.

SORRY WE WERE NOT CLEAR

Dear O. W.: Your article upon "Wants to Keep Worms," is hard to understand. You say, "bury the box two-thirds in the ground." This would leave one-third of box exposed above the surface of the ground. Later you say, "fill to level with surface." If this were done, worms would come to top and escape. Will you give me more definite information.—C., Ill.

Sir: Regret that my language was so ambiguous in the letter referred to that you were unable to grasp my meaning. Bury the box two-thirds its depth in the ground, leaving one-third above the surface, **then fill with earth to level of surface of ground, outside the box.** Suppose your box is 3 feet deep; you will have one foot of wall above the surface and above the level of the earth in the box. The worms will not escape if conditions are half right inside. I have so kept them for years without any difficulty.—O. W.

PIKE NOMENCLATURE

Dear O. W.: Recently I wrote our superintendent of fish propagation, Mr. T. Stuber, asking if we had northern pike in Minnesota, or if the term was but another name for the common pickerel. He replied as follows:

"You are advised that the name Northern Pike is but another name for the pickerel (Esox lucius). This particular species is, as you know, found over the entire northern hemisphere and in this country at least is called Great Northern Pike, Northern Pickerel, Jackfish and occasionally muskellunge. It was for a long time thought that the little pickerel or trout pickerel was found in this state, but no specimen has been obtained of recent years. I am doubtful if we have but the one species of pike or pickerel in this state, exclusive of the muskellunge." I am sure this will be of interest to you, therefore am forwarding it.—H. P. K., Minn.

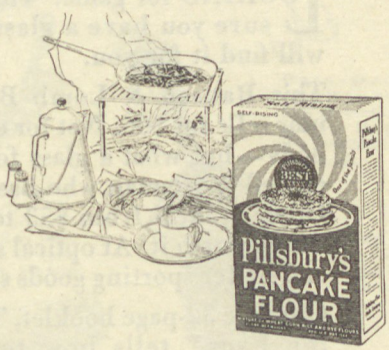
Sir: I thank you for your good letter of recent date relative to the pickerel, pike, muskellunge controversy. It is altogether too bad, for the sake of clearness, that ichthyologists persist in using the name "pickerel" for the large pike. Strictly speaking, if we are to follow Jordan and Evermann's classification in their exhaustive "Key," the name should be used only for the small fish. In my book, "The Book of the Pike," I suggested that we apply the name great pike to the fish known so often as great northern pike or great lakes pike, and use the word pickerel for the small fish only. The wall-eye is, of course, not a pike at all, but a perch, and should be called wall-eye, not wall-eyed pike. The great pike (Esox lucius) is a real worldling, always called pike in England, not pickerel. The true pickerel is always a small fish, never grows up, so to speak.—O. W.

Photo courtesy Soo Line Railway

A Portage along the Canadian border lakes in Minnesota

WHETHER a man packs heavy for a long trip, or stocks up for a week-end, Pillsbury's Pancake Flour should be at the head of his list. It's packed in sturdy, compact cartons, easy to store and easy to handle, proof against abuse. More than that, it makes the finest pancakes you've ever tasted—a famous ready-prepared recipe that needs nothing but water and a little stirring to make the grand champion breakfast. It comes in two varieties—wheat or buckwheat. Most campers like to take along a little of both.

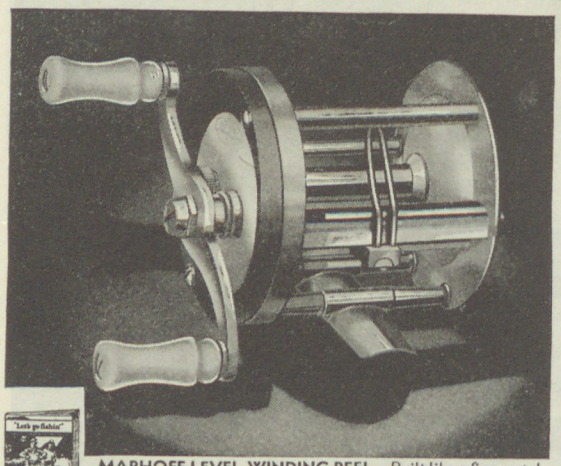
You can get Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the biggest city or the farthest outpost—wherever there's a grocer who makes it his business to know what men like.



Pillsbury's
Pancake Flour

THE NEW MARHOFF

Photo by Bob Becker



MARHOFF LEVEL-WINDING REEL. Built like a fine watch » » » with jeweled bronze bearings » » » Chromium-plated nickel-silver frame with inlaid Bakelite head. Capacity 100 yards of 18 lb. test silk line. Price $12.50. Write for catalog.

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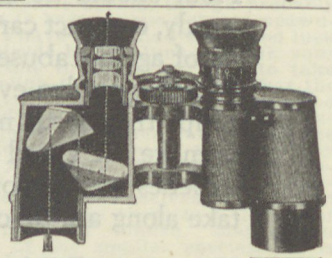
Built like a fine watch, the beautiful Marhoff reel, accurate in its every dimension to less than 1/1000 of an inch, is a masterpiece of the master reel maker. With its superb, free-running, silent and powerful action, long distance and accurate bait casting is delightfully easy. And in the landing of the largest and gamiest fish, its dependable action will never fail you. The Marhoff reel is sold by all dealers in Shakespeare fine fishing tackle. Ask to see it. They'll be glad to show it to you. Shakespeare Company, 631 N. Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Shakespeare FINE FISHING TACKLE

REELS · · RODS · · LINES · · BAITS

HUNT WITH BINOCULARS



LOOKING for game? Then be sure you have a glass that will find it for you.

This Bausch & Lomb Binocular sells for $66. Not for everybody—but what a glass for the envied sportsman who has one! Other models from $53 to $95—and worth it. At optical stores and better sporting goods shops.

Our free 32-page booklet, "Roving Eyes," tells how to test binoculars for accuracy.

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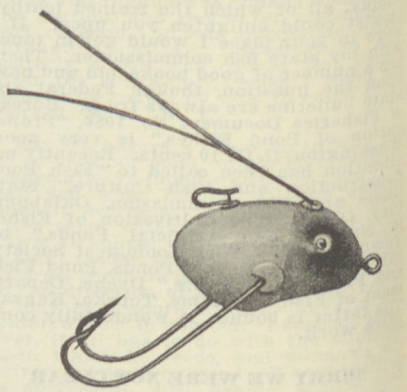
ANGLER'S CABINET

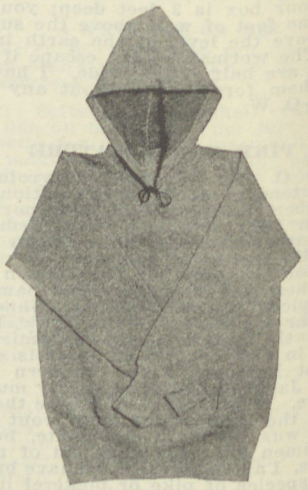
From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.

A NEW SHAPED ONE



Here is what one might be forgiven for calling a radical departure in form, for the body is egg-shape, save that it is slashed on the underside. Is spotted and vari-colored, with gleaming eyes. Is absolutely weedless, can be cast right in amid the thickest of them without fear. Rides beautifully. Has an attachment for pork-rind or other streamer if you want it.

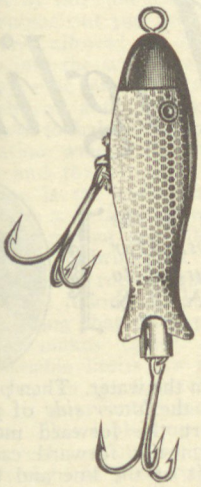
THE BALD HEAD'S DELIGHT



Here you have a sweater-shirt which the writer has named as above, for with the warm hood attached to pull down at night, it sure is a delight. Warm and comfortable, it will be found just the thing to pull on after a hard day's fishing as you sit by the camp-fire, tired, but living over the day's experiences. We can unhesitatingly recommend this number. Comes also without the hood.

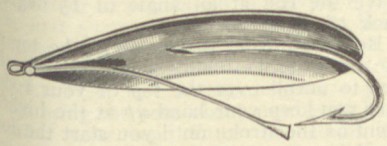
Let O. W. Smith advise and help you with your selection of tackle for your spring and summer fishing trips.

AN UNDERWATER MINNOW



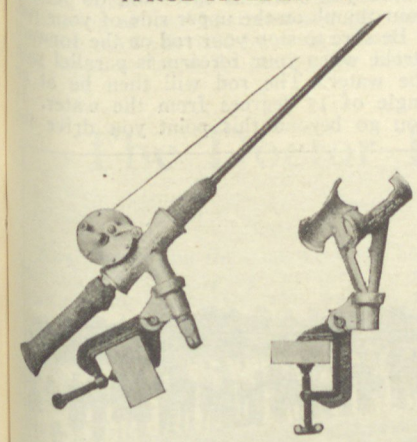
Here we have a metal minnow, which while planned especially for salt water, will be found to work well for pike and pickerel, and I should like to try it out on muskellunge. The solid metal head gives sufficient weight to carry it well down, and where there are snags you needs must watch out. The action is perfect and will be found extremely alluring.

A REAL SPOON FOR SPOONERS



Once in a while there is a tackle-wrinkle that comes for try-out which moves the try-outer to enthusiasm. Here is a spoon that's different, well made and most beautiful. Silver, do you get it? Hook is solidly welded to inner side of spoon. Sure is a wonder for lake trout. Comes in three sizes, so that you can use it for bass, and it is good, and how!

A ROD HOLDER



Here is what some think of as a lazy man's article, but I am here to tell you there is room for such a tool in any go-aloner's outfit. This holder clamps securely to the boat-seat, but the rod can be picked out instantly. Has an attachment for shore fishing, a spike that thrusts deeply into the ground. Oh, you bull-headers and carp-fishermen, what a boon is here. Just the same, as a boat companion it appeals expressly.

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« « The Lustre and Iridescence of Pearl now available for the first time in Wooden and Metal Baits » »

The satiny lustre of pearl has long been known to hold an attraction for fish. Now, for the first time, this lustre with its soft, variegated colorations is successfully reproduced as a finish for metal and wooden baits.

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Trout-Oreno (Pearl) — The tiny 1¾-inch fly-rod lure for trout, bass and pan fish. **Price 65c.**

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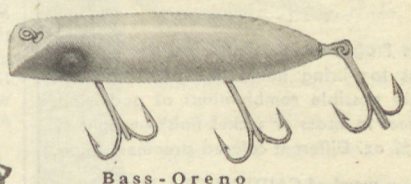
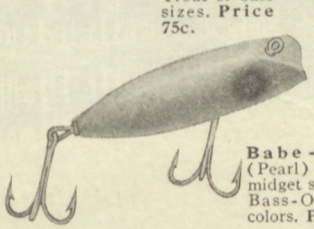
Baby Teas-Oreno (Pearl) — ½-ounce plug that's a winner. 7 standard finishes. **Price $1.15**

Trix-Oreno (Pearl) — The new marvel Fly-Rod lure. Trout or bass sizes. **Price 75c.**



Bass-Oreno (Pearl) — America's greatest fish-getter. In pearl it's irresistible. **Price $1.**

Pearl Spinners — Single and double, at 25c to 65c.



Babe-Oreno (Pearl) — 2¾-in. midget size of the Bass-Oreno. 17 colors. **Price 85c.**

Dart Oreno (Pearl) —The liveliest, single hook pork rind wiggler. 8 patterns. **Price $1.**

SOUTH BEND

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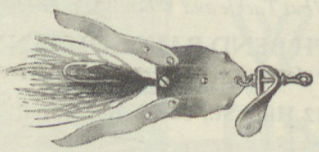
Fishing Tackle of all kinds — *Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits*

Another David Slays His Giants . . . . .

Mr. Roy Rodolph of Marlow, Oklahoma, writes enclosing the above picture:

"This picture shows David, my little boy, holding a five pound and a five and one-half pound bass both caught by him with your Frog Wiggler.

I have caught 37 bass with one Frog Wiggler. I average about two big fishing trips a week and always come back with THE GOODS."



This Frog Wiggler is the one Mr. Rodolph uses to "bring home the goods". Gives eight possible combinations of pork rind. Comes in brass or nickel finish—weight ½ or ¾ oz. Different colored streamers $1.00.

Just a word of CAUTION: The SUCCESS of the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. You can tell who they are by their advertisements and can rebuke them by not using any of their products.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Al Foss Department, No. E
CLEVELAND, OHIO

AL. FOSS
PORK RIND BAITS

Scientific Angling

Edited by *Frederick J. Lane*

[OUTDOOR AMERICA *is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine.*]

Editor's Note: F. R. Steel, author of the following article, is a Chicagoan and a member of the Lincoln Park Casting Club. Although not a veteran, he won the 1929 National Championship in the Dry Fly Accuracy Event at Unknown Distances, an event which calls for greater skill and accuracy than any other cast by the N. A. S. A. C. This was Mr. Steel's first National Tournament.

The article has much information for any fly fisherman, and even an expert tournament caster can improve by following the suggestions outlined. F. J. L.

Casting a Fly With Your Thumb

By F. R. STEEL

MOST fly fishermen and many tournament fly casters *baitcast with a fly rod.* Good bait casting on either the tournament pier or in fishing is done with the wrist—the more completely with the wrist—the better.

Good fly casting, on the contrary, is done with the first finger, the thumb, the fore-arm and the shoulder muscles. Good fly casting is done with an absolutely rigid wrist. The wrist in fly casting should just be an extension of the rod.

Maybe you believe you can keep your wrist rigid and unbending by merely deciding to do so. Not one man in a thousand can. Try it and see.

The necessary stiffness of your wrist can be obtained only by *thinking* right. Sounds "goofy" doesn't it? It's true though. Just concentrate your thought on grasping the rod *tightly between your thumb and first finger.* That will lock your wrist tight. Put the emphasis on the *upper side* of *your first finger* as you lift the fly line from the water. Then put the chief pressure on the *lower side* of *your thumb* as you start the forward movement of your rod on the forward cast. During both the lift of the line and the impulse forward remember a *tight thumb* and *finger* does the trick. Probably you don't believe me, but try it and you will!

Speaking about "lifting" the line brings up another important point. Don't try to *drag* a fly line off the water and cast it *backwards.* Try to *lift* it as nearly straight *up* as possible. It will go back enough and down too much without your bothering much about that.

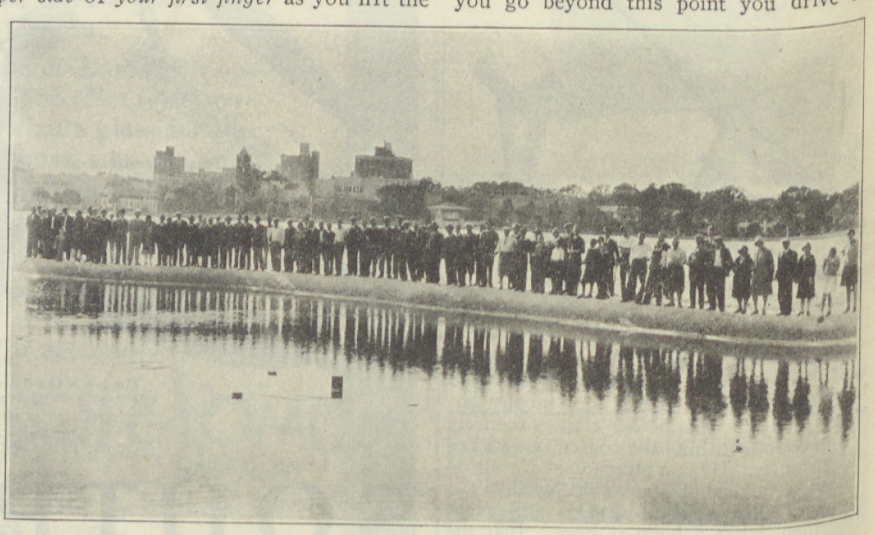
The backward movement of the arm should be stopped dead when the forearm is pointing straight up—not the least bit backward of the perpendicular. This will leave the rod at an angle of 15 degrees back of the perpendicular.

Be sure during the pause at the top of the back stroke—while you wait for the line to unroll over the top of your rod—that you keep your hand *up* at the highest point of the stroke until you start the forward movement of the rod.

The upward stroke or lift of the rod should start *firmly* but not too fast, and get faster as you go up and back. Then stop *short.* The motion is like pitching hay up into a hay loft. In fly casting you pitch the line up instead of the hay. If you've never pitched hay just imagine you are trying to pitch a ball of putty up in the air off the end of a stick.

In starting the forward cast imagine you are going to cast a piece of putty off the tip of the rod straight forward over where you want to cast—and do it with your thumb on the upper side of your rod.

Be sure to stop your rod on the forward stroke when your forearm is parallel with the water. The rod will then be at an angle of 15 degrees from the water. If you go beyond this point you drive the



Casting pier at Orlando, Florida. This is one of the prettiest piers in the United States. It is an inspiration to some other city that is contemplating erecting a pier.

leader and fly *into* the water and bungle your cast. A fly line and leader should be extended straight out just over the water—stopped—and allowed to drop the last foot or two into the water by itself.

By the way, nine out of ten tackle salesmen will sell you a fly line one or more sizes *too light* to balance your rod. For most regulation weight fly rods—around five to five and three-quarter ounces, an HCH fly line is the right size. This is about equal to a D level line. Half the fly casters in America use a line so light it is impossible to bring out with it the action of which the rod is capable.

While we are talking about balance, it is a strange thing that most people think a *light reel* makes easier fly casting. Within reasonable limits it's just the reverse. The heavier the fly reel the lighter the balance of your outfit and the *easier* you can cast. This applies up to the point where your reel and line weigh once and a half the weight of your rod. With the reel and line on the rod, the outfit should balance when the rod is held over your finger about two to four inches above the top of the cork handle of the rod.

You can learn the rudiments of the correct fly casting stroke in a very simple way. Put a piece of paper on a wall or door and stand in front of the paper with an ordinary pencil in your hand—point out. Stand with your right foot forward—supposing you cast right handed—just far enough away from the paper so the pencil point touches it when your forearm is extended out in front of you parallel to the floor as you would in starting a cast. The first movement of the cast is to bring the point of the pencil *up* to the level of your eyes—*keeping* the *pencil point on the paper*. That last is the important part. Then bring the pencil back until your hand touches your cap. Pause one count and then bring the pencil forward and down until the forearm is parallel with the floor. Keep a tight grasp on the pencil with the forefinger and thumb while doing this exercise. It will take you quite a bit of practice to do this smoothly and until it becomes a habit. But it's worth the practice. It will put you well along the right road to correct form in fly casting.

Don't get the idea that you can't learn a lot about fly casting on a tournament pier. Accuracy Dry Fly Casting at Unknown Distances—the chief tournament fly casting event—is the closest duplication of fly casting as used in stream and lake fishing that can be devised for competition. If you want to learn fly casting for fishing purposes the best place to learn it is on a tournament pier. There is probably a Casting Club near you. Use it. They'll like you and you'll like them. Fred Lane of OUTDOOR AMERICA can tell you the nearest club if you write him. Better do it today.

Cleveland Elects Officers

AT a recent meeting held by The Cleveland Casting Club the following members were elected to serve during the year 1930:

George Lockwood—President.
Dr. C. W. Marriott—Vice President.
W. T. Melcher—Secretary and Treasurer.
Ernest Liotta—Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.
A. C. Accetta—Fly Captain.
Ernest Liotta—Bait Captain.

JUDGES

W. Benbow R. Braddon

COMMITTEES

Rules: E. Braddon, Dr. C. W. Marriott, W. J. Buckwalter.
Membership: G. Lockwood, L. Connelly, A. C. Accetta.
Publicity: A. A. Trimble.
Finance: G. Lockwood, W. T. Melcher, Dr. C. W. Marriott, E. Liotta.

The official program for the year 1930 of The Cleveland Casting Club commences April 27 at the Casting Pool at Rockefeller Park. Casters from member clubs are cordially invited.

A membership drive is in progress and the reports as given by the chairman of the membership committee look very promising, and we hope to see a lot of new faces and promising casters added to our membership list this year.

A. E. Schilling, president of the St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club, died suddenly while attending a theater on March 19, 1930.

Mr. Schilling held the office of president of the St. Paul Club since 1924 when he helped to organize the club. He was president of the Minnesota State Board of Delegates, the governing casting body in Minnesota, and he was also secretary of the Izaak Walton chapter in St. Paul.

Mr. Schilling was widely known as a sportsman, having an active interest in hunting, fishing, and tournament casting. In the latter he was a tireless worker in seeking to interest sportsmen in the tournament game, and to establish new clubs throughout the state.

At the time of his death he was already laying plans for the next state tournament which is to be held in St. Paul late in the summer.

The Doctor Looks at Tarpon

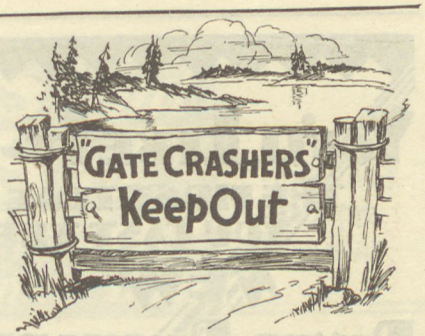
(Continued from page 11)

At times during the past week my hook had picked up a sponge or rock on the bottom, causing considerable pull on the line. But I knew that the tug I suddenly felt then wasn't bottom. There was something distinctive about it. It seemed that I had hitched onto a very active submarine. By actual count my heart missed ten beats. With an inward gnawing sensation, I was aware that the creature on the other end of the line was much stronger than I. I realized that as my line went out and as I pressed down futilely on the leather thumb drag.

During those seconds, I was pleasantly conscious too of the excitement I was causing. The guide started the motor, my partner reeled in and the cheers of friends from the other boats came to me as from another world. In the hub-bub I gleaned that I was to hold up the end of my rod. I tried with all my strength, but something very heavy held it down.

My partner, God bless him, came to my rescue. I asked him to take my pipe from my mouth, both my hands being fully occupied with the rod. He tried but the pipe couldn't be budged. My jaws were gripping it like grim death. He gave up and I heard his voice admonishing me in no uncertain terms to put the butt of my rod into the leather cup attached to my chair between my knees. Diligently I tried and failed. The butt found every spot on the chair except the little leather cup and my rod was waving about as though I were directing a symphony.

With a tremendous surge the fish leaped from the water. There he was, a great silver mass, shaking and writhing in the sun thirty or forty yards from the boat, then back in the water he continued the



THE True Temper, One Piece, Rapier Steel Rod, with its clock spring temper and marvelous action has won the hearts of fishermen from coast to coast.

Based on this success imitators are trying to "crash the gate" of public approval by bringing out rods whose chief recommendation is that they "look something like" a True Temper Rod.

In the interest of sportsmen who might be misled by these gate crashing tactics and purchase a rod of inferior action we want the truth to be known.

There is only one genuine True Temper Rod. Its method of manufacture is exclusive with us, the development of over 100 years' experience in working with fine steel. We guarantee these rods. In the butt of each genuine rod we stamp the words True Temper as a protection to the sportsman and ourselves. May we send you a catalog?

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
1931 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, O.

The Toledo:
Highest grade True Temper Rod with offset reel seat handle, genuine agate guide and tip top. Finished in black nickel or special "Afco". If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

You'll Like It—
THE FIRST TIME YOU CAST THE NEW RIVER RUSTLER

Length 2 5/8 in. Weight 5/8 oz. No. 3700 **Price $1.00**

Just picture yourself out in a boat, Mr. Fisherman—with this snooty, impudent, little life-like lure out on the end of your line—swimming saucily along, with its peculiar erratic side to side dart—and continuous wiggle. With very little imagination, you can really see and feel those big fish lunge for it. And Man, how mad it makes 'em—so they strike it viciously—to kill it!

The New River Rustler is a proven "sure fire" fish getter—in rivers, as well as lakes! Its small, light, compact shape makes it an easy caster! Runs just deep enough to miss the weeds—and mighty effective along the shore! Ask for it at your dealer's!

Every Creek Chub Lure is made to Catch Fish! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

If you have some good pictures of extraordinary fish taken on Creek Chub Lures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY

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Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

There's One Thing Fish Are HIGH HAT About

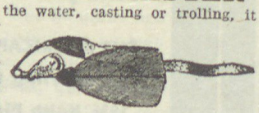
. . . and that's the baits they flirt with. Wise fishermen know this and use baits that are known for their fish-attracting powers. Here they are.

SHANNON TWIN SPINNER

There's something about the flirty ways of this bait that gets 'em when others fail. Besides, it's absolutely weedless. Fish wherever the fish are. In deep or shallow water or in the weeds—casting or trolling. Standard colors feather or bucktail fly. Price each 90c.

SHANNON WEED MASTER

When this flirt hits the water, casting or trolling, it means business. Detachable tail strip, equal to pork rind, forms a yielding body and aggravates the fish to hang on. Feather or hair fly in standard colors. Price each 90c.



SHANNON PERSUADER

Latest addition to a family of fish-getters, all made under J. P. Shannon patents. Tapered spoons, mounted on swivel guards, are as natural as birds' wings in action. Standard colors, feather or bucktail fly. Price each 95c.

If your dealer can't supply you, send direct. Handsome new 1930 catalog mailed on request.

THE W. J. JAMISON COMPANY
Dept. 56, 739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS
TRADE MARK
SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

fight with even greater energy.

He jumped again and again. I saw his head shake viciously in his efforts to dislodge the hook and I felt sure he would succeed. Many times, during the struggle, I would gladly have called the whole thing off. But native pride spurred me on. Yet the contest seemed interminable. With all the strength of my back and arms I pumped the fish. He, in turn, jumped and tugged and ran.

Gradually the feeling came over me that I would win. I pressed the attack with renewed vigor and eventually a great object loomed up just below the surface of the water, a shiny yellow in the sunlight. The fish was on his side and was still resisting my pull with great strength. When he was safely gaffed and tied by the guide, I relaxed and for the first time realized what I had been going through. I was cheered as a great victor by my friends and at the same time I noticed that I had completely lost the use of my left forearm. Also my right thumb was in considerable pain and it was hours before I was returned to normal composure.

Back at the dock my catch was weighed in and at dinner that evening I was presented with a silver button.

A great epoch had been reached in my life. No more need I cower in my corner at the mere mention of a rod and reel. Now when someone attempts to tell of his great fight with a muskellunge or a blue gill or to describe the battle a certain trout or bass put up, I don't give him a chance. I spread my chest, assume the center of the floor, clear my throat and stop him dead in his tracks with, "Pardon me, did I ever tell you how I caught my big tarpon?"

WOMEN—*Out of Doors*

Edited by *Betty Benton Patterson*

VACATION days begin in June. Some of us know definitely what we will do with these long days of pleasure and relaxation. Plans of where we will go and listing equipment and provisions have brought joy during many winter evenings around the open fireplace.

But others, we fear many others, find this vacation problem the fertile source of heated argument. Numerous letters from men and women have come to us attesting that this condition exists. We have been most gentle in our replies to these appeals but a certain prudence has kept us noncommittal.

Common sense plus a real sense of humor should draw all sting from planning for vacation trips. Unless you have a flair for experimenting and possess the control and determination necessary to be tolerant, it might be wise to follow temporarily dusky Aunt Liza's advice to a young couple who were most unhappily married:

"Chillun, youall caint noways get 'long so's the onliest thing you can do is arbertrate—you go your way, Miss Sarah, an' let Mister George go his'n."

But from years of observation along these lines we feel that there can be happier solutions of this annual problem.

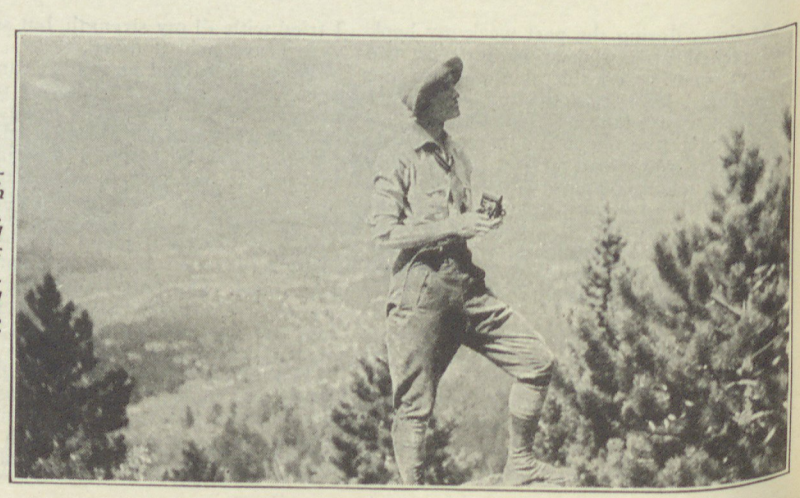
There is one instance we know where the woman loathed any discomfort and her ideas of pleasure were all urban. But this woman was wise and asked her husband to take her along on a fishing and camping trip with only a guide for help. That trip was all but torture to the woman. Her soft muscles ached, she was burned and miserable. But she wept alone and managed to disguise her suffering under thin smiles.

And she went along the second year. There were moments of real pleasure on this trip. One day for some miraculous reason the casting line did not backlash and she landed a fish.

The third year found her suggesting camp-kinks and conveniences that met with instant approval from her husband. That first trip was taken years ago and this woman now feels that nothing in her life is more precious than these annual camps alone with her husband.

WE have a delightful letter from a woman in the West who writes that her husband did not have the patience to "break in a tenderfoot wife in camp." Several years ago this woman saw her husband depart and immediately enrolled as a "hanger-on" in a girl's camp.

"When my husband returned after a month," she writes, "he found me brown



Miss Elizabeth Burnell, licensed guide of the National Park Service.

and rested. Of course it all came out about my going to the girl's camp, and the following year his lordship humbly invited me to go along with him. We made a go of that first trip, and though he leaves me behind when he goes big-game hunting with a crowd of men, neither of us are willing to miss at least one camp each year together."

Give the out of doors a chance this summer. You may come home sore and burned, but you will be re-created if you do your part to understand this out of doors.

We are confident that readers of Women —Out of Doors will be interested in the following article recounting the achievements of Miss Elizabeth Burnell as a licensed guide in the National Park Service.

Above the Timberline With a Woman Nature Guide

By Caralee Strock Stanard

IT is not unusual during the summer months to see a group of men and women trudging along the rugged and narrow pathway that leads to the top of Long's Peak in Colorado with a woman guiding their footsteps.

Sure-footed and light-hearted she goes, seeking romance in nature studies and weaving the history of the trees and flowers into interesting stories for her companions, thus encouraging them by diversion of thought to forget fatigue and the steepness of the climb.

Teaching the city man and woman how to enjoy nature at its best, making them forget their business worries and home cares through an appreciation of the wonders and beauties of the great outdoors—this is the summer task of Miss Elizabeth Burnell of Long's Peak, Colorado.

Since 1918 Miss Burnell has been a licensed guide of the National Park Service for the entire Estes Park Region, but she is regarded as more than a mountain guide. She is one of the few who combine the task of guiding amateurs in mountain climbing with that of nature study. During the winter months Miss Burnell is an assistant supervisor of nature study in the Los Angeles schools, but the close of the school year finds her hurrying to the Long's Peak territory.

Her summer is a strenuous one, for she is as much at home above timberline as below it. On most mornings she arises with the dawn, dresses in her sturdy waterproof mountain clothes and is gone before most vacationists have had their breakfast—off on a trip to the summit of the region's highest peak with a party of less experienced climbers.

She trained herself for efficiency and service by going out alone on many trips. She learned that a person is more alert and observant when out alone, and depending upon no other persons, so she used this means of developing her faculties for mountaineering.

One summer she determined to explore Wild Basin alone, and started out with her pack horse, sleeping bag and provisions for a week in this mountain wilderness of Colorado. She climbed Mt. Olive, which is over 13,000 feet above sea level, in order to get a back view of Long's Peak and Glacier Gorge. She made another day's trip to Ouzel Lake and because she did not want to be bothered with a pack slept without blankets in order to climb Mt. Copeland on the following day. On an-

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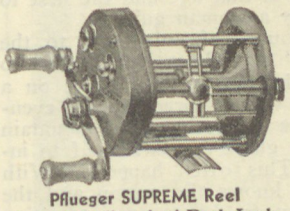
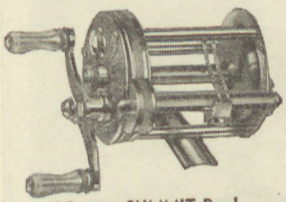
REELS and BAITS of LEADERSHIP Since Lincoln's Day

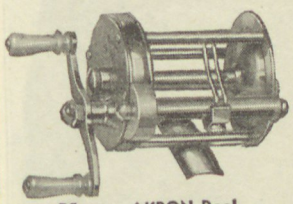
FOR SALT WATER FISHING



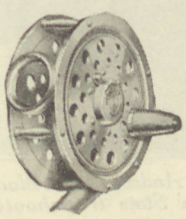
Pflueger SUPREME Reel
Level-Winding-Anti-Back-Lash
America's most popular quality reel. Lightest, Strongest, Greatest Line Capacity. Price $25.00.



Pflueger SUMMIT Reel
Level Wind Reel—Anti-Back-Lash
No. 1993 J, Jeweled. Price $10.00.



Pflueger AKRON Reel
An excellent Level-Wind Reel, formerly $6.00—now $5.00.



Pflueger MEDALIST Reel
For Trout and Salmon
Single Action, Stationery Click, Satin Nickalum, Gun Metal Finish, Right and Left Hand Models. Three sizes, $5.00 to $12.50.

'Way back in the days when the fashionable angler's equipment included a bowler hat but *no* rubber boots, fishermen praised the performance of Pflueger "Luminous Baits." Year after year, through three generations, the Pfluegers have introduced new baits, new reels, which in turn were enthusiastically accepted.

Today, the complete line of Pflueger Fishing Tackle supplies the right equipment for *all* fishing needs. Inspect these Pflueger Reels and Baits at any leading Sporting Goods Store, and you will know why the passing years have only emphasized Pflueger leadership.

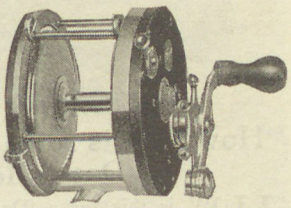
THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
Akron Fishing Tackle Works
E. A. Pflueger, Pres't
Dept. OA-6 Akron, Ohio

PFLUEGER
PRONOUNCED FLEW-GER

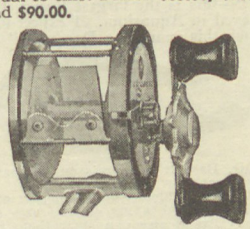
FISHING TACKLE

Leaders Since 1864

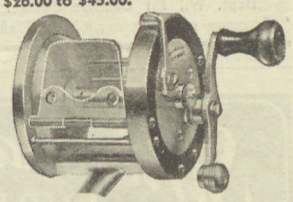
Free Pocket Catalog No. 149
An Encyclopedia of Fishing Lore.
Will settle many a fishing argument and solve the problem of your Tackle needs for your Favorite Fishing.



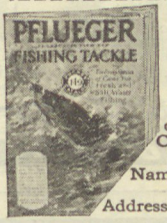
Pflueger ATLAPAC Reel
Sizes: 4-0—6-0—9-0
Never before a Salt Water Reel equal to this! Prices $65.00, $75.00 and $90.00.



Pflueger TEMPLAR Reel
With Williams Handle Drag and Adjustable Stop. A dependable Salt Water Reel at a moderate price. Six sizes, 200 to 500 yds. Prices $26.00 to $45.00.



Pflueger OCEANIC Reel
Free Spool—Surf Casting
Supplied either Polished Nickel Plate or Satin Nickel Silver. Five sizes, 200 to 400 yds. Prices $9.25 to $16.00.



The Enterprise Mfg. Co.
Dept. OA-6
Akron, Ohio
Gentlemen: Please send me free a copy of your Pocket Catalog No. 149.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____

BEAN'S FISHING COAT

A medium weight Khaki Coat with five pockets.

The big feature is the netting fish bag on back that keeps fish much better than willow basket, as it allows free circulation of air. Also loose aluminum bottom that is easily cleaned.

Carrying bag at back is a big improvement over basket at side that is always in the way.

Large lunch pocket in back, two bait pockets with reversible lining, also special pockets for fly book, pipe and license.

With each coat we furnish free one fly book, two gut hook holders, four folding lunch boxes, and four drinking cups.

We are so anxious that every fisherman try this coat that we will allow it returned for full credit after one week's wear.

Price $6.00 Postpaid

Send for Spring Catalog and large circular showing coat and bag.

Made and Sold by L. L. BEAN
84 Main St. Freeport, Maine

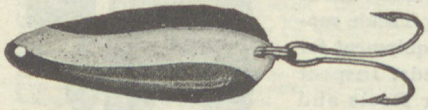
Make OUTDOOR AMERICA Bigger by Patronizing Our Advertisers

Fred E. Baskett and his 6-lb. Bass

"How is this for a Dardevle catch?"

"HOW is this for a 'Dardevle Catch?' Taken January 7th, 1930; large mouth Bass, weight 6 pounds 2 ounces; at Herrington Lake, near High Bridge, in Kentucky.

"—this is the largest Bass yet brought in and displayed in Aquarium. I expect to make my best day's catch this year on a Dardevle."



Mr. Baskett's letter is one of many, many similar ones that reach us each season.

Don't gamble with the success of your coming trip by failing to take along several sizes of the Dardevle lures. Every live dealer can show them to you. Insist on the genuine—there are now many imitations.

Send today for our catalog and a copy of "Fisherman's Luck,"—a great fishing story.

LOU J. EPPINGER
"OUTFITTERS OF SPORTSMEN"
Dept. W., 131 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

Strike-Master LURES

Do you want fish? All right, get set. Go to your dealer and select a Strike-Master. They are proven fish-getters. The big boys, smart and cautious, rise to a Strike-Master with a thrilling smash you will relish.

Write for catalog.

The Strike-Master Tackle Co., Inc. Versailles, Ohio

All casting sizes 85¢ *Pat. Pending*

THEY DO CATCH FISH

SPEED BAIT
"MAKES 'EM BITE QUICK"

WHAT fish see best (say scientists) is flashes of light. That's why they snatch Speed Bait—16 flashing propellers constantly whirling and humming. Speed Bait is positively noisy—additional assurance of catch. Fish simply can't resist.

NEW! For Trolling, Casting or Dipping game fish. You'll need one. Send $1.00 now—double your first catch.

DEALERS—Write for offer

WALTON PRODUCTS CO., 77 South Ave. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

THE DIFFERENCE MEANS TROUT

Peck's Underwater Fly Rod Minnow

That's why trout fishermen swear by Peck's Floating Trout Midgets and Underwater Fly Rod Minnows. They fill the creel and the wants of real fly casters for any sort of trout or trout waters. Send $1.00 for sample Minnow and Midget. Peck's descriptive list of FISH GETTERS sent on request.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tennessee

other occasion she spent a week camping in the Grand Canyon, with a burro as her only companion. She was fulfilling an ambition to explore the canyon by moonlight, a trip that often has been regarded as hazardous but which Miss Burnell found to be so simple that most persons could do it alone.

Miss Burnell had the experience of taking her niece, little Edna Mills, daughter of the late Enos Mills, famous naturalist, to the top of Long's Peak on her eighth birthday. She was the second child to make the trip at that age and the first to be taken up by a woman guide.

"A keen source of enjoyment to the nature guide," says Miss Burnell, "is to realize that the person who starts on a mountain trip with a bored attitude eventually becomes an enthusiastic mountain climber if the guide exerts herself to interest him. This often happens. With someone who knows the region and the natural history to point out interesting things along the way, the 'tenderfoot' becomes an enthusiast about nature and longs for new adventures out of doors."

Mrs. Walter P. Andrews of Atlanta, Georgia, Southern State trapshooting champion.

VARIED indeed are the out of door sports favored by the group of girls and women from Georgia whose pictures were sent us by interested friends.

Mrs. Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta, is Southern State trapshooting champion, recently winning this honor with a score of 92 out of a possible 100. Mrs. Andrews does not hunt, her only interest in shooting being the traps. She is described as distinctly feminine, and without her gun in hand would never be associated with her chosen sport. Mrs. Andrews is also an ardent horsewoman and adds swimming and fishing to her out of door pleasures. She finds rare opportunity to enjoy the latter sports at her summer residence on Saint Simon's Island, Sea Island Beach.

The Misses Jacqueline Moore and Louise Roberts are still in school. Miss Moore swims and rides with exceptional skill, and demonstrates her versatility by playing the Italian harp with near-professional skill. Miss Roberts won the championship medal for high diving at Camp Naconoma, Tennessee, during the past summer. She is also an expert swimmer. These girls are shown strolling along Sea Island Beach.

Miss Marjorie Nightingale, of Sea Island Beach, Georgia.

Miss Marjorie Nightingale, who is shown on her favorite horse, ready for a canter through the moss-hung oaks and shaded bridle paths of historic Saint Simons Island, where she lives, favors riding above other sports. However, she enjoys tennis and swimming and is no dub at golf. All of these Georgia women are staunch supporters of the tenets of the Izaak Walton League and find their keenest pleasures in the out of doors.

Miss Jacqueline Moore and Louise Roberts of Atlanta.

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 33)

sea food resources badly needed protection, but unfortunately did not include a provision stopping the sale of black bass taken in tidewater Virginia. It is reported that this is due to the fact that other statewide matters required the full attention of those sponsoring the legislation already mentioned. We are assured that the next session will give special attention to this black bass situation, also that the public forest and park programs will then receive the recognition they deserve.

Donaldson Gone

DOCTOR Harry J. Donaldson of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, former Chairman of the Pennsylvania Game Commission and one of America's leading devotees of the outdoors, died suddenly at Savannah, Georgia, on February 4, 1930, where he had gone on account of failing health. Death was due to a sudden heart attack.

Dr. H. J. Donaldson.

Doctor Donaldson, one of the outstanding surgeons of the country, regularly sought recreation with rod and gun. In December, 1916, he was appointed to the Game Commission by Governor Brumbaugh. Succeeding chief executives, including Governor Pinchot, reappointed him, and he served continuously until August, 1929, when he resigned because of ill health.

Since he became a member of the Commission at the beginning of the decade when Pennsylvania's game work made its most rapid strides, Doctor Donaldson had an important part in the development of that state's great program. He was Chairman of the Commission from 1924 to 1928, and took an active part in national conservation affairs.

Doctor Donaldson was one of the leaders who organized the Pennsylvania Conservation Council, and participated very actively in the extensive forest purchase and clean streams campaigns of the Keystone State. He was formerly a National Director of the Izaak Walton League, and during 1926 served on the League's National Executive Board.

More Teamwork

CONSERVATIONISTS have certainly learned a lot from big business! Instead of bickering and quarreling over immaterial matters, they are pooling their efforts and getting down to work on the big problems, leaving the troublesome, petty details to take care of themselves.

No better evidence of cooperative action has ever been shown than a recent state conservation conference in Ohio where state officials, federal officials, the Farm Bureau, the Women's Clubs, the League

(Continued on page 58)

After THE Record Catch

GOOD old lines, good old reels, good old rods and hooks. They sure bring in the big ones. Wash them, oil them, polish them and sharpen them. Then put them right in your Kennedy Kit, all fit for service.

In a Kennedy Kit, everything is protected and in order—lures and baits, spoons and spinners, plugs and pork rinds, lines and reels—everything. Water-tight, electrically welded steel, finished in chip-proof Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Trays swing out as lid is lifted; lock and catches prevent spilling. Kennedy Kits make good cartridge boxes too.

See them at any sporting goods store. See the new 1400 series, lower in price than any other kantilevers. A kit for every need.

Kennedy Manufacturing Co.
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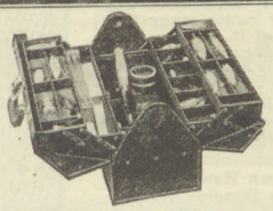
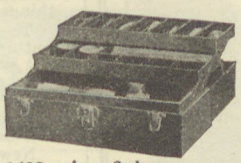
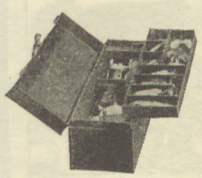
Kennedy Kits



Kit No. 1117D
17" x 8" x 10"

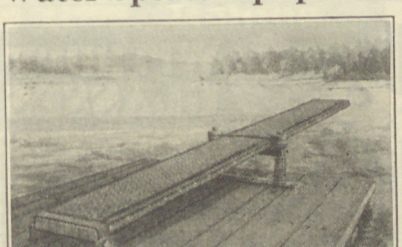


1400 series—3 sizes
12½" 16¼" 21½" long



Kit No. 618
6" x 6" x 18" long

"LAUGHING LOON" Water Sports Equipment



Diving Boards, Diving Chutes Towers and Floats

New catalogue explains how to build your own swimming or landing floats

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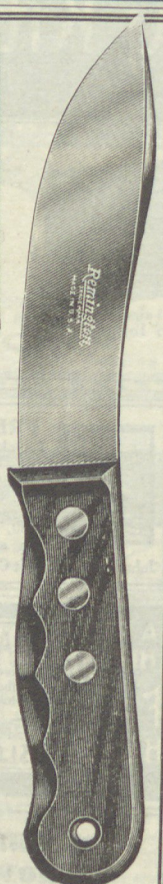

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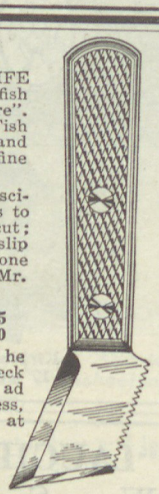

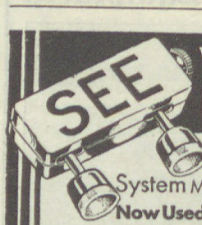

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WRITE OUR ADVERTISERS

Galapagos Treasure

(Continued from page 7)

end of an ordinary bluefish jig, passed my wire leader through the hole in it from the pointed end, then threaded on it the upper link of a chain brazed to a hook, fastened the wire in a loop, and through the loop ran a common flat lamp-wick about seven-eighths of an inch wide.

"The lamp-wick and the chain were adjusted so that the wick did not hang over the point of the hook, but cleared it far enough never to foul it. As a finishing touch, the lead was scraped so as to show like silver in the water, and the trick was done. This bait, properly made, never twists the line. It adjusts itself to the pressure of the water without turning over, I suppose because the flexible lamp-wick keeps the strain equal on every side. The other essential fact is that the lamp-wick bait does catch fish." Catch fish is right, and the whole rig, if the material value of the few component parts could be calculated, would probably be found to cost less than twenty-five cents. Catching big-time stuff with a cheap lamp-wick—think of it!

USUALLY there were two or three rods carried in the ship's launch and the Governor was always urging the rest of us to "have a try at it." It was permissible for two rods to be in action at the same time, one port and one starboard, and this tandem trolling was often indulged in. The main rule of etiquette in this arrangement was that the second line must be reeled in as soon as a strike was scored on the first. "Doc Mathewson has one!" would be shouted from two or three throats at once, and immediately the Governor would start reeling in to give the ship's doctor a clear field for "operations." But the chances were very, very good that "G. P." couldn't make six turns of his reel handle before he, too, would be struck heavily, and then there *was* a merry, two-ring how-do-you-do.

In deep sea game fishing it seems proper to discard altogether most of those rules so commonly associated with fresh water angling. No thought is given, for example, to concealment or quiet. I have observed albacore fishermen off the west coast of the United States tossing live chum overboard and at the same time churning the water violently into a white suds with stiff bamboos. Instead of frightening the big fish this attracted them. They saw the commotion and evidently concluded a killing was in progress and accordingly made a dash for the middle of the fray. The more excitement and surface turmoil the greater the fisherman's success. Tuna and albacore were swung through the air and smacked onto the deck as thick and fast as shells at an oyster-husking bee!

During our own fishing in the Galapagos, at Cocos Island and among the Marquesas Islands, the launch with its under-water exhaust was used; those in it not infrequently stood up, thus rendering themselves most conspicuous, and never was anything said about "piping down" on laughter and loud talk.

Moreover, very early in our 15,000 mile cruise "G. P." made it plain to the rest of us, less experienced than he in such matters, that it is wholly proper, when a fish has struck, for the fisherman to respond instantly by delivering himself of the most primitive, pagan yell of exultation that can be dug out of his system. Nothing short of a veritable Tarzan war whoop will fill the bill: a sort of stone-age, caveman shriek which conjures vision

of a hairy ancestor springing from ledge upon wild boar and felling the beast with crude ax. Curiously, these loud cries never seemed out of place, although the same vocal performance on a trout brook would be blasphemy. It's all in the setting. Picture the scene:

THE launch, tiny by comparison, is close under high, sheer volcanic cliffs. As close in as we are, the water is deep enough to float a battleship. We are beset by strong currents and a fearsomely active tiderip which carries the dark waters swirling past us. Porpoises, seeming huge when seen so close at hand, break water and blow all about us. Shark's fins show here and there like steady submarines just emerging. Hundreds of boobies, frigate birds and soot-brown sea swallows suddenly mass overhead and begin a furious attack upon small fishes driven to the surface by sinister enemies from the depths. The shark fins speed up, then curve in their course and disappear. In the midst of this turmoil—Z-I-N-N-N-N-G!!!

Three hundred feet of line has gone screaming out through the guide rings in three seconds—or so it seems. As the brake is applied the rod takes on the curve of a rainbow. The fish is given his head again. Away go another fifty feet of line.

"He's a tuna and no mistake," says our entry in the contest, settling into his task by pumping his body back and forth as he sits on the thwart—now gaining back a few feet of line, now being forced to relinquish twice as much as was gained.

Fifteen minutes pass like five—fifteen minutes of exacting physical effort and mental gymnastics for the angler; fifteen minutes of lightning-like evolutions on the part of the fish—evolutions strong at first but gradually weakening. The reel appears fairly well filled again; the line cuts the water in shorter arcs; at last the quarry makes a grand sweep past us only eight feet away, giving us our first glimpse as he flashes a broadside.

"People and children!" exclaims G. P., that being a favorite expression of his on beholding things large or amazing or both. *"Holy Mackerel,"* contributes "Bud" Ingalls, one of our sailors, standing there ready with the gaff and never realizing how close to literal were those two words.

And now—just as we think the works are over—we get the biggest thrill of all. It's like an orchestra going into a spasm at the end of a symphony. Sharks! Yes, a whole flock of 'em comes swooping in, threatening to take the prize away. It's a desperate situation, especially for the tuna. Seeming all tired out but a second ago, he now dashes this way and that, re-energized like a battery.

"He's gone clean under the keel."

"You'll foul the line in the propeller."

"Sock that shark with an oar."

"Hold 'er, Newt."

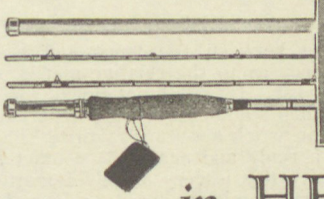
"Oh, gee."

Marine wolves—frenzied prey—human ingenuity. That is the triangle. How those white-bellied gray devils twist and glide through the water! But the tuna is a better dodger. Unconsciously we root for him. But how absurd: we will do no better by him even if he beats the sharks.

Luck joins forces with human ingenuity and settles the point for us. There is a quick thrust; the gaff connects; the leering face of an eight-foot shark swings by within arm's reach; Bud's biceps stand out like cantaloupes; and G. P.'s seventy-six pound tuna lands flipperty-smack in the galvanized iron wash tub in the forward cockpit.

Yes, gentlemen, thar's treasure in them Galapags and we thinks we found it.

MORE
strength
elasticity
sport



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Because these are the *only* rods made of bamboo treated by a secret Chinese process now in our possession.
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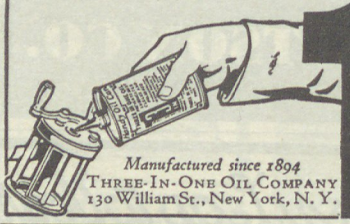

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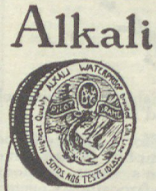

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No.	Test	Price per 100 Yds.
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FOR TROLLING OR STILL FISHING
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TRIPS *Afield with* Boys

Conducted by Judge George W. Wood

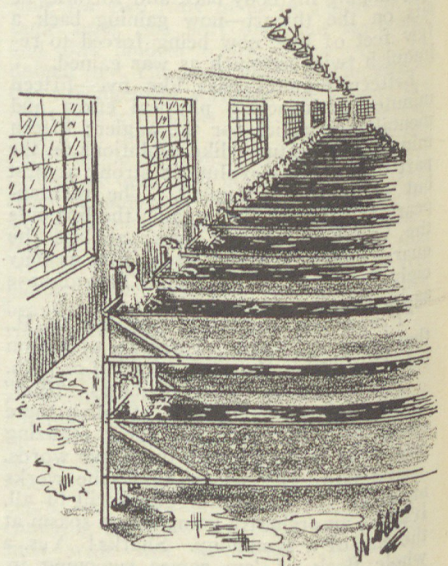
FOR a long time a controversy has been waging between the trout and bass fishermen as to the relative merits of these two fish. It will quiet down for a time and then some enthusiastic fisherman will write an article about his favorite. This provokes a reply and again the conflict is on. I believe this is very largely a matter of individual opinion colored perhaps by one's environment.

Since most of the streams about my home town of Waterloo, Iowa, are warm water streams with fine gravel beds in which bass love to spawn, and there are but few clear spring fed streams cold enough for trout, I am naturally somewhat prejudiced in favor of bass since they have given me more hours of sport. This is especially true since the first fish I caught was a bass. I was dangling in a little eddy a heavy chalk line tied to a willow pole, the hook baited with a worm when suddenly something tried to take the whole outfit away from me. Later I was told that it was a bass which had caused all the commotion, and since that day I have loved the whole family.

Perhaps I am prejudiced against trout. I have had very little chance to fish for trout along our little brooks, and when I did get to go fishing with Rick Nelson in southwestern Colorado last summer the best trout that I hooked came to my fly when Rick had picked out a particularly slippery rock among some very fast water, and put me on it to have my picture taken! After discovering the close and intimate acquaintance that Rick has with the trout family I am not sure but that he inveigled this trout to strike in the hope that I would be pulled off into the rushing water. This was really not necessary for I had already succumbed to the fast water and slippery rocks of the Pine river and gotten gloriously wet.

I am not trying to start this old controversy anew. The bass fishermen will pardon me and the trout fishermen will agree with me when I concede that in one respect the trout have the best of the argument. The season opens two full months before we are permitted to fish for bass. During the warm inviting days in early spring while the bass fisherman is raking the lawn, spading the garden and looking with longing at every angle worm he turns up, the trout fisherman is following a clear little stream, finding the earliest spring blossoms and listening to the music of the first spring birds. Perhaps he is getting more fun out of his fishing because of the spring tasks left undone.

I believe the trout is the better advertised fish. A large proportion of the fishing stories are written about them. All of this is calling more trout fishermen astream every day who are using better tackle and methods. Unfortunately, a great many streams formerly good for trout are being spoiled by industrial waste and fishermen must needs go elsewhere. How to increase the number of fish is a problem to which our state and national governments have given much attention.



—the most interesting part of the hatchery is inside among the long troughs—

In the midst of March we had a bit of warm, balmy weather and the call of the warm sunshine was too strong, and I adjourned court to drive out to the Government hatchery at Manchester to see how the new crop of fish was coming along. I wonder how many of you have gone through a hatchery?

The mature fish swimming about in the ponds make one's mouth water as they dart about within easy reach, but the most interesting part of the hatchery is inside among the long troughs where the eggs are actually hatched. Some one discovered that the eggs might be taken from the trout, placed in the troughs, fertilized and there hatched. The little fish are kept in the troughs and fed until they are large enough to be placed in ponds where they are secure from their natural enemies.

I suspected that he had inveigled the trout to strike in the hope I would be pulled off into the rushing water!!

When they are large enough to look out for themselves they are placed in streams.

In one of the troughs were several trays of pinkish rainbow eggs about the size of a pea. They had been there long enough so that one could see a little dark spot on one side where the fish was commencing to form. I had thought that the eggs were delicate and easily injured. The superintendent picked out one and showed me that it was tough as rubber. In an adjoining trough were some that had recently hatched. These looked like transparent grains of rice with a wee head and a hair-like tail. Some were swimming madly about, but many of them congregated in a dark corner in a mass. The attendant told me that it was dangerous to have them pile up in this manner. With a turkey feather he gently separated them to prevent their smothering.

Upon looking at them it was easy to see how a large fish could play havoc with a school of newly hatched trout. I had noticed that a careful count was kept of everything in the hatchery, so I asked how many were in the trough. The answer was twenty thousand and I was told that I was at liberty to count them if I wished. In another trough were fish somewhat older which had about absorbed the food sack. In still another the fish were just commencing to feed. After hatching it is not necessary to feed them for some days. Then they are fed very finely ground liver thrice a day.

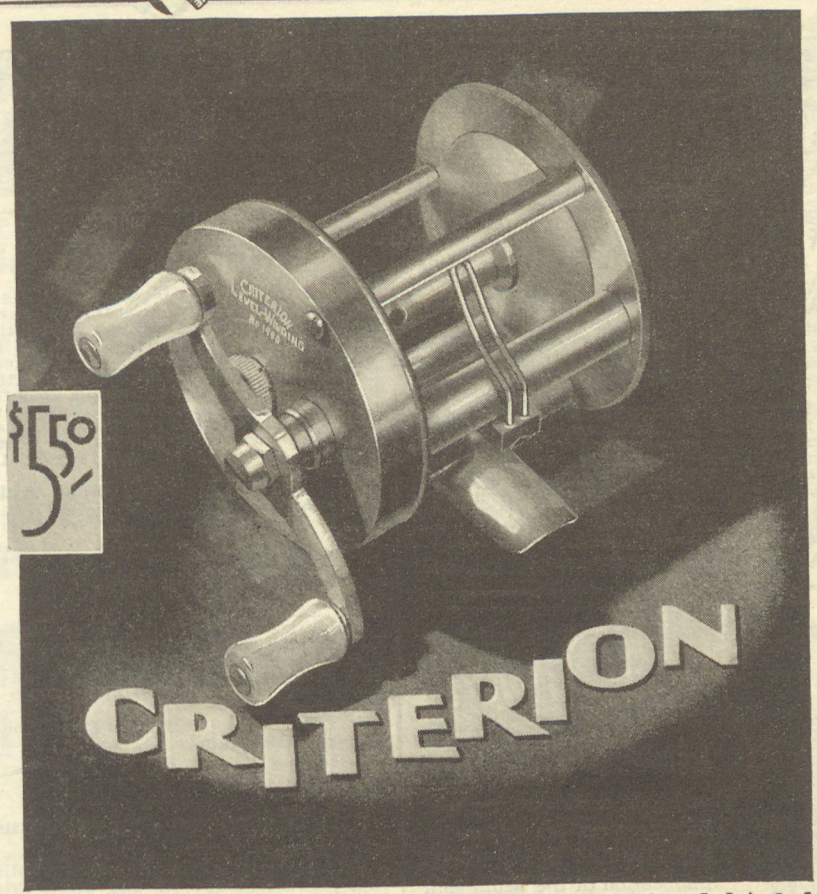
When the fish are ready to distribute they are taken to the government fish car, placed in water kept cool by ice and purified by having air pumped into the tanks. In this manner fish are transported from the hatchery all over the country. When they arrive at their destination they are transferred from the tanks to milk cans and dumped into the streams. Let us hope that you and I will get a few of them.

In the matter of artificial propagation the trout has all the advantage over my favorite the bass. No one has yet discovered a method of artificially raising bass. The only thing that can be done is to place them in ponds with good gravel beds upon which they can spawn, and give them the best of conditions with sufficient food so that the parent bass will not eat all their family.

President Hoover at a National Convention of the Izaak Walton League, said, "That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which obviously includes the pursuit of fish."

It would, indeed, be a poor government that would deny us this right, or which would fail to put forth its utmost effort to supply us with this privilege. In a recent visit to his old home President Hoover said, "There is no imprint upon our minds so deep as those of early boyhood—mine the joys of Iowa—the glories of the snowy winter—the interlude from work in the old swimming hole, fishing in the creeks, the hunting for prairie chickens and rabbits in the hedges and woods,—it is the entry into life which I could wish for every American boy and girl."

If we can instill into the minds of all those in public office the proper and fundamental ideas held by the President we will realize the great ambition of many of us—"less time between bites," and about September first when the trout fisherman has put his rod away I will invite him to go with me along my streams with their background of brilliantly colored autumn foliage and fish for bass for three whole months after the trout season has closed.



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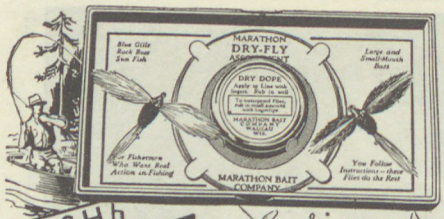
Shakespeare FINE FISHING TACKLE

CRITERION REEL

GOOD FOR A LIFETIME



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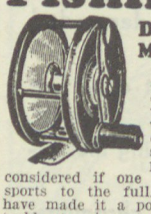

In angling, as in hunting, the purchase of bait like the purchase of shells involves little more than the ability to ask for what one wants. But in the selection of a dependable rod or reel as in the selection of a fine rifle, manifold points of excellence should be considered if one would enjoy these time-honored sports to the full. Expert anglers ourselves, we have made it a policy for 63 years to subject our tackle to rigorous practical testing on the "big game" grounds. Today, inveterate anglers the world over patronize us exclusively because they know that tackle worthy of the Edw. vom Hofe name requires no further endorsement.

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HIGH STA BOX 143F

Let's Talk It Over

Letters

PAGE THE DUKE'S BOOK

Dear Editor:

May I express my pleasure in Ellis Parker Butler's whimsical story in your May issue entitled Something Unusual. A friend of mine says he doesn't believe a word of it but then not being a fisherman he doesn't know what unusual things happen when one goes fishing. My friend says he'll only be convinced of the truth of the incidents in the story by seeing with his own eyes the duke's book, so please notify me at once where I can obtain a copy.

Rand Miller.

Chicago, Ill.

WE WON'T

Dear Editor:

Each issue I turn to Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness the first thing. I have been living in Europe for five years and Murdo's letters come like a fresh breeze on a hot summer day. Don't ever omit them.

Henry Hoyt Moore.

Brussels, Belgium.

A BOUQUET TO OUR READERS

Dear Editor:

I deeply appreciate the paper published in your last issue by the distinguished English angling writer, George M. Skues. Such a feature is an unusual and highly edifying one to be found in an American outdoor magazine indicating the cultured type of your readers, as well as their interest in scientific angling.

Rudolph Senn.

London, England.

WELL, FAWNCY THAT

Dear Editor:

Judging by the attempt at imitating the accent of a cultured Englishman in Ellis Parker Butler's story in your May issue, it is evident that the author is out of his depth when dealing with such a thing as a duke.

Being well acquainted with most of the dukes of England and Scotland, I know them to be charming people, bred like race horses and inheriting something that cannot be had through a correspondence school.

The sentence that has induced me to write this letter is as follows, "Railly! How Peculiah! Ah do not fawncy bein' left here aloane."

"Railly" should have been written reeahly, which is how it is pronounced in England. "Peculiah" is correct. "Ah" for "I" quite defeats me and the gem of the sentence is "fawncy" as this word is pronounced precisely as it is in the States.

It is well for writers imitating foreign accents to have a knowledge of their subjects before making such mistakes which are really rather irritating.

A. H. d'Egville.

New York, N. Y.

About Our Contributors

Our cover this month is reproduced from a painting by **Kreigh Collins** who is as adept with paddles, rods and guns as with oils and brushes.

The world known writer, **Lowell Otus Reese,** *One Man's Meat—Another Man's Poison,* writes us from Honolulu, "I am breaking camp and on my way home to California. It always upsets me to pull up stakes for I am wondering if all my jaybirds will be there to meet me."

Howard Cleaves, *Galapagos Treasure,* was photo-naturalist of the eight months Pinchot South Sea Expedition of 1929. He is a thorough outdoorsman, young, married and lives in New York when not engaged in exploring and photographing the strange and remote corners of the earth.

Robert Page Lincoln, *Bronze-backs and Moss-backs,* is en route between Florida and Minneapolis, and all the thousands who know him will wager he is out-of-doors, enjoying and observing every smallest outdoor beauty and happening.

Dr. O. E. Van Alyea, *The Doctor Looks at Tarpon,* played his part in the World War as captain in our medical service in both France and Germany; he practices in Chicago, and for recreation reads philosophy, dances, plays squash-racquets—and goes tarpon fishing.

MacKinlay Kantor, *One Flew East,* author of the novel, Diversey, was one of OUTDOOR AMERICA's first friends and contributors. He is a devoted lover of the outdoors, believing that nature has balm for every mortal hurt.

Henry O'Malley, *Fish Are Where You Put Them,* is too well known to readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA to need much comment. Suffice it that aside from being U. S. Fish Commissioner, he is an angler—and a good one.

El Capitan, *Pete,* lives on the shore of Lake Manitowish in Wisconsin in a big log house with a mile and a half front yard, a house whose hospitable doors are always open to fishing friends. El Capitan says, "I am just a throw-back to my primitive ancestors who lived close to nature from necessity, while I do so for my greatest pleasure."

Herbert W. Cornell, *Cumberland Falls Becomes Kentucky State Park,* is Chief Examiner and Secretary of the City Service Commission in Milwaukee; his interests are conservation, astrology, geology, and archæology. He tells us his one biggest desire is to witness a total eclipse of the sun.

Col. Harry Vanderbilt Würdemann, *The Giant Rainbow Trout,* is a widely known sportsman; he has fished all over the world, and has studied and written in detail of many species of game fish.

E. A. Pflueger, *On a Dollar and Cents Basis,* is an ardent and unselfish conservationist, as is proven by his excellent and constructive ideas on the subject.

The Giant Rainbow Trout

(Continued from page 30)

"Goof," that is, a chunk of fresh salmon eggs, is carefully put on the rather small hook and the line cast across the stream and allowed to pass down in the pool, which is by no means quiet water, but which whirls and sucks the line around and around, to the surface and again to the bottom.

Or use a whirling spoon baited with a number of angle worms. Skillfully steer the hook and its bait where the fish lie awaiting the food stuff drifting down.

There are but few minnows in steelhead streams, and the small trout are scarce as they are gobbled up rapidly by the larger fish.

There is a closed season from February 15th to May 1st; after that try the fly, the best being a Silver Doctor or a Royal Coachman. I think steelhead take this for a minnow and not for a fly, as I have seldom found any flies in the stomachs of the larger fish, in contrast to the smaller rainbows whose stomachs are full of flies.

I did, however, take a 12 pounder on the fly in Deer Creek, a branch of the Stillaguamish, in July, but that is all I got that day. The fish were there, could be seen, but would not rise to anything.

Now get your line in the water, keep stripping in and casting. Maybe after several casts or many—Bing! the reel sings and with a leap into the air twice his length up comes the silvery prince of all trout. He rushes across the stream, tries to butt a boulder, to rub the hook out, or leaps and rushes up stream in the flaming water, even up over the falls; twists and turns and goes down the current like a race horse, down past the eddy into the shallows, over the rapids into another pool, makes for the roots and logs sticking out under the water from the bank, trying to get the line twisted in the tangled drift. Constant excitement for a half hour to an hour for each fish. This one is finally teased into the shallows where his broad tail and his supple back can get no leverage, undefeated but impotent, caught by the hand behind the gills and dragged to shore, a trophy of which the angler is forever proud.

It is a point of honor with the steelheader not to use a landing net or a gaff and to handle the fish all by himself. The fun is also up to the onlooker who generally stops to follow his fortunate fellow "aiding" him by much advice, which is never accepted and only responded to by lurid language.

I remember a 16 pounder that took the lure of my friend McLeod, at the end of the big eddy at Oso, carried it zig-zag up 100 feet of the stream to the falls; McLeod was following fast, splashing through the water down the stream, over the rapids into another pool, the fish sulking, then slithering up and down the pool, out of water a dozen times, then over another series of rapids; in over an hour of play being finally steered to shore. The fisherman was wet to his armpits, exhausted and sat right down in the icy water saying, "Thank God, it is over." A magnificent fighter and well worth going a thousand miles to see!

I've had some fights like that myself, satisfying the primeval instincts of the savage that is in all of us, for the time, but the memory of which only urges me to look over my tackle and prepare to go tomorrow to seek the giant rainbow in the "raging river of my dreams."

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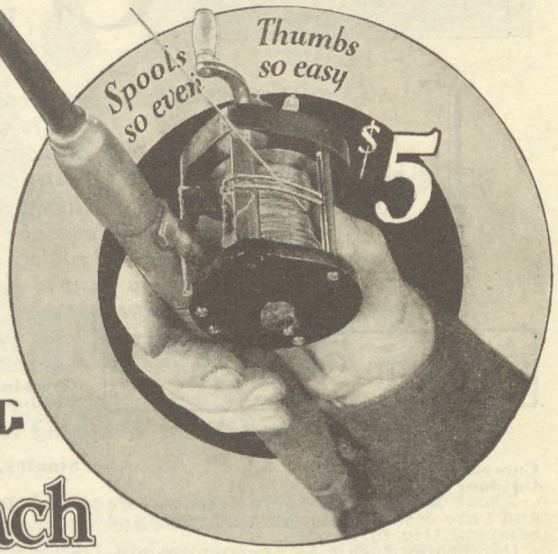

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IS life really worth while without knowing something about other living things surrounding us? Nature at this time of the year abounds in beautiful insects, plants, and animals, each with its own particular interesting characteristics. Intelligent human beings should understand more about these living organisms. What more fascinating pastime or hobby can a person adopt, be he young or old?

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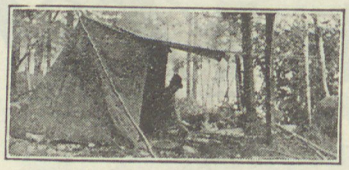
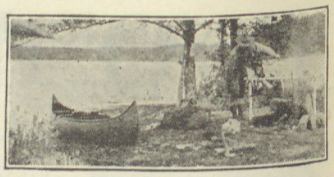


Camping

Where When How



This department belongs to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about* how *to camp, or about* when and where. *If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.*

Camp Questions

Tents and Pistols

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

About May 25th to July 1st my wife and I are desirous of taking a fishing and camping trip to Florida.

Our fishing tackle and camping equipment is complete, except for a tent. What kind would you suggest to be the most practical?

We want to go as light as possible, and think the 22 automatic pistol and 45 S. & W. will be all the guns needed. Are we right? We also have casting and fly rods of the best makes.

Don't especially care for saltwater fishing, unless fresh water fishing is poor.

Boone Rose.

Okemah, Okla.

May 25th to July 1st covers an ideal fishing period for fresh water bass and all varieties of small and large saltwater fish in the locality that you mention. However, at that time of the year, the rainy season is pretty well under way, therefore you should include waterproof clothing and tents in your equipment, as well as containers for food.

If you intend making a permanent camp, would suggest any good ridge pole tent, but if you expect to move about considerably would suggest a couple of substantial umbrella tents. Be sure to include a tight-fitting or sewed-in ground cloth for protection against insects.

You might stop at Englewood, Florida, and inquire the short distance to Chadwick Beach and there ask for Byrl Chadwick, who will be pleased to give you whatever information you desire about that section of the country.

Englewood is a small village on the west coast, on the south line of Sarasota County. There is splendid large and small saltwater fishing near there at Stump Pass, and a mighty fine place to camp on the beach near the pass.

From Chadwick Beach you might continue on down the coast to Ft. Meyers and from there you may follow a fair road down to Marco in Collier County if you want to get into virgin territory and more good saltwater fishing.

For fresh water fishing, I would suggest that you come to West Palm Beach, providing you want to catch big black bass and are willing to do a little roughing to get them. Lake, Orange, Osceola and Polk counties offer good bass fishing. However the rule holds good here as elsewhere, the best bass fishing is to be found in the least accessible waters.

The most useful sidearm on such an expedition is a 22 caliber automatic pistol or a revolver shooting long rifle cartridges. You will have no use for a shotgun at this time of the year. Your suggestion of the 22 and 45 caliber pistols is okay.

ELMER BURGESS.

To Smoke-Dry Meat

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

Can you furnish me a recipe for canning venison?

J. K. Wrzosek.

Stanley, Wis.

I hope the following recipe will answer your question satisfactorily. I quote from Miss Margaret Stone, a skilled cook:

"After meat has been cut into pieces of suitable size and thoroughly washed in *several* waters, rub it well with a mixture of vinegar, salt and pepper; pack it *closely* into sterilized, sealer jars and screw the caps down, *lightly*, so that steam can escape without allowing water to enter.

"To prevent sealers from touching bottom of boiler, they should rest on some sort of grid. If none is available, a good substitute can be contrived from an inch-thick board, through which a few holes have been bored—to permit free circulation of water.

"When the filled sealers have been placed, upright, in the boiler, add just enough cold water to reach, *but not submerge*, the caps and boil steadily for three hours (boiling time). Then remove sealers, tighten caps and test each one for tell-tale bubbles, that indicate air leaks. To make assurance doubly sure, the cooled caps may be dipped for a moment into melted paraffine wax.

"If these directions are faithfully followed the meat will keep a very long time. Just how long I cannot state definitely, because here, at French Narrows Camps, Lake of the Woods, our supply of canned venison is always exhausted long before the next deer season opens."

So many settlers have told me of their failure to keep fresh venison throughout the summer, I took especial pains to get advice from an experienced authority. We woodsmen generally smoke-dry our surplus of fresh meat.

MURDO GIBSON.

Where to Camp

The Agwa Country

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

Will you please tell me something about fishing on Sand Lake and Sand River (a canoe trip) above the Soo?

Also, what about going to Lake Achigan. I want good trout fishing, and if possible bass fishing also. Which trip is better? My wife and I will compose the party. What patterns and sizes of flies for the district? We return via Superior. Are there coasters to be caught there near Agwa in the lake?

Paul H. Neliur.

Alton, Ill.

I am sure you will find every reason to favor the Agwa country for canoeing and trout fishing over the Michigan stream. You need have no fear of being overcrowded. The Agwa and tributaries are sure to produce all the trout fishing you want. The coaster fishing in the bay is excellent. Coasters are true brook trout of large size that frequent the rocky shore lines of many parts of the north shore of Lake Superior.

For the coasters use very large flies such as bass bugs and feather minnows, as well as the large bucktail flies. These big boys respond to bait casting. In the streams the trout will rise to the same flies they will most everywhere else, though I would not go in for extremely small ones.

Dave Boissoneau, at Frater, used to accommodate parties and see to their outfitting. Pete Bolduc at Achigan is another guide who knows the country, in a region which will produce bass and brook trout, though the brook trout fishing is mostly in lakes. The trout in the lake at Agwa are coasters, and up in the river rainbows and the stream brookies.

OZARK RIPLEY.

Northern Jersey

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

A friend and I are planning a two weeks' camping trip for the latter part of June. The purpose of the trip is to do some real trout fishing, and if possible use our fly rods on some small mouth bass and pike.

Can you give me some information concerning trout, bass and pike fishing in New Jersey?

Howard Wescott.

Baltimore, Md.

Am sure you will enjoy a trip through northern Jersey in June. The bass season opens here June 15th; pickerel May 20th; trout April 15th. New York state in my opinion, has better open bass waters than New Jersey, but New Jersey has some trout streams still open to the licensed angler, that are the equal of most in the East.

I believe that Passaic, Sussex, and Warren counties will afford you plenty of sport for your short two weeks' vacation, and you will return home greatly benefited by the beautiful scenery of the northern counties of New Jersey.

If you decide to come, look up the Passaic Izaak Walton Chapter boys, and we will start you on the best route from here, as many of our members will have tried some of the old favorite spots before you arrive, and will be pleased to hand you this season's latest returns.

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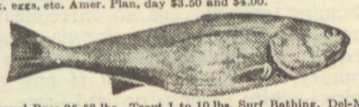

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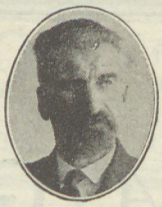

Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods.

DEAR Waltonians:

Surely, by this time, most readers of these "Letters from the Wilderness" are convinced that year-round camping in the Minionterlake region is not only feasible but thoroughly enjoyable. At any rate, my files contain much documentary evidence to prove that no small numbers of Waltonians are planning—more or less seriously—to make a personal test of its charms and virtues.

Although none of those prospective adventurers have yet intimated to me that they were "fed up" on the sort of material contributed during the past two years, I feel they would now welcome a series of discussions on more definite topics, pertaining to wilderness tenting in our northern forests. Therefore, in the next few letters, I purpose giving a larger proportion of my allotted space to what I *do*—under conditions and circumstances typical of the season and locality—and to touch but lightly upon what I see, hear, feel and think.

IN following such a plan, some repetition is inevitable, because, for two years prior to the summer of 1927, my articles in OUTDOOR AMERICA were almost entirely devoted to practical suggestions for wilderness campers. Later, they were a fragmentary record of my day to day experiences while tenting alone; and were intended to convey a true picture of the joys obtainable from such a life, under existing conditions. However, one must keep in mind that statements which veteran outers might consider too obvious to warrant repeating may be important "news" to novices.

As an introduction to the contemplated series, I can think of nothing to equal the following paragraph from Charles Dudley Warner's famous essay on "Camping Out":

"The instinct of barbarism that leads people periodically to throw away the habits of civilization, and seek the freedom and discomfort of the woods, is explicable enough: but it is not so easy to understand why this passion should be strongest in those who are most refined, and most trained in intellectual and social fastidiousness. Philistinism and shoddy do not like the woods, unless it becomes fashionable to do so; and then, as speedily as possible, they introduce their artificial luxuries and reduce life in the wilderness to the vulgarity of a well-fed picnic. It is they who have strewn the Adirondacks with paper collars and tin cans. The real enjoyment of camping and tramping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress and food; in as near an escape as may be from the requirements of civilization. And it remains to be explained why this is enjoyed most by those who are the most civilized."

CAMPERS are seldom at a loss for logical reasons to explain their desire for the wilderness life, but—as in most other affairs—the wish precedes the thought. Influences that germinated the wish and stimulated its growth, may be recognized, but how or when it was implanted is a more profound question that leads back, along almost imperceptible trails, to the misty dawn of human thought. Let those follow it who can, and want to. Sufficient for my present purpose is the knowledge that most readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA are actual or potential campers, interested in learning how their enjoyment of future trips may be increased.

Because the length of most vacations is inadequate to satisfy the outdoorsman's hunger for primitive life in the open, it is fortunate that, by anticipation and retrospect, the pleasures of camping can be extended throughout the intervening months. Of these pleasures none is greater than forecasting the details of the next trip. Even though unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances prevent its realization, they are powerless to deprive the enthusiast of those happy hours spent in poring over maps, travel literature, sporting goods catalogues; listing probable requirements, overhauling equipment and discussing with boon companions the delights so expectantly foreseen.

Maps are a fascinating study, as well as an essential item of the wilderness camper's equipment. Because their data is presented in picture form, relevant facts concerning a district can be more easily learned and comprehended from a good map than from written descriptions. Those who aspire to even a slight degree of woodcraft should know the meaning of every symbol, letter, figure and line seen on official maps and charts.

ANOTHER requisite to self-sufficiency in forest travel is a practical, working knowledge of the magnetic compass; together with several reliable methods for determining approximate distances. The camper should know definitely how many paces, or paddle strokes, he takes in going a mile, on foot, or by canoe; also how many steps his horse takes while walking that distance. At first, these counts require considerable concentration, but the habit is soon formed; then, it demands but little effort or special attention. Without such knowledge of maps, distances and directions, the forest traveler is more than likely to become "lost" whenever he loses sight of familiar trails, watercourses, hills, etc.

One of my strong aversions is the writer who flouts the compass and minimizes its usefulness to sportsmen. Generally he ascribes to certain individuals of his acquaintance marvelous gifts, such as an infallible "sense of direction and locality." As a matter of fact, he merely advertises his own provincialism, childish credulity and incapacity for intelligent observation.

In the Lake States, and in central Canada, are vast areas of brushy forest, in which the average visibility is less than fifty paces. Though the surface may be exceedingly rough, the terrain—taken as a whole—is so level that the water collects in lakes and swamps, where currents are usually indiscernible. Running streams are so infrequent that the hiker might wander for days without seeing a single trickle. Through such country, I seriously doubt if any human being—white, black or red—can safely rely on his unaided "sense of direction" to

guide him a single mile. For half a lifetime my chief business was searching unmapped, or little known, districts for merchantable timber. During those decades I worked and camped with hundreds of professional woodsmen whose "woods sense" was very highly developed. But not one of them ever claimed possession of an "instinct" that enabled him to maintain a direct course, without other guidance.

There is much more to be said on this subject, but it must be deferred until next month. Meanwhile, acquire *two,* fool proof and waterproof, pocket compasses and learn all you can about them.

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 19)

fell like a babe learning to walk, and found that he lacked strength to get to his feet. From thence on he crawled.

The shape was only seven feet beyond the entrance, yet it seemed that he struggled interminable hours before he got his hands on it. Whether it was Belgrade or a dead body he did not know; there was no longer a voice answering his own. With curious, grim patience he took hold of its shoulder and began to drag it to the open air.

The body could not help itself. The last of its strength, perhaps the last flicker of its life, had been spent in calling a warning to a foe. However, it was not chained to the floor. The wrists were bound but lightly—probably to prevent any serious effort to roll away the stone from the cavern mouth and escape—and there was naught to prevent Adam from dragging it outside other than the invisible barrier of the air, the unseen death through which he moved.

He would not last long. If he were to save Belgrade it must be in the next few seconds. Patient struggle, resting to struggle again, would not win. He must succeed or fail in one final effort.

He made that effort. He gathered up all his failing powers of mind and body, and touched them off, as though they were powder, with a spark struck on the flint of his will. The strength of a strong man is an unknown quantity. It is capable of achievement, under stress, which cannot be accounted for by any mechanical formula. Adam himself had always possessed that capacity for violence—due, perhaps, to a superb coordination between a fine mind and superior body—which makes a discus-thrower, a shot-putter, or a crack fullback of a football team. Now he sprang to his feet and projected himself like a cannon ball out of a big gun, and since both arms were clutching Belgrade's shoulders, Belgrade was projected with him.

This one burst carried both men nearly four feet—half way to the cave-mouth. Whether Adam could have gone the rest of the way unaided he was never to know. Through the bright disk of the aperture, a hand stretched toward him. It was Gort-Chil's hand, and the act was the bravest of the chief's life.

Actually he was taking but slight risk—even this lethal thing could not poison the fresh, good air of the beach—yet he did not know so, and he would sooner have faced a charging bear. Perhaps Adam's example had given him unnatural courage. Perhaps he was ready to hazard his life not for Adam or Belgrade, but to obey Dian's commands.

Adam groped for the hand, caught it,

(Continued on page 65)

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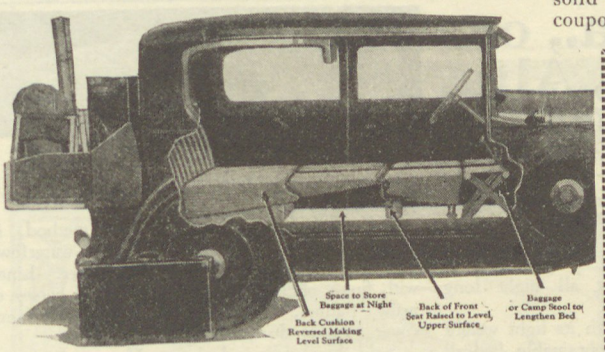
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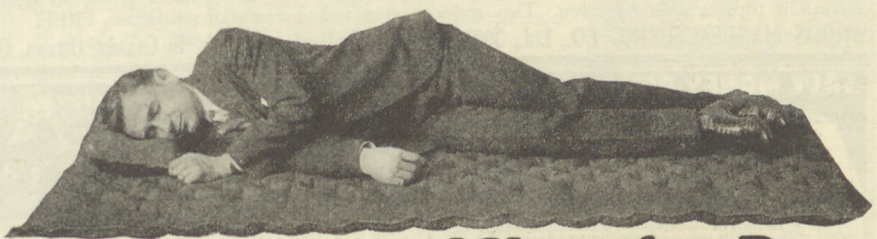

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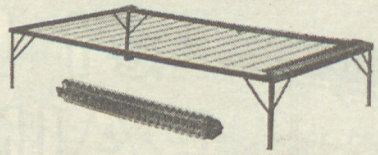

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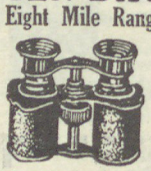

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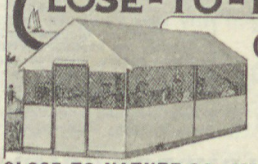

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PLEASE—MENTION OUTDOOR AMERICA

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 45)

of Ohio Sportsmen, the Izaak Walton League and other groups joined hands in the development of a joint conservation program. Neighboring officials rendered assistance. The prospects were never so favorable in the Buckeye State as right now.

A majority of the states elect members of the Legislature this year. Quite a number of them elect governors. In many states the Izaak Walton League and other conservation organizations are endeavoring to pledge every candidate, regardless of party, to support constructive conservation programs. The manner in which the candidates are coming out flat-footedly for these programs is most commendable. They no longer hesitate to say that they favor clean streams, more forests, more parks, more fish and game.

Conservation Question Box

Eagle Again

It might interest you to know that we have a member in the Pomona Chapter who owns considerable land on Kodiak Island, Alaska. He spent a good many years up there. When we called his attention to the proposed Bald Eagle protection act he said the eagle should be protected. He stated that he raised sheep on Kodiak and used to kill eagles because he blamed them for killing his lambs. One spring he was busy, and permitted the ewes to shift for themselves. To his amazement they picked out a peninsula which was the nesting place for bald eagles as their lambing grounds. He lost no lambs, and thereafter killed no eagles. He will gladly give you a signed statement if you want it.—M. A. J., California.

Thanks, M. A. J., for this fine "clean bill of health" for the Bald Eagle. The bill is now before the United States Senate in fine shape, and its passage is predicted.

Duck Eggs to Make Films

Is there anything to the rumor that the largest manufacturer of photographic equipment employs Indians each spring to gather large numbers of wild duck eggs for use in the manufacture of films?—R. L. M., Massachusetts.

This rumor was carefully investigated when it first came out, and, as we anticipated, we learned through a competent investigator that there is not the faintest shadow of truth in it. The cost would be prohibitive, and the migratory bird treaty between the United States and Canada would not countenance anything of the sort.

California Killing Pigeons

Will you please investigate the report that wild pigeons are being killed in California as a protection to crops and answer it in your Question Box. Certainly these cannot be the old passenger pigeons, and I do not believe California allows the killing of wild pigeons.—M. N. G., Arkansas.

No, indeed, they are not the passenger pigeons of yore, but are the band-tailed

pigeons of the West. Mr. John L. Farley, Executive Officer of the California Division of Fish and Game, reports that "the pigeon situation mentioned is really serious. Both our law and the federal law prohibit the killing of band-tailed pigeons at any time, and they have shown a remarkable increase in many areas. A great many grapes were not harvested last year, leaving a large supply of raisins on the ground to attract the pigeons. They come in great swarms, and in resting on the vines they break off the tender new growth, practically ruining the chances of a crop.

"They also swarm in nearby cherry and other orchards, and cause a considerable amount of damage to the fruit trees as well as the fruit. At first we tried to frighten them away with blank cartridges; later we tried feeding them back on the hills. These measures were ineffective and we have been compelled to give vineyards and orchards protection in certain instances. The principal effort is to keep the birds moving; any pigeons killed are turned over to charitable institutions."

One Flew East

(Continued from page 13)

talked about it. They crowded around Mary Sockerdall on her shaded porch—she looked sad, they all thought.

"What's that?" she'd repeat in her quavering voice. "No, I ain't afraid to have him go. Enos an' I come out here to this country in an early day—all our folks was pioneers—an' Theodore, I guess he's kinda a pioneer, too."

But to the Muldoons she did complain in a tearful falsetto. "Somehow, it's awful dangerous. An' you know, I ain't seen Theodore since he went to war. No. I'd like mighty well to see him. Maybe he could fly out here from New York—easy as flyin' to Europe—an' see me afore he goes."

And Grandma Sockerdall wrote to Theodore, scratching with a bent pen-point across lined paper.

"I just hope it is not askin to much dear boy I wood like mighty well to see you soon If You cood fly over here how glad Id be if you cood just fly over the house an I wood wave my kerchief at you God bless you dear boy an best regards to your wife & father her father I mean—"

Henry Muldoon mailed the letter for her, down at the postoffice. Also, he received the answer when it came to her box a few days later. Quite deliberately he tore open the envelope and read the letter. Then he went a step farther; he tore the letter into flaky bits and wadded them into the spittoon in his office.

Theodore had written—at night, after a hard day's work, and under a great strain. But Henry Muldoon did not have much patience with him.

"Awfully sorry . . . . assure you, grandma, this is an important undertaking . . . . pure nonsense for me to take time off to run out to Chicago . . . . will send you a cablegram from Rome."

After he had cooled off, Attorney Muldoon went over to Grandma and assured her that the newspapers pointed to an immediate take-off.

"They say the weather is clearing over the Atlantic, and he'll start this week, sure. . . . . What? Oh, he's snowed under with work; I doubt if that letter

Dickey Kamper

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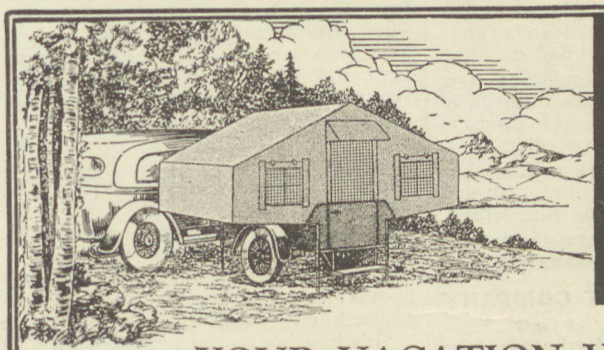

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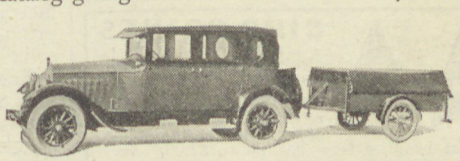

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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dak.

even reached him. But you'll probably hear from him when he gets to Europe. Just think—maybe a cablegram! Nobody in Border Plain ever got a cablegram!"

And the next afternoon Grandma was sitting under her grape-vine. It was hot, so she rocked very slowly, gazing up at the bitter blueness of the sky and hoping that Theodore would be careful.

. . . . It came out of the haze that bordered her dim vision—a wheeling, darting shape of silver mist. Puzzled, she watched it for awhile . . . . and then something brought her out of her old rocker with a trembling jerk.

Theodore!

That roaring . . . . droning . . . . buzzing . . . . and up above her garden, hovering in the glimmer of a sweltering afternoon, that jerking little shadow of silver.

Like a dragon fly, the Muldoons had said. Like a snake-feeder. She remembered such insects in other years, but couldn't think how long it was since she had seen one. And this distant speck was vibrating beyond the sweep of her old elms, alive and eager through the shafts of gold.

It must be! It was—

She seemed to hear a louder roaring now. She could imagine how the engine must be bleating under the tension of wind, wind, wind. *Orr-orr-orr.* . . . . And he'd flown all the way from New Jersey to see her—

It wheeled nearer, humming against the cobalt until she could almost see the brown body and glistening wings. Her claw hand wrenched at her apron pocket and a wisp of handkerchief fluttered aloft.

"Theodore!" she tried to scream. "My little—"

But the motor would be filling his ears, though the sound was already dying in hers. She stumbled across the petunia bed, trampling pale flowers as her eyes stung after that fleeting sprite above the elms. . . . *Orr-orr-orr.* . . . . Fainter, now. He had to get back to New York, to New Jersey. Clear across all those states. Indiana and Ohio and—

"Theodore!" she called in a cackling scream. "My boy. . . . Have a nice trip! Hooray! God bless . . . . Theodore. . . . ."

The silver-brown plane, or vision, had melted—droned away—all vanished.

Grandma Sockerdall was still gasping by the lilac bushes when Mrs. Muldoon reached her. "My land! Sunstroke, or—"

"It's him," Mary Sockerdall wept. "Did you see him? It was jest like Henry said. A fly. All buzzin' so loud. Did you hear him? Did you—"

"Yes, yes, Grandma," Mrs. Muldoon cooed at her. "Yes, yes. Come up in the shade and sit down, now. Yes, yes. I saw him."

"It was Theodore, wa'nt it? I could see! I waved my—"

The dispatches outdid any other news story of the year. How the great Fokker swooped down to a field where frantic mobs fought the guarding soldiery; how Theodore Sockerdall tossed his flying helmet into the crowd for a souvenir and grinned, "So this is Rome!" How Mussolini—

They called him "Flying Teddy." And they rushed him around Rome and Paris and Vienna so rapidly that he forgot all about sending a cablegram to Grandma Sockerdall in Border Plain, Illinois.

And scientists tell us that *Libellula Basalis,* the Basal dragon fly, may be seen hovering over gardens—

But these are unrelated facts.

On a Dollar and Cents Basis

(Continued from page 31)

up the deer herds in the north. The Haugen-McNary Bill on water fowl will undoubtedly increase the supply when in operation. Best of all, its passing set a Congressional precedent that will pave the way for further much needed legislation. Few people realize how much authority Congress has on matters of conservation.

According to Senator Hawes, the great conservationist from Missouri, it is wholly in the power of Congress to:

1. Stop the pollution of all navigable streams. It can purchase, at low prices, lands for reclamation and game propagation.

2. Supply game sanctuaries in present waste lands, protecting the breeding and propagation of bird and animal life.

3. Fight, through its agencies, the fish and game hog and protect fish during the spawning season, game during the mating season.

4. Reduce the size of the bag, the number of the catch, and, by intelligent bulletins, educate the anglers, sportsmen and campers in the principles of conservation.

5. Use overflow lands in our river basins for sanctuaries.

6. Preserve forest lands in their native state.

7. Stop pollution, destroy fish-traps, build spillways, prohibit the trapping and seining of species.

And where Federal jurisdiction ends, State authority only begins!

Right at this time there is a vital need for constructive work to keep men and money busy. The reclamation of our forest lands, and the establishment of wild life refuges and hatcheries rightly rank among the most needed public works. Surely now is the time to strike, while the iron is hot. But we must remember the addition Oliver Cromwell made to this old adage—*"And make the iron hot by hitting!"*

Cumberland Falls Becomes Kentucky State Park

(Continued from page 23)

of Kentucky were won over to the pro-power point of view by representations that the building of the power plant would decrease taxes in the county by furnishing additional valuable taxable property, and that employment for many people would be furnished by the construction and maintenance of a power plant. Little attention was given to the fact that revenue and employment would also result from the development of a tourist center.

A few energetic citizens kept up, undaunted, what appeared to be a losing fight. Tom Wallace, editor of the Louisville Times, took the lead. In the Times, and its associated paper the Louisville Courier-Journal, he put up a vigorous fight, in which he was joined by the editor of the Lexington Leader, Dr. T. Wallace Rainey.

The Cumberland Falls Preservation Association was formed, with former United States Senator Ernst as its president, Frederick A. Wallis as its executive vice-president and Dr. Rainey as its executive secretary. Eventually the majority of the newspapers of Kentucky came in on the side of the conservationists. The Izaak

Walton League, of course, joined its strength on the right side, so did the National Conference on State Parks, the American Civic Association and the American Forestry Association. The most serious obstacle was the pro-power attitude of the Governor, Flem D. Sampson. Governor Sampson had shown himself in 1928 to be allied with the power interests, and it was realized at the outset that if the bills to accept the DuPont offer and to authorize condemnation proceedings should pass, he would probably veto them. This is exactly what happened. After an exciting contest, in which the bill to accept DuPont's offer twice failed to pass over the Governor's veto in the Senate but each time was saved by a friendly senator changing his vote in order to move for reconsideration, the bill was finally passed over the veto, exactly the constitutional majority of 20 votes out of the total membership of 38, being secured. This made the acceptance of the DuPont gift possible. One of the pro-power senators then arose and said, "When you're licked, take your lesson. Let's pass the eminent domain bill and see what they will do with their gift now that they've got it." It went through with less opposition, and Cumberland Falls State Park is now an assured reality.

Go down and see for yourself what a glorious gift of nature is hidden away in those Kentucky hills. Only—and this is important—find out before you start whether the road from Corbin to the falls has been improved so as to be passable. The Corbin Chamber of Commerce can give the information as to its passability. At the time of this writing every road to Cumberland Falls is reported impassable, but this condition should not last long.

The road from Parker's Lake is rough, but in dry weather perfectly passable for an ordinary car. It approaches the falls from the west, and leads to a ford an eighth of a mile above the cataract. At this point the river broadens out to a width of about two hundred yards. The bottom is smooth rock, and in the late summer and fall is not difficult to ford except after heavy rains. The writer had no difficulty in driving across the ford on September nineteenth last. When the river is too high for fording, as is the case in the late winter and early spring and some of the time in late spring and early summer, it is necessary to resort to boat or cableway transportation, but this can be readily arranged for. Good roads, a bridge, and modern hotel accommodations will soon make Cumberland Falls become what its friends already like to call it, "The Niagara of the South."

Pete

(Continued from page 21)

His guiding George Washington and Abe Lincoln was perfectly plausible to me. When he told of stepping on a sturgeon in mistake for his canoe and the next instant finding himself in the middle of the stream, why that easily could happen, why not? Each spring as I returned to my summer home he would greet me and tell of having just preceded me a few days, returning from his Alabama estate where he had harvested his pineapple crop; it never occurred to me that pineapples did not grow there. And so it went on; I swallowed the hook, the line, the sinker and part of the pole. I heard these stories for years, craved to hear them as each year added embellishments and retold them to friends all over the country in my travels.

But the day of the great revelation came as he and I were shooting some rapids below his home, he at the stern and I at the bow of a canoe. The water was swift and the rocks seemed more plentiful than usual. Pete seemed to be having more trouble than necessary in laying our course among the boulders. All at once he burst forth:

"I put too damn many boulders in these rapids," he said with an air of disgust.

"You put 'em here, Pete?" I asked.

"Every doggone one of 'em," he answered with much gusto, "but too many of 'em," he added remorsefully.

That was enough. It was just as Dad had said, "He had gone too far." There I stood, broken hearted like a boy who has just been furnished the conclusive evidence that "there ain't no Santa Claus." He had gone across the deadline of excusable and justifiable prevarication.

However, if I couldn't believe that he had placed the boulders in the rapids I, at least, would have believed him if he had said that he had rearranged them because I have seen him many times poling a boat up those rapids. How many men over eighty years of age, yes, how many in their twenties, can do that? Many times have I been capsized trying the same trick and with Pete close by to coach me.

But Pete is getting older though he does not look any more so than years ago. My boys growing into manhood have affectionately called him Pete since they were children and as I look back I was not much more than a boy when I first met him. So I suppose Pete is growing older, but I dread to think of his approaching the time when he goes to his Great Reward and great it should be. Life has been so much more worth while for those who have come in contact with Pete.

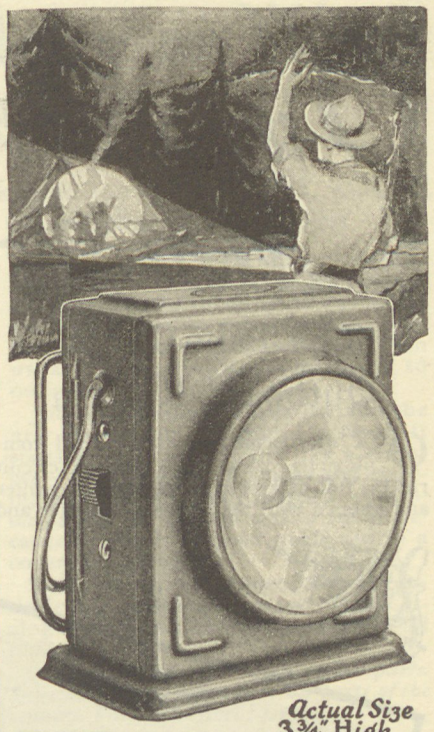
There was one episode that Pete never did tell me. I got it second hand. One of his friends had invited him to Chicago and entertained him at the Auditorium Hotel, so Pete said. Upon his return to the wilds the ways and sights of the city were the chief topic of talk around the camp fires. When he was asked how he liked his "boardin' house" down there he said, "Well, it was pretty good except I had a little trouble with a fresh waiter, but I hauled off and hit him a crack under the jaw, knocked him over a grindstone, and he fell into a bunk and almost kicked the stove over as he went. No trouble after that." His entire audience familiar with camp surroundings sensed the situation and complimented Pete upon his summary action with the "flunky."

A short time ago I made one of my periodical calls on Pete. It was dark when I was leaving and as he stood at the open doorway bidding me good night the light of the fire struck my face and a smile of reminiscence spread over his; whatever was coming I knew was going to be good, so I was ready.

"Captain," he started, "when I look at your face lighted up that way it reminds me of years ago, on just such a night. There was a call from without. I opened the door and a man and woman were there. As the light caught their faces just as it does your's now, who in hell do you suppose stood there, Captain John Smith and Pocah—"

"Good night, Pete, and may you laugh in your dreams," I called to him as I hurried on down the lane into the darkness of the night.

But some day I am going to go back and get the rest of that story because I know it will be a master piece of fiction. However fiction based on fact ought to give me the right to absorb all I want without mental reservation. I want to sit at his feet just once more like a young robin in a nest and let him feed it to me liberally. We all like it. Barnum was right.



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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By Paul Burress

The Palm Beach Outboard Regatta

OUT of the north with bleached complexions came the outboard circuit riders, full of zest from a rigorous winter and imbued with the desire to conquer and return with the spoils of southern victory. They came to enter and to witness one of the most spectacular small boat regattas in outboard history, held at Palm Beach, Florida, late in March.

Other than the national meet at Peoria, Illinois, last September, there perhaps never was so large a gathering of ace pilots, outboard celebrities and such a brilliant display of outboard driving skill as rewarded the spectators who came from all parts of the country to witness the competition. It represented the first public tryout of the 1930 model boats and motors, a somewhat practical demonstration of the new 1930 outboard racing rules and a supreme test of driving skill to those who were lured by the many valuable

1. Officials who directed the Palm Beach Regatta: (top row) William Dertsch; Rear Commodore B. B. Beil; Commodore Selby, Sarasota; V. Mason Weil, Pres. Palm Beach Anglers and Sports Club; Paul A. Carlisle, Commodore of F. O. M. A.; Commodore McKay, Lake Elisnore, California; Commodore I. Chester Spinney, Executive Secretary of the F. O. M. A.; Rear Commodore Arthur K. Woodman; Roger Bacon, Palm Beach; Commodore Thompson, Miami; H. H. Curtis, Secretary of the Palm Beach Anglers and Sports Club; (second row) George Hoehn Executive Secretary of the National Outboard Motor Association; Vice Commodore Bob Kleiser; Jerry Stillson, time keeper and Commodore Jones of Jacksonville, Fla. 2. Sir Thomas Lipton Perpetual Challenge Trophy presented to the Palm Beach Anglers and Sports Club for annual competition open to outboard motor boats up to and including Class E over a course of three five-mile heats. Winner to have name engraved on cup and possession for one year. 3. Hugo Biersach, advertising director of the Outboard Motors Corporation, presenting the world's largest outboard official, Rear Commodore Arthur Woodman, with the world's lightest twin outboard motor. 4. Many of our best drivers off to a good start in the Class D race at Miami Beach. Beginning with the lead boat they are: Bill Frey, Dick Upsall, Harrison Fraser, Frank Baker, Malcolm Pope, Willis Overton and George Knight. Jack Kerr beat the gun and the camera and was disqualified. Upsall, Overton and Fraser won first three places in this heat. 5. Cal Maloone. 6. Paul A. Carlisle, Commodore of the F. O. M. A. 7. Carl Ellis and Bob Lester. 8. Harrison Fraser. 9. Willis Overton. 10. Don Chapman, Sales Director of the Outboard Motors Corporation; Dick Upsall, 1929 national champion; "Young" Stribling, Dixie's contender for the pugilistic championship, and J. T. Milliken, owner of the Milliken racing team from St. Louis. 11. Vice Commodore I. Chester Spinney, Executive Secretary of the F. O. M. A. 12. Bill Frey. 13. B. E. Lamb. 14. George Hoehn, Executive Secretary of the National Outboard Association. 15. Malcolm Pope, our most spectacular outboard driver.

prizes and the $25,000 silver trophy donated by Sir Thomas Lipton.

Unfortunately for the drivers, Lake Worth was temperamental on both days of the racing. A stiff sou'east breeze and opposing tide changed the desirable "wrinkled" surface into a heavy chop and long swells that could not be bridged by shorter length craft. Four upsets opened the program, and from the first event to the closing race the course was filled with spills as the boats rolled, skidded and jumped to wet finishes over the impossible water.

Twenty-two entries started in the feature event of the program, that for the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy, with thirteen finishing. This race was open to motors up to and including class E, with hulls unrestricted. Motors of the B, C and D classes were restricted only as to piston displacement and that major parts of the motors be of the same manufacturers' make.

The start and the first lap of this race was most spectacular, as the boats reminded one of so many monstrous flyingfish, taking to the air until their momentum was spent, then slapping down on the crest or side of a wave that again sent them hurtling and wobbling through the air. The longer and heavier boats withstood the punishment better than the short boats that were unable to bridge the chop and swells.

Bill Frey, of Madison, Wisconsin, was the successful survivor of the first heat of the Lipton race, piloting his Century Hurricane home first for 400 points. Col. S. Tooey, piloting Miss Cello, second, with 361 points, and J. T. Milliken, St. Louis, third, in his newly designed boat, Palm Beach Baby, 324 points.

The B, C and D class races were equally spectacular; however, there was no unusual speed attained owing to the rough water. Miss Wilma Wynne of Jacksonville was one of the attractions, being the only woman pilot entered. Genevieve Atwood was present but did not enter owing to injuries received in a bad upset at Peoria last fall.

More rough water caused by a wind that increased during the night, augmented by rain squalls, made spartans of the pilots in the second and concluding day of the regatta. Misfortune, riding on the crest of spray caused by choppy water and rainy weather, tossed Bill Frey over in his quest to place his name first on the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy after he had led the field every lap in each of the three heats, two of which were run the second day.

Leaping ahead in the second heat of the Lipton race, Frey cut a course buoy, according to the consensus of course judges, and was disqualified from the heat, allowing Colonel S. Tooey, Geneseo, N. Y., and Boston driver to slip into first place for the trophy. According to the judges the buoy had toppled over and was almost impossible to see owing to the rain and rough water. Frey declared that he had plenty of reserve speed left in his motor for a threat from following boats. "The course was tough, and with rain pelting in my face I would not say whether I cut the buoy or not," he said.

Frey finished third in the final computation of points, despite the fact that he was ruled out of the heat altogether. Members of the Palm Beach Anglers and Sports Club presented Frey with an additional gold prize to that he received for third place, as a tribute to his career as a sporting driver.

B. E. Lamb, Jacksonville, Florida, a veteran race pilot and often referred to as the Gar Wood of outboards, entered nineteen boats in the Palm Beach Anglers and Sports Club regatta. In the Sir

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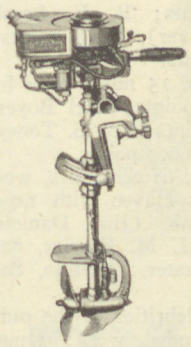

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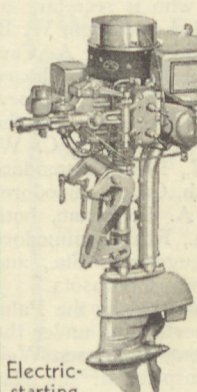

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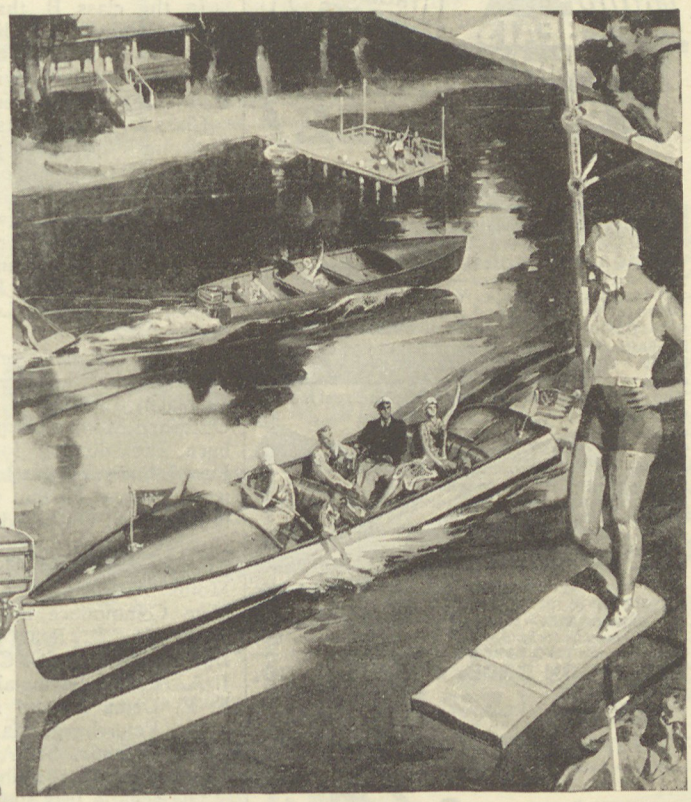

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Station B CINCINNATI, OHIO

Thomas Lipton division, open to all motors, B. E. Lamb finished second in his Brunhilde, having gained a third, sixth and fourth in the three heats. W. B. Lamb also from Jacksonville, driving Gerhilde, finished fourth, having to his credit a seventh, fourth and fifth place. Tooey finished with 1,085 points; B. E. Lamb, 957 points; Bill Frey, 800 points; W. B. Lamb, 741 points; Clayton Vogel, Miami Beach, 545 points; Harrison Frasier, 458 points; J. T. Milliken (George Knight, driver), 324 points; Frank M. Baker, Saranac Lake, N. Y., 324 points; C. W. Burks, Charlotte, S. C., 289 points; W. B. Lamb (Jim Daniels, driver), 256 points; E. W. Terry, 144 points; W. B. Lamb (Frank Sanches, driver), 121 points; Robert H. Lister, Orlando, 100 points; and Wilma Wynne, Jacksonville, 81 points.

J. T. Milliken entries from West Palm Beach and St. Louis experienced tough breaks in the Lipton race, the boats capsizing or being forced out of the running. After finishing second in the first heat, George Knight, Milliken's driver, capsized a few yards over the finish line dropping his motor. In the second heat on the following day he again renewed his membership in the Hell Divers Club. George is a veteran driver of the 151 class and after a successful season in the South with Milliken, determined to make a final showing in the Lipton race regardless of the behavior of his short speedy craft in the unusually rough waters. His determination kept the patrol boats busy.

In the class B, three heats, 15 miles, J. T. Milliken (Willis Overton, driver) won with 1,056 points; B. E. Lamb (Travis Chestnut, driver), 1,046 points; B. E. Lamb, 1,013 points.

Class C, three heats, 15 miles, won by Malcolm Pope, 1,200 points; Earl Boyer, Toledo, Ohio, 1,046 points; Col. S. Tooey, Saranac Lake, N. Y., 1,009 points.

Class D, three heats, fifteen miles, won by Jack Kerr, Winter Haven with 1,050 points; W. B. Lamb (Jim Daniels, driver), 838 points; H. M. Frazier, 821 points, and Robert Lester, Orlando, 801 points.

Among the many celebrities of the outboard world who attended, were: Hugo Biersach, director of advertising for the Outboard Motors Corporation, Don Chadburn, sales director for the same concern, Lew Johnson of the Johnson Motor Company, George Hoehn, who is secretary of the National Outboard Association, W. B. Crosby, editor of Rudder, Paul A. Carlisle, commodore of the Florida Outboard Motor Association, I. Chester Spinney, Vice Commodore and Secretary of the F. O. M. A., Rear Commodore C. W. Burks, Charlotte, S. C., Rear Commodore J. A. Hardee, Savannah, Ga., Commodores F. E. Demarest and A. D. Strum, both of St. Petersburg, Fla., Rear Commodore Jos. L. Dimne, St. Augustine, Fla., and Commodore Wm. Selby of Sarasota.

The regatta was sponsored by the Palm Beach Anglers and Sports Club under the direction of its president, V. Mason Weil and run under the auspices of the National Outboard Motor Association and the Florida Outboard Motor Association. The Sports Club was the headquarters for race officials, pilots and guests during the two days and two full nights of the regatta, where entertainment and luncheons of the highest order were provided for the regatta attendants who unanimously declared it the most successful outboard regatta ever staged in the South, even considering tempestuous Lake Worth.

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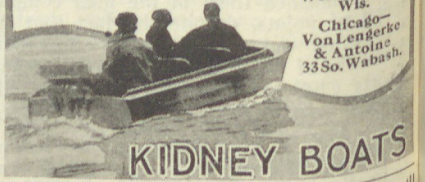

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 57)

and felt himself being dragged to the light. Still he clung with his own right hand to Belgrade's arm. A few seconds later all three lay together on the beach, fifteen feet from the opening and safe from its invisible peril.

Adam did not even lose consciousness. He was gray as plaster and helpless to move a finger, but as he gulped the fresh air, the life-hues began to steal back into his skin and the enriched blood wakened the dying tissues of his limbs. As is usually the case with temporary asphyxiation, his recovery was startlingly rapid. In five minutes he was sitting up; in ten he was working with Gort-Chil to revive Belgrade.

It developed that the chief knew how to administer a primitive sort of artificial respiration. When a boat floundered in the surf, and the paddler was hauled to shore half-drowned, the men would lie him on his back and pump his arms up and down. Sometimes, it seemed, this entreaty to the gods—arms rising and falling in supplication—would restore life. Gort-Chil had forced Belgrade to pray in this manner from the moment of his rescue from the cave, and had brought him through the first critical period when his fire was almost out.

Adam helped him finish the work, and within two hours Belgrade lay comfortably in Jim-Hull's igloo, telling his story. When he had been shut in the cavern, he had first made a futile attempt to roll away the stone; then had sat down quietly to wait developments. He had expected trouble, but he had thought it would come in some visible form. For half an hour nothing whatever had happened; then he had felt himself uncommonly sleepy. Only when he was drifting off into queer dreams had he realized that this was no ordinary sleep, and that if he wakened at all it would be in some Hereafter he had never credited. It was too late then to try to save himself, even though it were possible.

"It was a close call." Adam shivered in remembered horror. "Belgrade, what is the secret of that cave?"

Of course Belgrade did not know, but he had a plausible theory. Apparently the chamber was not lethal in the least degree except at certain stages of the tide: the remainder of the time the executioners went back and forth at will. He reasoned that there was a deep pit under the chamber, filled with some poisonous gas, possibly one of the oxides of carbon, so often found in deep wells, or more likely some other gas of volcanic origin. In the last hour of the flood tide, water-pressure in the honey-combed rocks below forced this gas into the cave through cracks in the floor; when the tide-water dropped down the vacuum sucked the gas back into the pit, leaving the cavern as innocuous as any of the hundred others along the beach. The Cro-Magnons had discovered its lethal qualities centuries before, and although they had no gleam of its secret, they used it as a chamber of execution.

"It was a close call," Belgrade echoed somberly. He lay a long time with half-closed eyes, and the conflict of emotion in his face riveted Adam's attention. "Perhaps it is a sign of some kind. I don't believe much in signs—often they are no more than coincidences—but sometimes

(Continued on page 69)

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OUTDOOR PLAYGROUNDS
section of this issue pages 53, 54, and 55
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Gun Rack and Game Fields

By Alec Mermod — *Gun Editor Outdoor America*

Some Shot Guns I Have Known

DURING the last decade there has been no decided improvement or change in the gun-making industry, and it appears as though we had reached the peak of perfection, and that there was no room for any improvement.

Still we thought the same when the first breech loaders were introduced and again when the hammerless guns became popular, followed with the automatic ejector and single trigger and later the repeating shotgun, then the automatic.

Now the shooting public has turned to the over and under type of the double barrel gun, and this style is becoming quite popular, especially among trap shooters.

As a matter of fact this type of gun is not new, for I distinctly remember an old muzzle loader which I saw and handled some fifty odd years ago which was built in this manner, only one of the barrels was rifled for single ball, which, as near as I can remember, was about 40 caliber.

Later, when muzzle loaders were thrown in the discard, one or two gun makers brought out the same type in a breech loader, but these were never popular and their manufacture was discontinued, partly revived when the Germans brought out a three barrel gun two bored for shot, laid side by side with the rifle barrel underneath.

The Charles Daly Co. of Suhl had the edge on the other makers, and I believe made the best gun of this type.

Some man more enterprising than far sighted organized the Three Barrel Gun Co., which, if I remember correctly, was located in Virginia.

This gun was advertised extensively, but the demand was limited and the company closed out.

The gun that Daly built, both hammer and hammerless, was fairly well balanced and well made, and theoretically was O. K. but in practice was not so good, especially in America, where the need of a combination rifle and shotgun is limited.

When a hunter goes out for big game he does not need a shotgun, for if he is out after deer, elk or moose, he is not going to risk a shot at feathered game, and with the three barrel type he has only one shot with the rifle when he may need several.

On the other hand, the man who is out for feathers is not apt to run across anything big enough to require the use of a rifle, so why be bothered with the extra weight?

I do not believe that the three barrel gun is being built by any of the gun makers of today.

DALL DE WEESE owned a Daly three barrel hammerless, and found it to be quite useful when on a hunting trip in Old Mexico, where fur and feathers were to be found in close proximity, but did not care for it on any of his other hunting trips.

I used this gun a few times when duck shooting, and while I had fair success I found the gun not so well balanced as a standard double barrel.

Some forty years ago a double barrel gun was placed on the market and widely advertised, which was different from any other gun made before or since, in as much as the barrels shifted to one side instead of dropping down.

This gun was made by The Fox Gun Co., but I do not believe there was any connection between that company and the one in existence at the present time.

I saw and handled this gun at one of the local gun stores, but I did not get to try one out in the field, nor do I know of any shooter owning one of them.

I can not recall just what the manufacturers claimed for the Fox, but there was a decided disadvantage over the "tip up" style, for it was much more inconvenient to manipulate.

At any rate the gun did not prove popular, and was off the market in a year or two. If any of our readers have owned one of these old style Fox guns, I would like to hear from them.

I often wonder what has become of all the guns of different makes which only had a short run, for in all my wanderings I have not seen a side shift Fox, and have only seen one Burgess repeating shotgun during the past thirty years, and have run across only three Spencers.

The Burgess repeating shotgun was beautifully balanced, and very symmetrical in shape, but it was not easy to operate, and frequently jammed. Instead of the lever action of the first Winchester gun, or the under the barrel trombone action of the later models, the repeating mechanism was operated by a false grip.

Another repeater of symmetrical appearance was the one made and introduced by Charles Young, the well known veteran trap shot. Owing to lack of capital and insufficient advertising this gun had a short run.

THE Spencer being the first repeating shotgun on the market created some interest and the early sales encouraged the manufacturers into the belief that they had a gold mine, but when the Winchester Company brought out their first repeater, which was a lever action, the sales of the Spencer dropped off pretty fast, and when later Winchester came along with the trombone action model 1893, it was "good night" to the noisy, clumsy Spencer.

I wonder if there are many of our

—the man who is out for feathers—

readers who have seen a double barrel shotgun bearing the name of Winchester Repeating Arms Co. I know of only two men in St. Louis besides myself who even knew there was such a gun.

As a youngster I studied all the gun catalogs from cover to cover, and thought I was familiar with the name and make of every shotgun, rifle and pistol, but nowhere did I see any mention made of a Winchester shotgun, so, of course, there wasn't any such gun.

In the spring of 1886 while waiting in Canon City, Colorado, for a load of freight, I was invited by the local blacksmith, named Hyde, to go duck shooting, and it is needless to say that I didn't hesitate in accepting. As he was putting his gun in the wagon, I asked what make of gun he was shooting, and when he said Winchester, I asked how many ducks he expected to kill with a rifle. To this he replied, "I'm not using a rifle, this is a double barrel shotgun." "Can't be," says I, "Winchester doesn't make shotguns," and I was not convinced until he took the gun out of the case and "showed me."

From what I have learned, this gun was not made in the Winchester factory, but was built for them by one of the manufacturers of shotguns under the name of Winchester, to enable that company to compete with another concern who made one of the best shotguns of that time. At any rate this gun was O. K. and was up to the standard of quality of other arms bearing the name of Winchester.

There is another gun which just this minute appears in my mind's eye, about which very little is known. This was a double barrel repeater, the invention of a man by the name of Ostrander, who lived out on the West coast. I happen to know something about this gun, for a friend of mine bought the patents, and wanted me to go in with him in its manufacture and sale. This chap was very much enthused over the idea of a four shot double barrel gun, and brought out two for my inspection and trial, but after trying them out and finding that neither gun would function more than about half the time, I decided that I did not care to go into the matter any further.

We submitted the guns to one of the best gunsmiths in the country, and his report was that the mechanism looked like the parts of a dismantled alarm clock. My friend was not convinced by these adverse reports, and spent considerable time and money trying to perfect the monstrosity. These guns were poorly balanced and clumsy in appearance, as the two extra shells were carried in the frame just beneath the chambers, consequently the frame forward of the trigger guard was quite thick and awkward looking.

While the original owners of the patents placed a few of these guns on the market, and advertised in a few of the magazines for a short time, I do not believe that a single gun was sold east of the Rockies.

It has always been a source of regret to me that I did not save the old catalogs of forty odd years ago, which described and illustrated so many firearms of all kinds which have been off the market for so many years, and forgotten by most of us.

As far back as I can remember there were just three things which interested me, a gun, a dog and a horse, but the gun came first, and, from studying the catalogs and advertisements, and by visiting the gun stores at every opportunity, I became familiar with every make of firearm on the market, and I know that I made life miserable for many of the salesmen, though as a rule they were very patient with me.

There are two men whose names will always recall pleasant memories (peace to their ashes), Harry Ackhurst, with the Meacham Arms Co., and George Rawlings, with C. and W. McClean, for these two men seemed to be able to spare considerable time showing and explaining the merits of the various guns carried in their stocks.

I recall a gun which was introduced along in the early 80's. The advertisements were about as follows, "The Bonehill Complete Gun," *Twenty-five dollars.* "Full Pistol grip, Rebounding locks, Dolls head plungers, Matted, Extended rib, Solid through lump, Circular hammers below the line of sight."

I certainly wanted one of these guns, for at that time I was shooting a 16 gauge pin fire gun of Belgian make.

Along about this time the Baker gun appeared, which was about the same as any of the others except that instead of the top, or side lever, the gun was broken by pushing forward on the front trigger, but this action was decidedly unpopular, and was discarded in a short time, for accidental discharges were frequent.

The Gun Cabinet

Mention will be made from time to time in this column of new firearms, ammunition and other articles of interest to the lovers of gun and dog.

Where it is possible the Gun Editor will give each rifle, pistol or shotgun a thorough tryout and will express his personal opinion and experience.

He has no axe to grind other than to give to our readers the benefit of his knowledge obtained by his many years in the field.

The address of the firms making the various articles can be secured through OUTDOOR AMERICA.—Editor.

Here is a real gun at a price within the means of any hunter who has the time to indulge in his hobby. It is one of the new ones brought out this year, and should meet with a ready sale among the shooters who favor the double gun.

It is being made in the following gauges and lengths. 410-26"; 20 gauge, 28"; 16 gauge, 28" and 30"; 12 gauge, 28", 30" and 32".

Standard boring, unless otherwise ordered, left barrel, full choke; right barrel, modified choke.

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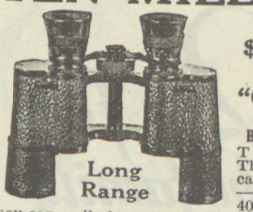

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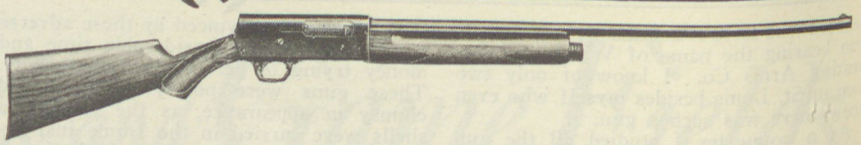
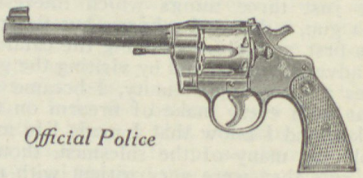


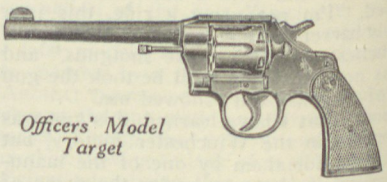
At last we are to have an "honest to goodness" 20 gauge auto loading shotgun, which will be a boon to the hunter favoring this type of gun but desires the smaller bore, and objects to the weight of the heavier 12 gauge for upland shooting.

The makers announce that this gun will be in the hands of the dealers by the middle of June or first of July.

The stock and fore-end of this new gun is of dark American walnut, handsomely checked. The pistol grip is well shaped and feels comfortable to the hand. At present, the barrels will be 26" and 28" only, the 28" being standard. Weight, about 6¾ pounds.



Official Police



Officers' Model Target

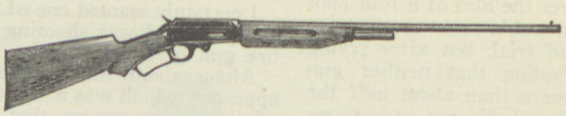
Two new revolvers have appeared which will find a long felt want among the pistol cranks, who have been clamoring for just this type of target revolver for the past thirty years.

These revolvers are 22 caliber built on the 41 frame, one being the counterpart of the Official Police, and the other is the Officers' Model Target Revolver.

Both guns have a six-inch barrel, length over all 11¼ inches, checked walnut stocks and checked trigger, and weigh 38 ounces.

The Officers' Model is equipped with sights adjustable for elevation and windage.

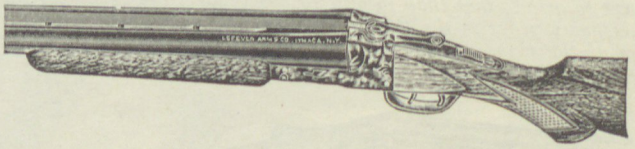
The makers have certainly taken a step in the right direction, for up till this time pistol shooters who desired the 22 caliber were handicapped when changing from the 38 on account of the difference in weight and balance.



The popularity of this small gauge has increased to such an extent that sportsmen have demanded something a little better than the original single barrel which proved the efficacy of the 410, consequently the manufacturers decided to bring out their new repeater, which has already become very popular.

This new gun makes a neat appearance with its black walnut stock and large fore end, weighs about six pounds and is chambered for the 2½-inch case.

While primarily this gun is intended to be used with a shot cartridge, it is very effective on game up to the size of deer when the solid ball cartridge is used.



Now that the trap shooting season is in full sway, lovers of this sport are getting ready, and thoughts are turning to something new in the way of a gun. For a number of years guns built especially for trap shooting have been priced beyond the means of a vast number of trap shooting enthusiasts, but now we have a new one, built right and priced at such a low figure that any one who can afford to shoot at the traps at all can afford one of these guns. Bored to make an ideal pattern, well balanced and comfortable to handle, either at the trap or in the field, fitted with large beaver tail fore-end, ventilated rib, ivory front and rear sights and soft rubber recoil pad.

Dimensions as follows: Barrels, 30 or 32 inch; length of stock, 14½ inches; drop at heel, 1⅞ inches; drop at comb, 1½ inches. These specifications are standard, and the gun will not be furnished with any changes.

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 65)

they are really shadows of coming events. Be that as it may, I'm going to take the warning."

He paused. Adam did not interrupt.

"You may be right, I may be wrong. I've been wrong once or twice before, for instance about that Grimaldi skull-cap in Croatia. Perhaps these people are worth preserving. Besides—and I'll be frank—I think it entirely likely that you are enough of a fanatic to hold out to the end. Even on the tenth day, you'd still hold out against me."

He glanced up at Adam for confirmation, and the American nodded. It was true that he would have held out to the end. If Belgrade did not promise to keep secret his discoveries, the ship would sail home without him. Adam would not have yielded even in the last bitter hour.

"I knew it. I knew it all the time. So you can have your way, Weismann. I give you my word as a scientific man—in the name of science, which is the only god I know—that I will withhold all knowledge of these people from the world."

Adam nodded, gravely. "I'm sorry it was so hard. You understand that I make the same promise to you. Now I'll go and start work on the ship."

He walked out the door, but not as a conqueror. His head was bent and his step lagged.

X

Dian was waiting for Adam in her igloo. She knew what had happened at first sight of his face. "You are going?" she asked quickly.

"Right away, Dian. Belgrade has agreed to my terms." He spoke in low tones.

The girl did not flinch. She never seemed so tall, proud, and brave. Yet her face was stark pale, and her eyes lustrous with hidden tears. "I will send word that my men no longer stand guard over the winged ship."

"Perhaps I can come back, in a year or two."

She smiled dimly, sadly. "You will never come back, Tall One. Your own world will hold you, and some one's arms will hold you too. Perhaps you will forget Dian in this lost land behind the Ice."

"I will never forget you." His voice gathered power.

"I don't want you to. I want to steal into your thoughts, even though I can't steal into your arms, and when the moon is full and the wind blows warm, I want you to long for me. And I want to come to you in your dreams in the dark, and go away before you waken, as our wild geese pass unseen in the fall nights."

She spoke steadily, in a low clear voice. He listened to her as in a dream already, a sad poetic dream such as come occasionally even to plain men like him, the echo of a lost splendor in some unkenned pre-existence. Yet she was not speaking fancifully, but literally. According to her primitive conceptions, thoughts and dreams are not the processes of one's mind, but visitations from without. She meant that she would mystically visit Adam; that some occult side of herself would be with him at certain times and make herself known to him.

"You won't be afraid to cross the ice and the sea?" he asked.

"The Dian that you see now, whose arms are around you, cannot come. She must remain with her people. But her shadow-self, her shadow-spirit that flits beside her on the ground in bright sunlight, and looks up at her out of clear springs—she can go beyond all the ice and beyond all the seas, and find you no matter where you go. You need only to call her, and she will come."

"I'll call every day." It seemed natural to fall in with her pagan beliefs. "But what will I do when I want Dian herself?"

"What will Dian do when she wants her Tall One? She will call to you, but only your shadow-spirit can come to her, and even this will soon steal away. And your love-spirit—for there is always three in one, as the Sacred Tripod shows—is stealing away now. Tall One, you have cheated Dian. Your love-spirit is hers—your heart promised it in secret to Dian's heart, when your arms were about her—but you break that promise. Why didn't you stand with Dian before the First Fire, and speak the Old Words, as Dian wanted you to do?"

"You know why. Because I saw that we would have to part so soon. And it would have made our parting all the harder, you know that." He looked at her in growing amazement. "Dian, surely you are glad I didn't, now that I have to leave you."

"Why should I be glad, Tall One? Why should I be happy that I have missed happiness? Your ways are different from our ways. The moon has turned her face, since that night: seven days and seven nights we could have had each other. Seeing Dian's happiness in your arms, perhaps the gods would now be good to her, and not take her husband away from her but even if they did take him, beyond the farthest Ice, his love might remain. Perhaps it would only be a ghost, to come to Dian in dreams, but perhaps, when spring comes again, it would take flesh and blood, to bless Dian, and drink of the Gold and Silver Bowls."

Adam kissed the trembling lips. "Our ways are different from your ways. If I had said the Old Words to you, I couldn't leave you now. I would have stayed here always."

"And you said no to Dian, and put her aside, so that you would be free to go?"

"Yes. I suppose that's what it means."

"It was a choice, then, between staying here with Dian, and returning to your own world. You love Dian, but you love your world better?"

"I hadn't thought about it just that way . . . I suppose that's what it comes to, in the end." Adam seemed suddenly baffled and darkened. "Yet it isn't wholly a matter of what I love. I wish I could make you understand—"

"You could, if you understood yourself. Your lips against mine would make it plain. But you don't understand—I can see it in your face."

"Perhaps not. I only know I'm doing what seems to be the wise thing. It isn't what I desire—I don't dare listen to my desires—but what my good sense, perhaps I'd better say my preconceived ideas, advise me to do. I'm trying to be frank with you, Dian, as you always are with me. You know I belong to a different world than this—a world of books and cities and tame civilized life. Don't you see I can't give up that world for this savage world of yours?"

"Is there some one calling you back, some one you love more than Dian?" She searched his face. "No, there is no one. If there was, I could understand—"

"There is no one, Dian. If I did what

(Continued on page 75)

GOOD NEWS!

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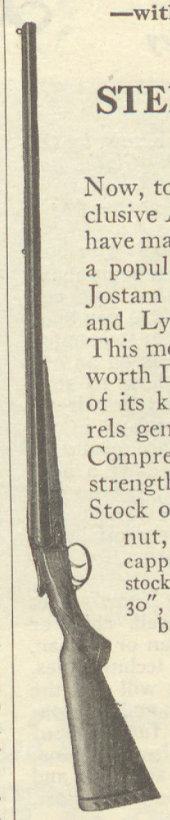

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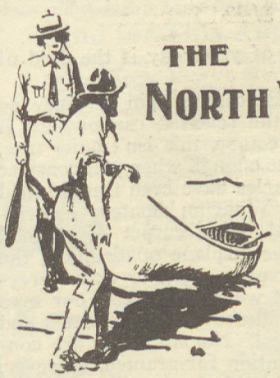

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Outdoor Literature

Assistant Reviewer
Ralph Cheyney

Reviewed By
Thomas Ambrose

WHAT EVERYONE OUGHT TO KNOW, *by Oliver T. Osborne, M. D.—Cloth, gold stamped — 313 pages — Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill.—1929—$2.50.*

DO you know what to do if you burn yourself when cooking a camp meal? Or get ivy poisoning? Or develop a cold from sleeping out-o'-doors? Do you know how long you can safely stay in swimming? What clothes you should wear on an outdoor trip? Do you know how to stave off the various "ills the flesh is heir to" so you can enjoy your holidays in the open to the full? There are plenty of books on first aid; you may have a book on exercises in your library; but do you know where to turn for the information you need in order to keep yourself in the pink of health and fit condition for outdoor sports?

"What Everyone Ought to Know" gives you these facts. Sick or well, child or grownup, at work or play, man or woman, here without theories or technicalities, sensationalism or scares, you will find the latest reliable word on growth and development, nutrition and foods, functions of the body, the mouth, exercise, infection, habits, prevention of disease, accidents and poisons, nostrums and quackery—in short, health.

R. C.

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION, *by John Goldstrom—Illustrated with fifty photographs—cloth, gold stamped—319 pages—The Macmillan Company, New York, 1930—$4.00.*

THE dream of yesterday is the deed of today.

The romancer cannot spin a fancy so fantastic that the scientist cannot turn it into fact. Of course, this isn't quite true, but it seems true enough when you consider how many miracles have been transformed into machines. What an amateur contrivance the fabled flying carpet of Bagdad seems beside the airplane quadrupling the speed of the express train or ocean greyhound—and yet we seldom raise our eyes to see this fulfillment of the dreams and schemes of ages! Not all of us are content to take aviation for granted, however, and for them this big book will prove full of fascination, presenting as it does in popular but fact-packed style the whole panorama of man's taking wing.

The sagas of the American air mail and of transoceanic flights, the heroic and active role which women have played in aviation, the history of the circum-aviation of the world and a survey of recent progress and present status of mankind's riding the air above the clouds are woven into the tapestry of this true epic by one who has himself played an important part in the history he unfolds. Since man has conquered earth and air, he may yet conquer disease and war, poverty and even himself and the era which sees him up in the air literally may yet witness his figuratively being so no longer.

R. C.

NATURE NARRATIVES, *by Austin H. Clark —Boards, 5" x 7⅜" — 135 pages — The Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore, Md. $1.00.*

HALF a hundred newspaper sketches by the curator of the Smithsonian Institution originally issued through the NEA syndicate which range in subject from eleven foot earthworms to butterflies that are fragrant, noisy butterflies and butterflies men eat. Most of these factful essays concern reptiles, fishes or insects. As the title-page says "Vol. 1," a later volume may climb higher on the rotary tower of evolution, and we look forward with pleasure to reading it.

R. C.

DAN BEARD'S BUCKSKIN BOOK FOR BUCKSKIN MEN AND BOYS, *by Dan Beard, National Scout Commissioner, B.S.A., with 91 illustrations by the author—Cloth, 6" x 8½"—363 pages—One of the Woodcraft Series—J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia—1929—$3.50.*

A FASCINATING how-to book in which the veteran author continues his task of Dan Bearding the whole outdoors, by the beard of the prophet, to the profit of Beard. Herein are set forth how to make snowshoes, moccasins, bow-horses, necklaces, leggins, Indian pipes, Buffalo Bill gauntlets, Eskimo sleds, traps and knives for the adornment or convenience of the outer man (or boy) and baked beans, barbecue and burgoo for the delight of the inner. How to follow a trace, measure time and distance without instruments and keep yourself from getting lost in the wilderness are also told. Seriously, there are few men alive who have done as much as Beard to waken boys to the love of the outdoors, to cheerful obedience to the laws of nature and to the joyous spending of many healthful, constructive hours in outdoor activities.

R. C.

TELLING ON THE TROUT, *by Edward Ringwood Hewitt, Author of "Secrets of the Salmon"—Cloth, 5½" x 8¼"—15 illustrations, including photographs and diagrams—216 pages—New and revised edition, 1930—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York—$2.50.*

THIS new edition of a book that has won warm respect from those who pay court to the aristocrats of fishdom and that gives away many family secrets about the trout brings such important new material that even the students of trout-lore who possess the 1926 edition should read the new one of 1930. Trout fishing is to E. R. Hewitt an art and a science, not a mere contest where results are all that count or a religion with fixed rites and sacrosanct ceremonies departure from which should bring down on the heretic's head holy wrath and excommunication from the pious fellowship of the rod and reel. His extension of the scientific spirit into even a hobby makes his work especially interesting and valuable.

Tables showing safe pull of rods in various positions, strength of gut, etc., add to the value of this book which makes no pretensions to being a trout fishing manual but does succeed in being a stimulating body of facts and suggestions.

A chapter on "Vision of the Trout" is particularly interesting, though very brief, supplementing the chapter on what fish see which enhanced so greatly the interest of Hewitt's, "The Secrets of the Salmon."

MY LIFE WITH ANIMALS, *by George F. Morse, Former Director Boston Zoological Park and Boston Aquarium, Chicago Zoological Society and John G. Shedd Aquarium Society — Cloth, 5½" x 8¾", 29 photographs, 20 drawings by Don Nelson—196 pages—Thomas S. Rockwell Co., Chicago, 1930—$200.*

WHETHER it be the shiver down your spine when the caged lion roars or the family likeness you see in the monkey house, the oddness of that perambulating hillock, the elephant, or the gentle, dreamy expression of the fleetfoot deer, the zoo is full of thrills for us all.

So, naturally, is this engagingly informal, entertainingly graphic and engrossingly adventure-packed book about animals at wild and in the zoo by a man who has shown himself their true friend. It should increase the enjoyment of trips to the zoo on the part of those on each side of the bars. It leads you to see the zoo as a home and not a jail (despite the zebras' striped prison suits) and, on the other hand, to refrain from feeding the animals or giving chewing-gum to some rare bird.

From this first autobiographical book by an American zoo executive you learn that the most dangerous animals in the zoo are male deer in the mating season, that newborn kangaroos are only one and one-sixteenth inches long and thinner than a lead pencil. You learn that an elephant fears a mouse not because the "wee, sleekit, timorous, cowerin' beastie" could run up its trunk, which it could *not*, but because it does gnaw the horn-like gristle on the bottom of the elephant's feet. You become aware that animals can and do reason, the most intelligent animals in the order of intelligence being the higher apes, elephants, horses and dogs.

We see Morse as a boy playing with snakes, building and stocking a fish pond, emptying a barber shop by carrying pet skunks into it and growing up into a man who catches poisonous snakes and sets the broken leg of a tame moose while the suffering animal nibbles at his hair trustingly. He sees two buck deer battle grimly and in a furious rush at each other, lock antlers inseparably with a clash that can be heard a quarter mile away. He has many narrow escapes from lions, leopards, and other fierce animals. He is remembered during months of absence by a moose, a lion and other distant cousins of mankind.

Remembering how one of the most congenial friends we made in a certain city was a bare-eyed cockatoo who remembered us while we were away for six months and flew with joy to us from the far end of a large outdoor enclosure on our return, we hope Mr. Morse will soon give us another book and include in it more about the birds of the zoo. Won't you please, Mr. Morse, add to your Who's Zoo in Zooville?

R. C.

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"Unaccustomed as I am—

"I...er, er...a...don't know just what to say on the subject."
"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."
"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."
"Er...that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."

...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

* * *

For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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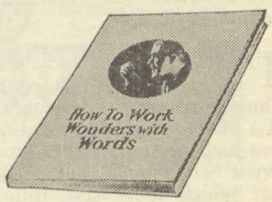

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor Outdoor America*

Skyliners and Real Bird Dogs

AS in everything else, we are with our sporting dogs attracted by extremes. High class bird dogs offer a striking example of this tendency because of the many bewildering phases they present. Especially at this time, is everything timely about skyliners and real bird dogs because there is considerable criticism at present of field trials. There is particularly the questioning as to whether the typical big going trial winner is a bird dog in every sense of the word or not. This leads gradually up to the subject of what some prognosticate as the eventual dividend in worth of the Llewellyn strain of English setter, and their losing their prestige as bird dogs because of their running and ranging ability surpassing their actual bird work.

The development of the modern field trial dog, pointer as well as setter, is coming to be influenced by this possibility and is worth reviewing briefly. As soon as field trials began going in big swing, the spectacular type of work began to dominate. Running, ranging and so-called style, whether real or negligible insofar as it pertained to bird work, began to command attention and this tendency increased rapidly. Immediately dogs were lined or often closely inbred from the runners and rangers to produce offspring with the same desired class. Accordingly, most of the judging of field trials suffered the same effects as the dogs, because the judges had to judge field trials and not field trial dogs.

With the coming of the modern racer, those connected with the sport either through the press or as breeders or active participants in trials failed to put on the necessary brakes for common sense when needed. On the contrary, if these senseless, big goers ran fast and always at the extremes of the courses, they gained merit over the animals with just as much speed but whose great hunting instinct and bird brain commanded them to hunt in fertile looking bird country close in front of them before they reached out for territories beyond.

PROFESSIONAL field trial trainers in their training reacted to the likes of the judges and the owners of contestants. To make range paramount, first the trainers had to handle from mounts so the dog went wider and then they mastered the art which they have followed ever since of driving the dogs still wider and wider with voice and whistle.

This was all done to produce a dog that showed its great going far away from the judges instead of its bird brain and class anywhere near them. And dogs that perform always away from the judges and spectators with speed and running style are what we call skyliners, and unfortunately they are judged by speed and range far away instead of being credited with working out sensibly territory which is probably productive very near the judges, before they reach out for other worlds to conquer.

The worst of all features is that the press are favorably impressed by the big going and report a dog's ground work as perfect when he lets valuable close territory escape him just to show big out on the skyline and perhaps have the luck to point there.

THERE is, of course, an amazing attraction in watching the big going dogs, but whether the press knows it or not (they never give publicity to it), the driven system for the most part has produced the greatest crop of the cutest blinkers of birds that ever existed. And frankly I do not believe the press does realize this, for their position in the events close up to the judges prevents either them or the judges discovering it. Facts are irrefutable concerning the modern driven skyliners. They blink most times when out of sight because they simply react to the command to go at all hazards and keep going when the whistle or raucous voice sounds in their ears.

In the last few years I have purposely witnessed several field trials of prominence out of sight of judges, spectators and handlers. I wanted to study the modern handled field trial dog, especially his deportment out on the skyline and then to learn later what he did on paper. When I speak of the modern field trial dog, I class those back quite a goodly number of years. I found many and many a dog blinked openly and cutely, and also many and many a bevy was flushed which could not be seen either by the judges, the spectators or the press.

When beyond sight of the judges and the gallery the dogs ran more than anything else and showed a dearth of bird brains and bird handling ability. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but I want to get at the weaknesses of the high class skyliners of today. Furthermore, these skyliners that are so cute at blinking and flushing when far from judgment also blink in running. They keep on running but they do not show half so much speed as when they are near their handlers.

NOT so many years ago a man at an eastern trial excited my curiosity when inadvertently away from the judges I saw him squatted in the fork of a tree with a pair of field glasses, taking in all the running. Knowing him I asked him the reason he was there and he told me frankly he wanted to see what the dogs did out of sight of the judges, and he discovered a lot! His findings were the same as mine.

At one of the trials recently in a puppy stake I fully realized how strong a hold the skyliner had taken on the field trial crowd. Two young setters obviously were in every way the outstanding contestants, both of them bitches. One was decidedly a bird dog with lots of range and speed, and with a formidable bird brain development for her brief experience. She worked out every bit of the birdy territory of her course to its limits without once cutting back to her handler, because she found ample opportunities to engage herself in this during the brief twenty minutes' heat. She possessed style galore, as well as common sense.

Her competitor raced straight out to the left from her handler, continued on until she looked small on the skyline where, for ten minutes, she raced around in circles on the trail of a pheasant and remained at this until the heat was over. She was placed over the more capable of the two, and this decision was actually endorsed by the press. This is not said to condemn the judges nor the press, but rather to show how the far racing of a runner absorbs their interest so much that they fail to see meritorious work happening before their eyes and appreciate it.

Sometimes it is laughable to read the accounts of the trials held at certain places, with the announcement that few birds were on the course. Gaze over these courses, and the unprejudiced will tell immediately that they were courses selected to run dogs on and not for opportunities to show bird handling and bird brains. They are ideal places to show the skyliners, and nothing else.

Unless this is the truth, why are courses chosen which any man who knows a thing about quails or chickens will tell you will

A fine type of modern pointer.

not hold the presence of birds except now and then? The least hazardous weather, the migration of hawks or a hailstorm would quickly put all birds out of it to a certainty. The least warm spell in fall on these bare or nearly bare courses where skyliners shine so brilliantly is marked by an absence of birds.

Our skyliners now start with the puppy trials. In quite a number of localities courses are especially selected for these interesting events, so that the brilliantly dashing and ranging youngster can be seen all the time during its gallop. This is carried on into the derby age.

In the all-age period the skyliner reaches his ultimate field trial development and to produce his greatest going and speed as well as maintain it through his public career, he is worked in short spells and while he may be steady to wing and shot, as well as point, not too many opportunities are given him for this, since immense attention to bird work which can be produced only by long sieges at bird finding might take away some of the much desired class. This is the reason that trainers of field trial dogs rarely hold up one of their charges to work out every single bird of a scattered bevy.

The blinking of bird dogs far away from the judges is not the only fault of skyliners; they are rarely caught at it but they constantly blink cover. A great many of them are put down so seldom, especially to work likely cover, that they do not know how to run in it. Many of them become lost in it, many perform their going like over-animated jumping jacks, and others simply give it no attention but rush right through sedge, thick ragweed patches, or tall shinnery, as though the thought of a bird being there could not at the time possibly be in their minds.

Now for the real bird dog, then I ask you yourselves to decide for which a real bird dog was destined and what the public demands instead of a small coterie. No one has a greater admiration for speed and range in a bird dog than the writer. He is attracted by this spectacular performance when there is dash to the dog's style of going always associated with it, and when the dog shows bird brains and positive ability to handle birds capably, whether in light or thick cover.

When a dog points he must have the birds as if they were right under his nose and not guess about it nor permit the birds to run, such as you see the skyliner do, when its handler has to work around in large circles before the birds can be flushed. The dog must point scattered birds when it is demanded of him. He must work out the cover in front of him rapidly, high headed and not cut back to his handler. Keep straight away from the handler, always reaching out for more fertile opportunities and ignoring ground that would never conceal a bird, and all of this must be accomplished without any driving of whistle or voice.

If a dog has not the go in him without being forced to do it, he can hardly be called a dog with great bird instincts. This is the dog which the public wants to stand out ahead of the skyliner. Such a dog will never blink cover or birds.

The best tests of the merits of the two can be made with a pair of strictly shooting dogs after a skyliner and a really classy bird dog have run a heat. The answer will be in the number of birds found in the country the skyliner has covered and in the one the real shooting dog has been over. You can bet your last dollar that there will be few left to be discovered in the country the real all-age bird dog has traversed that he has not already found.

USUALLY A ONE MAN'S DOG

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My one and one-half year old Chesapeake dog, Prince Diver, has apparently learned one of his lessons beyond the acme of perfection, for he seems to be developing into a regular tramp. He "heels" to anybody and everybody who happens to pass the house, and as a result three or four times a week I have to pick him up at various points throughout the Twin Cities. What solution can you suggest?

J. R. FRY, JR.,
Andover, Mass.

Dear Mr. Fry:

You can break the dog of following others by enlisting five or six different friends to help you. Have them call him as they pass by and then switch him across the front legs just as he gets to them. Two or three days of this ought to break the habit. Chesapeakes are usually more of a one man's dog than any other breed.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WATCH FOR WORMS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am writing you to see if you know what is the matter with my eight months old Chesapeake Bay retriever. He had distemper when he was two months old, and now for almost three months his eyes have had a yellow discharge in them all the time. I should be grateful for your advice.

JESSE E. SNIDER,
Republican City, Neb.

Dear Mr. Snider:

Watch dog's quarters to see there is no dust or anything that might irritate his eyes, or that he is not kept near unusual heat. He ought, of course, to have a warm place, but not too warm.

Bathe eyes well three times a day with a saturated solution of boracic acid and distilled water.

Watch for worms. He ought to be wormed twice a year at least.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A CORN CURE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Can you give me any advice on the treatment for corns between a hound dog's toes?

GARRY S. FULLER,
Guilderland Center, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Fuller:

Apply a 50 per cent solution of acetic acid three times a day, and after each treatment dust with boracic acid.

OZARK RIPLEY.

NOT SO GOOD

Dear Ozark Ripley:

What is your opinion of breeding a Lewellyn Setter to an Irish Setter? Do you think that one could expect a good bird dog, providing both dogs were full blooded?

In breeding this way what color would the puppies be?

LEO SCHNEIDER,
Clinton, Okla.

Dear Mr. Schneider:

You can't expect much from breeding a great bird dog breed like Llewellyn, to a somewhat inferior breed such as the Irish Setter. Your chances are to go backward.

Colors may come liver and white, orange and white, black and white, black white and tan, or possibly black.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PROBABLY HOOK WORMS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My three months old springer spaniel pup has what I believe to be barking and running fits, which come on him every three or four days. He slobbers, barks, and seeks a corner in which to get out of sight. In his first spell, he fell over on the floor, trembled, got limp, frothed at the mouth and was apparently in a dying condition. Since then I have wormed him twice. Though he still has the spells they are of a shorter duration and not so severe. Can you recommend anything else for me to do for him?

A. BEEZLEY,
Imperial, Nebr.

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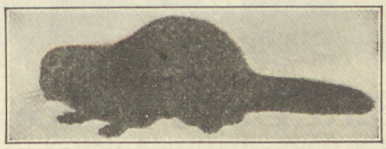

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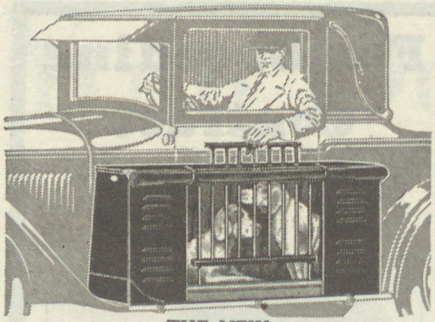

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Dear Mr. Beezley:

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After that put him on a diet of which two-thirds is fresh, well cooked meat and the rest vegetables and cereals.

OZARK RIPLEY.

CLOSE BREEDING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Please give me your opinion of breeding a dog with one of its own pups, 2 years old. I think that is breeding them too close. The dogs are high class and have fine pedigrees.

MRS. K. D. WILGUS,
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Wilgus:

Ordinarily such a process in breeding is not to be commended but sometimes remarkably capable offspring come from it. But no one can foretell what the youngsters will turn out to be from such a mating. Usually the weak qualities of the dam and sire are found in the get.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MANGE AGAIN

Dear Ozark:

We have a Cocker Spaniel pup 6 months old. He had kennel lice which we got rid of, but he scratches and digs and bites himself all the time. Two veterinaries have recommended different dips which we have tried to no avail. The pup's skin has no blemish on it, is clean and nothing apparently wrong with it. Some people say dogs can have blood mange. Is this the case?

A. E. HANCOCK,
Columbia City, Ind.

Dear Mr. Hancock:

Doubtless a case of ordinary mange is developing. There is no such thing as blood mange, but eczema is sometimes called that. Every third day wash your dog in warm water to which baking soda has been added. When dry, rub in following ointment and give dog a clean place in which to roll. Two quarts cottonseed oil, 4 oz. sulphur, 4 oz. alum, 2 oz. boracic acid, 2 tablespoonfuls iodine, 2 tablespoonfuls turpentine. Rub in every part, every three days until well. Avoid heating foods, and destroy all old bedding on which dog has lain.

SKIN DISEASE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a ten-year-old short-haired registered airedale which has led a miserable life for the last year or more on account of an extremely troublesome skin disease which, I am informed locally, is not mange. This disease seems to start in general near the base of the tail and will gradually proceed right up his back, the hair coming out in a decidedly obnoxious and noxious manner, and giving the dog unbelievable torment in the way of itching.

Someone advised me that probably he was eating too much bread, so he has not had any of that for a year or more, but I am sure it has not made any great difference.

Perhaps I should add that if you pull it the hair will come out in clumps, with a considerable amount of corruption at the roots.

E. GORDON BILL,
Hanover, N. H.

Dear Mr. Bill:

Whenever the skin trouble shows up keep all heating cereals, such as cornmeal, away from the dog. Give it meat, letting this be about 75% of the diet. Administer internally ten drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic twice a day for thirty days. Rub into the troublesome places an ointment made as follows:

Olive or cotton seed oil, one quart; powdered sulphur, four ounces; powdered alum, four ounces; boracic acid, four ounces; coal oil, four tablespoons; iodine, two tablespoonfuls. Mix and work in well every three days, giving the dog a clean place in which to roll after applying.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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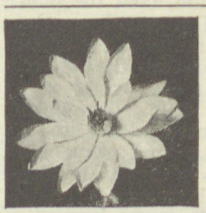

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The Vanished People

(Continued from page 69)

my heart tells me, I would never leave you. But to go into lifelong exile—"

"Perhaps I don't know what exile means. In our language we have the saying *ug veljon.* It means 'away from home' or 'of the dwelling forbidden,' just as *ug paddrin* means 'of fatherhood forbidden.' But it cannot be the same."

"It's practically the same."

"It can't be. We would never say a man was *'ug veljon'* if he were with his mate, even though he had taken her beyond the great river where the Og-Ree live. Home, to us, is not the igloo where we were born, but where the heart goes to dwell. If I went with you beyond the Ice, I would be home, but my people would be *ug veljon,* because the one they love best would be gone from them."

"Our ways are not your ways, Dian. We can't follow our hearts, we civilized people—we must do what our wisdom says though it may be a false wisdom."

"Since you must go, I pray to the Moon my mother that you are not making a mistake. I could not bear to think of your face dark with sadness. But mine will be sad a long time, Tall One. When I look to the North, the warm wind will blow tears into my eyes."

Meanwhile the engine work went smoothly forward. Belgrade's hands were deft, his mechanical knowledge considerable, and with the help of the bronze-workers of the village, the broken oil-line was soon repaired.

Certain minor adjustments of the motor were yet to be made, but Belgrade could not get at them at once. There came an astonishing interruption. Half a mile away, Adam caught sight of a human figure hurrying toward him.

Although the native was struggling hard, he could not seem to make speed. He lurched from side to side, and as Adam stared, reeled and fell heavily. He got up at once, swayed uncertainly, staggered like a drunken man, and ran forward again. Running and falling, he made his frantic way down the river bank. Adam threw down his tools and ran to meet him.

Even now, before he saw the blood streaking the tribesman's face, he sensed that events of tremendous import were pending. The Wings of Fate were beating close about his head: news was coming that would affect his whole life. It might be that he would not fly with Belgrade today, after all. At this thought, his heart began to batter his ribs, but whether with relief or dismay he did not know.

He intercepted the man at the foot of the village street. Under the clotted blood and sand, Adam recognized Strong Spear, one of the tribal chiefs. He had been seriously hurt: an ugly gash over one eye had bared the bone of his skull, and he had a dozen other cuts and wounds.

Adam's first impulse was to stop him and treat his injuries, but the man waved him aside. *"Og-Ree* quimo," he gasped, as he sobbed for breath. *"Og-Ree* quimo."

He reeled and almost fell, but now several of the villagers were supporting him, and Adam saw no way to help him. His injuries might be a minor matter anyway, compared to the tidings he had brought. Adam did not fail to notice the sensation that his sobbed-out cries created among the tribesmen. He was never to forget the look of intense excitement that leaped from face to face.

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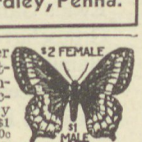

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ARCHERY supplies, tool for feathering arrows $1.50, Port Orford Cedar Arrows $2.75 to $4.00 doz. Flax bow strings 25c. Lemonwood bows $6.00. H. Wayte, 919 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CHOICE Yew Bows—Staves—Arrows. Sell reasonable or exchange for firearms. J. N. Smithson, Enla, Ore.

YEW Bows—Hunting, flight and target arrows. Highest quality. Reasonable prices. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-6)

YEW Bows, $7.00 up. Yew billets, $2.50 up. Catalogue. Olympic Archery Shop, Port Angeles, Wash. (3-7)

ARCHERY Raw Materials. Geo. Brommers, Box 1164, San Pedro, California. (3-8)

Automobile Supplies

BOON to motorists—preserve and keep finish on top and body of your car looking new by using "Weatherguard." Gives beautiful lustrous polish, makes old finishes look like new. Fine for guns, rods, etc. ½ pound can "Weatherguard," ¼ pound can "Nickeline," highest grade metal polish, six yards polishing cloth, postpaid $1.00. Results guaranteed or money back. Perfect Products Laboratory, R. D. 77A, Atlantic Highlands, N. J. (3-7)

Bantams

BANTAMS, Pheasants, Peafowls. Catalog 2c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-7)

Binoculars, Telescopes and Compasses

BINOCULARS, field glasses, telescopes. Slightly used $1.75 up; 8x prism binoculars $9. All makes, DuMaurier, Busch, Lemaire, Colmont, Megaphos, etc. 3 to 44 power. World's largest assortment. Catalog free. DuMaurier Importers, Dept. 106-A, Elmira, N. Y. (6-7)

NEW imported binoculars. Eight mile range, only $7.50. Free trial. Literature. M. G. Tarres, 4732-B, Griscom, Philadelphia.

Boats and Motors

BUILD your own boat using our ready cut semi-assembled knock down materials. Outboard speedsters, runabouts, cruisers, sail, row and hunting. 55 designs. Send 10c for catalog. Brooks Boat Co., Inc., Box A. O. Saginaw West Side, Michigan. (3-8)

BOAT Blue Prints. 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 foot Outboard Hulls; 10, 12, 15, 16 foot Hunting; 14, 16 foot Fishing; Price each 98c. Blue Print Company, Wayne, Mich. (3-8)

BUILD Your Own Boat. Full size patterns, etc., for rowboat 75c; for B Hydroplane $1.50; for C Hydroplane $2. Brad's Boats, 19510 Heyden Ave., Detroit, Mich.

USED Johnson, Lockwood, Evinrude and Elto Outboard motors. Priced right. Write for further particulars. Spavinaw Sport Shop, Spavinaw, Okla. (3-6)

MOTOR Boat Engines, Reverse Gears and Propellers. Salter Machine Works, Centropolis, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

OUTBOARD motors overhauled, reconditioned; lowest prices. We buy, sell, trade; new, used. E. Byrnes Co., Dept. T, Robinson, Ill. (3-7)

Calking

HENDERSON'S Compound, for boats, also log cabins. A perfect seal. Pints 80c, Quarts $1.50. Write for quantity prices. Weatherproof Calking Co., Minneapolis, Minn. (6-8)

Camps and Cottages

MAKE Grand View Resort on beautiful Lake Vermilion in the heart of the Arrow-head Country in Northern Minnesota your 1930 vacation land; where home-cooked meals of the very best food the market affords are served. Comfortable beds. Take a wilderness canoe trip into the heart of the Superior National Forest. An ideal place for Waltonians and their families. Boys' camp in connection. For further information write for free folder to Dr. Edmond H. Miller, proprietor, Tower, Minn., from June 1st to Dec. 1st or to 1001 S. 5th Ave., Maywood, Ill., from Dec. 1st to June 1st. 'Phone Maywood 156. (3-7)

FOR Rent: Fine cabins for 4 persons at Thunder Lake $5.00 a week. For sale, lake frontage $2.00 a foot. E. Franke, Manistique, Mich. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Log Cottage, New, Furnished, 3 acres, beautiful lake, Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan.

Club Memberships for Sale

FORTUNATE ones can secure foundation membership in select exclusive sporting club at organization price of $500.00 including acre for cottage, with sporting chance for fortune in oil now proved within few miles. River and Lake section being fenced and club house erected. 2½ hours drive from Lansing, Flint, Grand Rapids, Muskegon, yet with 500 deer in neighborhood. Ducks, Pheasants, Prairie Chickens, Muskrats, Trout, Rabbits. Chas. Wilson, Sec., K. C. Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

Coins—Curios—Antiques

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27c. $1-size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

OLD coins for sale. Selling price list free to collectors. Towns Davis, Box 1791, Huntington, West Virginia. (3-7)

INDIAN Relics, curios. Bargain prices, list free. The Exchange House, Blackwater, Va. (3-7)

Decoys

PHEASANT Eggs and Wild Duck Eggs. Orders now booked for spring and early summer delivery of the following varieties of pheasants: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver, all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related stock. Wild Mallard and pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Established 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, Largest and most successful in the World. St. Charles, Ill. (2-6)

EXTRA fancy very small 1½ pound little grey English Caller Eggs $4 per 15, guaranteed hatchability. Ducklings 75c each. C. C. Long, Hamburg, Iowa. (3-6)

ENGLISH Call, Hens and Drakes, Choice Birds, Eggs $2.00 dozen, $15.00 hundred, postpaid. Only fresh eggs mailed. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr. (3-7)

WILD Duck Eggs. Pure wild Mallard eggs $3.00 per dozen; small dark English Caller eggs $1.75 for 15. Subject to prior sale. Address: Round Lake Lodge, Rockbridge, Illinois.

GENUINE Purebred English Caller Ducks. Eggs for sale, $2.50 doz. Cochran Game Farm, 317 W. 14th, Falls City, Nebr. (3-6)

12 DOMESTICATED Mallard eggs, $1.50 postpaid. Harry Johnson, Olin, Iowa. (3-8)

Decoys—Continued

NEW Corkwood Decoys, Flying Decoys, Grass Blinds, Grass Hunting Suits. C. W. Grubbs, Manufacturer, 1512 Crockett, Houston, Texas. (4-8)

PURE bred English Call Duck Eggs. $2.75 per 15. John Reed, 702½ Cen. Avenue, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

SMALL bodied, less than 2 pounds English Callers. Eggs, $2.00, 15. Springlake Farm, Bennington, Nebr. (3-7)

WILD Mallard Ducks $2.00 each and eggs at $1.50 per doz. Howard Bender, Waconia, Minn. (3-8)

FREE Catalog about Decoy Mallard Ducklings. Mac's Duckery, Peoria, Illinois. (3-7)

SMALL type English Callers, $3.50 setting prepaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-7)

ENGLISH Call Eggs, 12 postpaid $2.25. Gale Ford, Wilton Jct., Iowa. (3-6)

Dogs

Airedales

AIREDALE Puppies. Reasonable, style, type and guts, from show and hunting parentage. Geo. Harker, San Fernando, Calif. (3-6)

CLASSY, pedigreed Airedale male puppies, $15. Prompt service, safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgway, Ohio. (3-7)

Boston Dogs

FOR Sale: Crowded conditions necessitate removal sale of pups and females bred to following "Katinka Thats Me," "Highball Count" Fastep II. Mrs. Frank G. Whittaker, 300 Franklin Ave., Aberdeen, Mississippi.

Bull Dogs

FOR Sale: English Bull-Terrier Pups, young dogs and matrons. Eligible A. K. C. Priced reasonable. Perc Bunker, North Manchester, Indiana. (3-7)

Chesapeakes

STRONG, healthy puppies at all times. Texas Chesapeake Kennel, H. C. English, Owner, Wichita Falls, Texas. (3-7)

Dalmatians

DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-6)

COACH puppies at $25 and up. Beautiful black and white markings. Healthy. Eligible to registration. Mrs. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-7)

Great Danes

REGISTERABLE puppies. Prices reasonable. Tanana Great Dane Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (3-6)

Hounds

NOW offering the Famous Ozark Coon Hounds at summer prices. Few straight cooners, several combination hounds. Buy early, save money, obtain choice selections, trial, reference your state. Clyde Blevins, Combs, Ark. (3-8)

FOXHOUNDS, Coonhounds, Rabbithounds, Blueticks, Redbones, Blacktans. Supply Catalogue. Kaskaskia, Herrick, Illinois.

Dogs—Continued

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

FOR Sale: English Setter and Irish Water Spaniel pups; papers furnished. Fred McGough, Pine River, Minnesota.

KERRY Blue Puppies. Imported Champion stock. J. Leen, Bernard, Iowa.

Newfoundlands

KOCH'S Kennels—Fort Recovery, Ohio, offer Newfoundland puppies, best bloodlines in America; large, black, English type. Also Landseers. (3-6)

Pointers and Setters

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

OAK GROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale high class pointers and setters, trained dogs and puppies. The very best of bloodlines. Trial. Catalogue ten cents. (5x29)

POINTER and Setter Pups, registered, proven strains, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-8)

Police Dogs

70 POLICE Puppies. Papers to register. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, Males $20.00. Bred Females $50.00. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-7)

SNOW white police puppies, Strongheart blood, eligible. James Dailey, Verndale, Minn.

Pomeranians

PUPPIES and grown dogs from Champion and show stock. Siron Kennels, 433-1 Boston Place, Toledo, Ohio. (3-8)

Spaniels

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER Spaniels, five month old puppies, liver and white, also one black and white bred female. Horsford, Avandale Inveresk blood lines. At Stud imported from Scotland Inveresk Chairman. Platte River Kennels, North Bend, Nebr. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniels, the best obtainable. Pups and mature stock. Bitches in whelp. Force retrievers either sex. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. State your wants. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-6)

ELIGIBLE English Springer Pups, 3 mo. by Harkins Duke. Colors, liver and white, black and white. Price $35.00 and $50.00. Dr. F. P. Burke, Madelia, Minn. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pups and Brood Bitches reasonably priced. Champion Sires. (It pays to pay for the pedigree.) Southwic Springer Kennels, Breckenridge, Texas. (3-6)

Dogs—Continued

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies, best of bloodlines. Nicely marked. Liver and white. Prices right. Get photo. Fred Swanson, Stromsburg, Nebr. (3-7)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels, registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (6-11)

COCKER Spaniel Pups for Sale. All colors, sired by An Int. Ch. J. T. Snelson, Pendleton, Ore. (3-6)

ELIGIBLE Springer and Cocker Spaniel puppies and older Springers. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

HICLASS Black Cocker Spaniels, puppies. Obo breeding. Papers furnished. J. F. Meyer, Chadron, Nebr. (3-7)

SELECT Springer Spaniel Pups, reasonable. Champion Sire. Brood Bitches. Southwic Kennels, Breckenridge, Texas. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Year old females, nice ones. Price reasonable. Grant Nichols, Ellensburg, Wash. (3-6)

BRED Springer female, $45.00. Wallace Larson, Anoka, Minnesota.

COCKER Spaniel puppies. Eligible. $10.00 up. Dr. Wooden, Waterloo, New York. (3-7)

ENGLISH Springers: Fine healthy pups. Papers furnished. Dr. V. G. Bromwell, Center Point, Ia.

SPRINGER Spaniels, first class every way. Dr. Thomas Magill, St. Joseph, Missouri. (3-7)

St. Bernards

PUREBRED St. Bernard puppies. Mrs. Ed. Kluge, Ravenna, Nebraska.

ST. BERNARD Pups $25 to $50 with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wis. (3-6)

Terriers

IRISH Terriers, puppies, for sale. Sire Champion Ruff, Champion Anahuac Pilot. Also older dogs. James Taylor, Route 12, Box 25X, Indianapolis, Ind.

IRISH Terriers. Real Aristocrats, Grit, Intelligence, Pedigreed, Pals, Hunters or Guards. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana. (3-8)

REGISTERED Foxterriers since 1906. Best stock. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-8)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

WORMS in dogs and puppies are the cause of much distress, fits and many deaths. Tetrachlorethylene, the modern worm expeller, a safe treatment for pups and an effective one for grown dogs. Will positively stop fits when due to the heavy infestation of hook and round worms (Ascarids). In capsules of assorted sizes, easy to give, $1.00 postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 3-F, Quincy, Ill. (9x29)

RUNNING Fits remedy guaranteed, treatment enough three dogs $1.00. Has never failed. Sold 500 treatments one month. The best Canker, Black Tongue, Distemper, Mange, Worm Expeller remedies. Each $1.00. Results guaranteed or money back. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Ill. (4-8)

RUNNING Fits in dogs relieved in three doses. Large size, $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (6-10)

Training and Boarding Dogs

BROOKFIELD boarding and training kennels. Large two acre yards. Retrieving and yard breaking a specialty. Thirty years' experience. Brookfield Kennels, Brookfield, Wisconsin. (3-8)

WANTED: Bird dogs for training, thirty-four years' experience in developing shooting dogs on grouse, pheasant, quail; excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

PAUL OTTO, Lonoke, Ark., trainer of pointers, setters and retrievers. (3-7)

Firearms, Ammunition and Supplies

GUNS of highest quality, made to order. Single, Double-Barrel and genuine Over and Under type field and trapguns. Magazine Rifles with Zeiss Telescope. Three-Barrel brush guns. Individual offer gladly. Catalogue free. Abesser & Merkel, Master Gun Makers, Suhl 15. (Germany) (6-6)

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Celery Always Attracts Ducks and Fish. 300 sure-growing tubers—plants ¼ acre—$10; 600—$18.50; 1200—$35. Postpaid with instructions. For fresh or slightly salty waters containing shells. Catalog of 85 natural fish and game foods, free. Terrell's, 109 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (5-7)

MAMMOTH wild rice seed and hulled, from Land 'O Lakes. Aquatic plants and seeds. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota. (3-6)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

TACKLE Bargains: 25c Trout Dry Flies, eyed or to gut, assortment of 24, $2.00. 50c Tapered Trout Leader, 7½ ft., 3 for $1.00. 10c Trout Flies, assortment of 40, $2.00. 25c Bass Flies, assortment of 8, $1.00. $1.00 Casting Plugs, standard makes, 3 for $1.35. $2.30 Black Oreno Silk Casting Line, 24 lb., 50 yards, $1.50. $25.00 Pflueger Supreme Reel, $17.95. Satisfaction or money back. Fisherman's Supply Co., Jefferson & Olive, Saint Louis. (6-10)

SEND 50c for my famous method sure catch cat fish bait. Easy prepared, or, $1.00 buys six different methods of preparing different kinds of fish baits and how to keep and raise night crawlers. Best turtle bait recipe and how to catch them. Prescription for antimosquito lotion and insect bites and stings. Linder's Sign & Electric Store, Delphos, Ohio.

CAT Fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (3-8)

FLIES and Rods: Finest trout flies, Wet, $1.50, Double divided wing dry, $2.25, Single divided wing dry, $2.00 per dozen. Specials made to order. Rods hand made to your order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hoag Tackle Co., 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FLY Fishing for Trout. Mark Catlin, veteran trout fisherman, gives you 136 pages of lifetime tested secrets on fly fishing. Tells how to get the big ones. Tips galore. Fly tying, etc. $1.50 post paid. Badger Printing Co., Dept. A, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-7)

"NIPIGON" keeps Dry-flies "Dry" and Fly-lines "Fit." Highest quality laboratory product, used by famous fishermen the world over. In tubes only. By mail 60 cents each. The Transferoid Co., Mfrs., Owatonna, Minnesota. (3-8)

ARROW-MATIC Cat Fish Bait, ready for use, large can $1.00, two cans $1.50, post paid. Season's supply Carp Lure 50c. Dealers and Jobbers write for prices. Savage Chemical Supply, Box 1386, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. (3-7)

"BEST Yet" Catfish bait, a little better than the best, for throw lines and pole fishing. A liver bait and stays on the hook. One jar 60 cents, two jars $1.00 prepaid. Hughes Bait Co., Niobrara, Nebraska. (3-7)

FISHERMEN! Surf-O-Plug, $1.00. Catalog free. Midland Bait Company, Midland, Indiana.

Fishing Tackle and Bait —Continued

FISHING Lines. Casting and trolling. Direct to consumer, at reduced prices. Send for sample cards. See what we got. Silkline Co., Department K, Pekin, Ill. (4-6)

HEINZELMANN'S Famous Hackle Flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for $1. Heinzelmann Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo. (3-7)

SINKER Molds for making your own. All popular sizes, easy to operate, lasts a lifetime, $1.00. Eight sizes. Salt Water Molds. Write Dolph Mfg. Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (6-10)

SOUR Clams, Best Catfish Bait, 2 pounds postpaid $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for Carp, 2 pounds postpaid $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

SUMMER Resort Owners. Live mud minnows. I have plenty to supply your need. Write for prices. Louis Busa, R. 3, Box 45, Stevens Point, Wis. (3-7)

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

CAN furnish Colorado Blue Spruce Seed, for planting around nursery ponds, parks, etc., $2.00 per pound. Ben A. Birdsey, Creede, Colorado. (3-8)

NORTHERN Grown Red Cedar Trees and Seedlings. Hardy varieties. Also pine and spruce, low prices. 10c each and up. Guaranteed to grow. Fred Lewis, Creighton, So. Dak. (3-6)

Fur Farming

Beaver

A FEW choice live beaver at $30.00 a piece, with instructions regarding their propagation. Black Beaver Propagation Co., Virginia, Minn. (3-6)

Foxes

SILVER and Blue Foxes. Buy our very prolific, clear colored, registered breeders at slightly above pelt values. Chas. G. Zimmerer, M.D., Nebraska City, Nebr.

SILVER Foxes, low prices, year ranching free. Increase guaranteed; easy terms, facts free. DeValon Fox Farms, Golden, Colorado. (3-7)

BLUE Foxes: Tame, prolific, acclimated. Dawson Fox & Fur Farm, Paxton, Montana. (3-6)

Mink

FOR Sale: Beautiful Quebec and Northern Maine mink. Illustrated book "Mink Farming," $1.00. Choice blue foxes. Medomak Fur Farm, Waldeboro, Maine. (3-8)

MINK, early raised. Very profitable, dark color, pen raised. Super-Alaskan strain. Also high quality bred females, Mink. Booklet free. Herculean Fur Farms, Forest Lake, Minn. (2x30)

MINK—QUEBEC Northern. Those wishing cheap mink need not inquire. "Norminque Ranch," Cowansville, Quebec, Canada, Cable address: Norminque. (3-8)

MINK low price. Satisfaction or your money back. Union Fur Farm & Associates, Wadena, Minnesota. (3-8)

MINK: Raise fine, dark mink, domesticated. 19 years. Indian Bay Minkery, R. 5, Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

MINK of quality. Priced right. Bred Females, $100.00. Greenacres Fur Farm, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. (9x29)

Fur Farming—Continued

Miscellaneous Fur Farming

BEST Chinchilla Breeding Stock Raised in America. Standard does, registered, bred to prizewinning bucks or giants or open, $12.00. Registered bucks $10.00. Eight to twelve months old. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check with order. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Minnesota and Alaska Mink, Raccoon, Split-cap Skunk, Beaver, Red, Silver and Cross Fox. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minnesota. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-8)

WRITE for free literature on Reliance quality Muskrats, Raccoon, Silver Badger, Black Opossum, etc. Reliance Fur Farms, Box 2345A, Denver, Colorado. (6-7)

SILVER Badger, Mink, Marten, Coon, Fox, Chinchilla—Silver Fox Rabbits. Brogden Fur Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-7)

2,000 ANIMALS, Rabbits, Cavies, Pigeons, Pheasants. Booklet 4c. Summit Rabbitry, Bernharts, Pa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Fine registered Karakul fur sheep. Hendricks Fur Farms, Route No. 1, Flint, Mich. (3-7)

DARK Northern Raccoon, Mink and Muskrats for sale. Princeton Fur Farms, Princeton, Minn. (3-8)

Muskrats

DARK Northern Muskrats for sale. $5.00 per pair for Spring delivery. German Lake Fur Farm, Waterville, Minnesota. (3-6)

LIVE Muskrats: Fine silky Eastern stock; sex and live delivery guaranteed. Robert G. Smith, Farmington, Conn.

Rabbits

OLD established breeders of high-grade rabbits, New Zealand Whites and Reds, Silver Black Fox, Chinchillas. Send for literature. You will like our stock and our reasonable prices. Hawkeye Fur Farm, Dept. 60, 921 North 34th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (3-7)

RAISE high-grade Chinchilla Rabbits for us. We supply the stock and give you a Buy Back Contract. Write for full information. McKeon Fur Farm, Pipestone, Minn.

SILVER Black Fox Rabbits, can make you money. Buy the book "Leisure Hours," it tells all about them. Postpaid one dollar. Rendliw Fur Farms, Superior, Wis. (3-7)

UNUSUAL proposition on finest, registered, prize winning strain Chinchillas, will interest you. Get facts. Imperial Crest Fur Farms, Warren, Arkansas.

DON'T buy Rex or stud service until you write for "Rex Facts" and prices. Imperial Crest Fur Farms, Warren, Arkansas.

Game, Birds and Animals

DEER, Antelope, Elk, Buffalo, Game Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

WILD Ducks, Peafowl, Cranes, Swans, Geese, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

GAME Birds, Ornamental Birds, Cage Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

RARE Pheasants, Beautiful Birds, All Varieties, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

PRAIRIE Chicken, Chukor Partridge, Grouse, Quail. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

BOB Whites, Mountain, Blue, Gambles Quail. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

WILD Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Swans, Pheasants. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

SILVER Foxes, Mink, Muskrats, Beaver, Otter. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

PARTRIDGES, Quail, Grouse, Pheasants, Wild Turkeys. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

Game, Birds and Animals —Continued

CAGE Birds, Paroquettes, Parrots, Macaws, Songsters. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

SNAPPING Turtles: To all game breeders suffering from these pests, I have the remedy. Robert G. Smith, Farmington, Connecticut.

5 PAIRS beautiful Parakeets and Finches all for $15 direct from breeder. Live delivery guaranteed anywhere in U. S. Write for price list. Bird Haven, Reseda, California. (3-8)

FERRETS, Ratters, Hunters, Breeders $6.00. Bred females $7.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

HATCHING Eggs: All varieties Pheasants. Call Ducks, Quail, Silkies. Ed Voller, Brown's Mills, New Jersey. (3-6)

DEER for sale, prices on application. City Park Board, Chickasha, Okla. (2-6)

FOR Sale: Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-8)

Help Wanted, Instructions

WANTED Immediately, men—women, 18-55, qualify at once for permanent government positions, $105-$250 month; experience unnecessary, vacations with full pay; write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., today. (8x29)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

INDIAN Relics, Coins, Curios. Beadwork. Catalogue Free. Vernon Lemley, Osborne, Kansas. (3-8)

Miscellaneous

TRAPPERS: You play a sure losing game when you use old style traps. The makers themselves tell you those traps won't hold caught animals unless the animals can be drowned. "Gibbs" makes the only practical and adaptable traps made, that prevent "wrong-offs." Double jaws, frame jaws, triple clutch jaws, high grips, giants, won't any of them do it. "Gibbs" guarantees that his traps will. "Gibbs" Two Trigger Traps 60c each, $6.50 per doz. "Gibbs" No. 0 Single Grip Traps, 2 for 25c, $1.25 per doz. No. 1—25c each, $2.50 per doz. No. 1½—30c each, $3.00 doz. No. 2—40c each, $4.50 doz. No. 3—65c each, $7.35 doz. No. 4—80c each, $9.00 doz. No. 1 Live Trap—$5.00 each, $54.00 doz. Trap Tags—12c doz. Transportation paid. No. 1 Trapping Capsules — 75c doz. Transportation collect. "Gibbs" Traps Pay You to Use Them. You Pay to Use Others. Coil springs break less than leaf springs, too. Send for free catalogue. If your dealer doesn't have our traps, send to us for them. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. F-6, Chester, Penna.

HUNTING Horns—Genuine Texas Steer Blow Horns. Hand Made by Experts. Beautifully toned, Polished, 12 inch horn $2.00, 14 inch horn $2.50, 16 inch horn $3.00, 18 inch horn $4.00, 20 inch horn $5.00. Horns in rough any size $2.50. All horns guaranteed ten days' trial. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Illinois. (4-8)

LIGHTNING—Wonderful new electrolyte charges discharged batteries instantly. Eliminates old method entirely. Dissolves sulphation. World has waited half a century for this invention. All garages buy with our Counter Display Dispenser. One gallon Free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

BY using "Superior" guaranteed wetproof and preservative for leather footwear, you wear a pair of invisible rubbers. Once tried always used. Prepaid 50c half pint. Swan Brothers, Corry, Pa. (3-6)

TOBACCO Habit overcome or no pay. 500,000 used Superba to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Chewing, Pipe, Snuff. Treatment sent on trial. Costs $2.00 if successful. Superba Co., L88, Baltimore, Md. (1x30)

Miscellaneous—Continued

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-7)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 4535 Hampton Rd., La Canada, Calif. (2-7)

AUTOMOBILE and motorboat cigar lighter and trouble lamp, sticks on smooth surfaces. Post paid 75c. Case Mchy. Co., Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. (3-6)

SALESMEN: Merchants are eager for our five-cent Numbered Ball Gum Vendors. Selling outfit free. Money advanced. Write today. Sanders Mfg. Co., Nashville, Tenn. (3-6)

VIOLIN Wood, select curly maple, cut on the quarter, thoroughly seasoned. Backs $2.50. Top wood, 35 years' seasoning $2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thos. Broderick, Moravia, N. Y. (3-6)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if you are not satisfied. T. D. Robinson, Box 68L, Elgin, Texas. (3-7)

NEW Walnut gun cabinets. Compartments for accessories. Write for folder. Corbett Cabinet Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-8)

Outdoor Playgrounds

MUSKY Point Lodge, Mercer, Wis., T. J. Collins, Prop., located in the big North woods on Lake of the Falls and Turtle River. Access to numerous other lakes and famous Turtle River Flowage. Excellent food and accommodations. Write for particulars. (3-7)

YESCHEK'S Crawling Stone Lodge—In the Flambeau Indian Reservation on the Flambeau Chain of Lakes. The largest and busiest resort in upper Wisconsin. Every variety of amusement for old and young. Mr. Wm. Yeschek, Lac du Flambeau, Wis. (3-7)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Pheasants

EGGS for sale from healthy unrelated stock. Ringneck eggs $25.00 per hundred; per dozen $3.00; Golden $6.50; Silver $6.50; Amherst $10.00; Reeves $12.00; Versicolor $12.00. Day old Ringneck chicks at 75 cts. each in lots of 50 and over. Pine Pheasant and Poultry Farm, East Moriches, Long Island, N. Y. (3-6)

NOW booking orders for limited number ringneck pheasant eggs from outside wintered stock. Special rates to Izaak Walton Chapters. Izaak Walton League, New Holstein, Wis. (3-7)

RINGNECK, Pheasant eggs from strong non-related stock. $2.00 per dozen. Rates on 100 lots

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in Photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography, Dept. 1299, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-11)

Printing, Engraving and Multigraphing

CIRCULARS, Stationery, Cuts made from photograph. Free Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-7)

100 BUSINESS cards, $1.00; 250, $2.00. Good stock. Fine work. Union label. Write copy plainly. S. C. Longwell, Fresno, California. (3-6)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

FOR Sale: Choice real estate, New England—the vacation land of America, with wonderful scenic beauties in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—suitable for any recreation purpose. Lots from 5 to 900 acres. Ponds, Lakes, Brooks, Rivers, Hills, Valleys and Mountains on these various properties. More than 50 to select from. Low prices—easy terms. Send for illustrated book. Chaffee Brothers Company, Oxford, Mass. (3-8)

FOR Sale:—520 acres of land in Oneida County, located on County Highway N. Three lakes located on land; part of property only few rods from Manson Lake. Cities of Rhinelander and Tomahawk ½ hour drive. Ideal for private estate, summer resort, or fur farms. There is a fine colony of beavers in property, also many rats. Write Wisconsin Lakes Lands, P. O. Box 195, Wausau, Wis. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Ranch in famous Jackson's Hole country on Colburn and Little Fall Creek one mile and half trout stream on premises. Considered to be one of the most desirable ranches in here on account of excellent fishing, scenic beauty and game. Elk, Moose, Deer and Bear found in mountains surrounding ranch. For information write M. R. Yokel, Wilson, Wyoming. (3-8)

PRIVATE Hunting and Fishing Lake for sale: 160 acres one hundred miles north of Minneapolis and one mile from Mille Lacs Lake and Highway Eighteen. Tract just contains beautiful private lake and is fenced with a steel fence. Guaranteed the best combination bass and duck lake in the entire state. H. H. Thurston, 2907 Dean Boulevard, Minneapolis. (2-6)

FOR Sale to close an estate. Lake front acreage in Three Lakes and Eagle Chain region of Wisconsin. Suitable for clubs, summer camps, cottage sites, etc. Good fishing. Apply Underwood, Room 1957, 231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. (6-10)

CHOICE Lake Shore Lots on Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park Region, Minnesota, $5.00 down, $5.00 monthly. Guy Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: 900 Acres in Adirondacks 18 miles from Saratoga, N. Y., elevation 1,900 ft. beautifully wooded. Excellent hunting and fishing. Ideal for club, summer school or camps. $12,000, $4,000 cash. H. G. Veeder, 75 State St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR Sale cheap, only $3,000, forty acres, on beautiful lake frontage, high bank, wooded, n

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Details free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 530, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-8)

SELLING—Ten acres with improvements on Cass Lake, Minnesota. Golf, fishing, hunting. Leland Stanford, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. (3-7)

FOR Sale—Small resort, Northern Minn. Ideal location. (Address Outdoor America.) (3-6)

Stamp Collecting

15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-6)

300 DIFFERENT stamps, 20 cents; 600, 50 cents; 1,100, $1.00; 2,000, $3. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, New York. (5-8)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

Taxidermy

INSECT to Elephant—equipped for anything, ship your trophies. Mounted game heads, fur rugs, birds, animals, fish, horns, skins, for sale. Tanning, ladies' furs. All supplies for taxidermist trade, glass eyes, tools, scalps, etc. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-9)

TAXIDERMIST, Mounting fish, game-heads, birds, animals, tanning, rugs, ladies furs made. J. L. Larson, Iola, Wis. (6-7)

BEARSKIN rugs, reasonable. Strange's Taxidermy, Clarkston, Washington. (3-8)

Tobacco

BETTER Tobacco! Golden yellow smoking, five pounds $1.00. Rich red chewing, five pounds $1.50. Clark's River Plantation, 43, Hazel, Kentucky. (4-8)

Wanted

WANTED: A twenty (20) gauge high grade foreign made double barrel gun for cash. Address price and description to: E. M. Hughes, Trust Co. Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 75. (7-7)

WANTED—Pair of peafowl or eggs. Give prices. L. A. Varty, Apple River, Ill. (3-7)

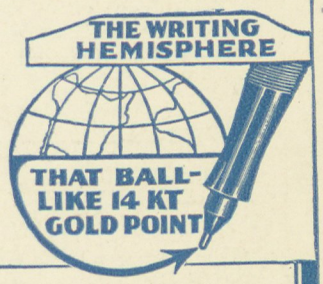
Wearing Apparel

FREE 10 DAYS TRIAL

PATENTED **INKOGRAPH** TRADE-MARK REG.

PENCIL POINTED FOUNTAIN PEN

A New Idea a distinctly different self-filling fountain pen that writes with ink like a pencil. It does any kind of writing —instantly—on any kind of paper, ***even wrapping paper.*** Better. Smoother. Without a miss, skip or blur. Has the advantage of a pen and the ease of a pencil.

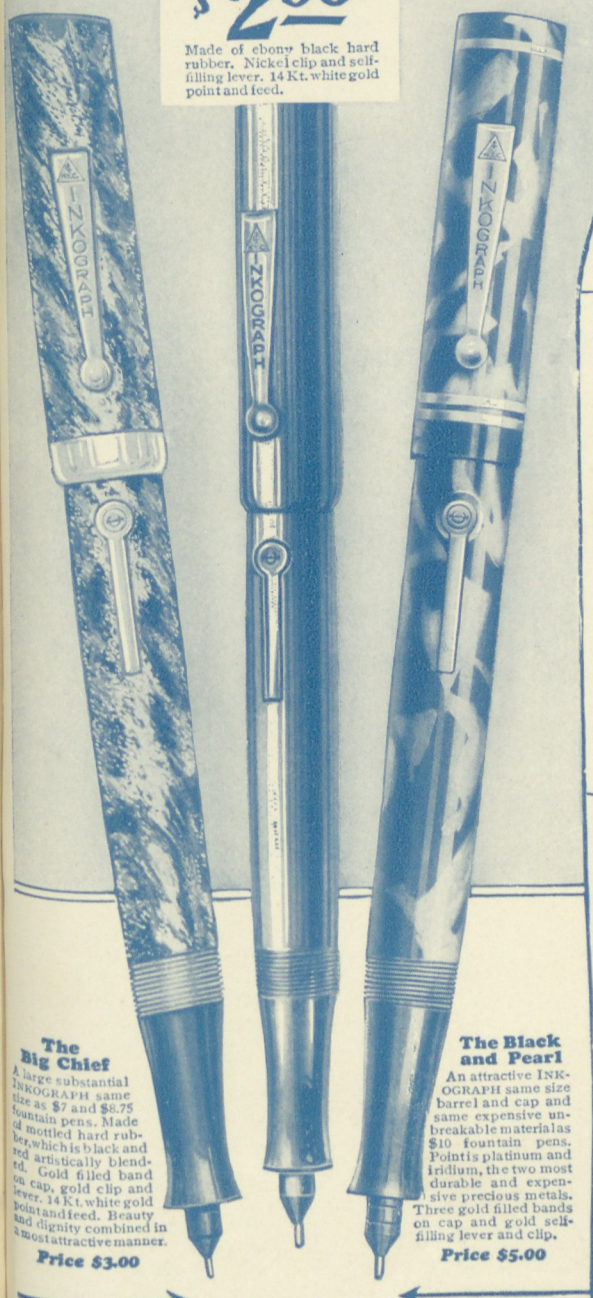


FRANKLIN SURETY CO. Assets over $1,000,000. GUARANTEES fulfillment of all promises made in this AD.

It works like a charm—with a light, smooth easy glide that ***actually*** improves your handwriting. ***Makes 1 to 4 clear carbon copies*** and your originals in ***ink.*** Ideal for salesman's orders, private correspondence, office, sales, billing or other records. ***Draws lines to a ruler.*** Not a smudge or blot. The hard smooth ball-like point cannot spread, bend or break. ***Let anyone use it.*** They cannot injure or distort it. Patent automatic feed prevents point from clogging. ***And it never leaks.*** Beautifully made of finest materials. Has safety screw cap, self-filling lever and clip. It is the equal of pens selling at a much higher price, and it's FREE to try for 10 days. No obligations. Simply send the coupon along.

$2.00

Made of ebony black hard rubber. Nickel clip and self-filling lever. 14 Kt. white gold point and feed.



The Big Chief A large substantial INKOGRAPH same size as $7 and $8.75 fountain pens. Made of mottled hard rubber, which is black and red artistically blended. Gold filled band on cap, gold clip and lever. 14 Kt. white gold point and feed. Beauty and dignity combined in a most attractive manner.
Price $3.00

The Black and Pearl An attractive INKOGRAPH same size barrel and cap and same expensive unbreakable material as $10 fountain pens. Point is platinum and iridium, the two most durable and expensive precious metals. Three gold filled bands on cap and gold self-filling lever and clip.
Price $5.00

Illustrations Actual Size

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT!

I have been Money Order Clerk in the P. O. for twenty years and this is the best pen I have ever used.—*John O. Fulenwider, Monroe, North Carolina.*

Your Inkograph is a delightful surprise. The touch is velvety, the flow smooth and its performance altogether satisfactory—*Sidney Adams, Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blotch or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention.—
H. L. Orley, Albano, Va.

Am a bank teller. Can pick up Inkograph any time in any position it writes immediately all words and numbers the same. Try and do it with any other pen. Can honestly say I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write with.—
C. R. Morely, Allentown, Pa.

Am tickled skinny. It's a darling, can make carbon copies of orders and send original in ink to factory instead of penciled sheet.—
A. Watson, Elgin, Ill.

I am determined to use no other pen in my work. If they only knew the comfort of writing with this pen, every author in the world would, I am sure, get one. "Cheerio."—*Count Louis Hamon, London, England.*

Eight years or more ago, I purchased an Inkograph, which has been in almost constant use during that time. This is rather remarkable, inasmuch as I had many fountain pens from cheap to expensive, but none compares with the Inkograph which is as good and ready to serve as when I purchased it.—
Harrie Baxter, Great Neck, L. I.

Writes smoothly, like point was greased. Makes no difference what kind of paper. Fine for shipping tags.—
E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

I must write and express my appreciation to thank you for giving the public the opportunity to use so wonderful a writing instrument. In my own work, inventing, I must jot down my thoughts and ideas very quick and I find my Inkograph my first aid, which never fails.—*B. L. Henry (Lady Edison), New York.*

Have improved 50% in my hand writing since using your Inkograph.—
J. R. Reed, Louisville, Ky.

You can see the point in it for insurance men—for you can spread this news but not that point.—*George E. Miller, West Philadelphia, Pa.*

In my opinion there isn't a better pen on the market regardless of price.—
D. J. Bergeron, Lafayette, La.

We intend to use the Inkograph generally in the office. It makes a splendid carbon on 20 lb. paper.—*Bernard Gloekler Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Take Advantage of Our FREE 10 Days Trial Offer

and join the many thousands who tell us that regardless of price the INKOGRAPH is the best writing instrument they have ever used.

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Your name and address are sufficient. If within 10 days you are not entirely satisfied that the INKOGRAPH is the handiest and smoothest pen you have ever used regardless of price, return it and we will refund your money.

When Ordering Inkograph Put X After Style Desired

$2.00 ☐ Also mark X Here ☐ if you prefer ladies' size with ring on cap to be carried on ladies' sautoir or man's watch chain.

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Model 24 Rifle
.22 Caliber
Autoloading
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Standard grade,
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THE SORE OF FIRE ARMS WILL NOT RUST IF CARTRIDGES ARE USED IN IT EXCLUSIVELY. THEY ARE SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR SHOOTING UP TO 200 YARDS IN RIFLES WITH L.R.C. CHAMBERS.
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More Fun on Your Vacation

CAMPING, fishing, touring, hiking, or spending your vacation in a summer hotel or cottage—this little rifle will make it a better vacation.

Target shooting is a sport that will delight every member of your family and your guests. It will pass the time pleasantly when the fish aren't biting, or whenever you have an idle hour.

The Model 24 Remington .22 Caliber Autoloader is the ideal vacation rifle. It is light, fast and accurate to a dot. It is operated by the recoil, which ejects the empty cartridge, puts a new one in the chamber, and cocks the hammer. All you do is aim and pull the trigger. Its lines are graceful. The stock and fore-end are of dark American walnut, beautifully finished. Taken down, it fits in a suitcase.

Your dealer probably has this Remington in stock. If he has not, write us for a descriptive circular. Take this to your dealer, show him the rifle you want, and he can get it for you quickly.

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